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SCHOOL SPEAKER AND RECITER,

CONTAINING UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED

PROSE AND POETICAL PIECES AND DIALOGUES,

IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, GREEK AND LATIN,

SUITABLE FOR GRAMMAR AND COMMON SCHOOL
EXAMINATIONS AND EXHIBITIONS.

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.B.,

Reading makes a full man; writing, a correct man;
and SPEAKING, A READY MAN.—LORD BACON.

.... ACT WELL YOUR PART,
there all the honour lies.

NOTE.—None of the Prose or Poetical Pieces in this book will be found
in the newly authorized series of Readers for Province of Ontario.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Prefatory Note.....	7
Remarks on Reading and Speaking.....	8
Gestures for Reading.....	10
Gestures for speaking.....	10

PART I.—FORTY-FIVE NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC PIECES.

Caractacus to his Followers.....	<i>John Sherer</i>	11
Song of the Danish Sea King.....	<i>Wm. Motherwell</i>	12
Sir Bernardine du Born.....	<i>Mrs. Sigourney</i>	13
Henry V at the siege of Harfleur.....	<i>Shakspeare</i>	14
Defeat of the Spanish Armada.....	<i>Lord Macaulay</i>	15
Battle of Marston Moor.....	<i>W. M. Praed</i>	18
On the Loss of the Royal George.....	<i>Cowper</i>	20
The British Oak.....	<i>Bernard Barton</i>	21
Boat Song for the Naval Reserve.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	22
British charge at Waterloo.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	24
Chelsea Pensioners and the Battle of Waterloo.....	<i>F. W. N. Bayley</i>	25
The Burial March of Dundee.....	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	26
Hail to the Chief.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	30
Highland War Song.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	31
Flora MacIvor's Summons.....	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	32
Lord Wellington's Landing in Spain.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	33
The Irish Maiden's Song.....	<i>Bernard Barton</i>	33
The Bridal of Malahide.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	34
The Chimes of England.....	<i>Bishop Cox</i>	36
The Woods and Vales of England.....	<i>G. Mellen</i>	37
Queen Victoria and the Bible.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	38
Burning of Trophies in the Tower of London.....	<i>Zadig</i>	40
Islesmen of the West.....	<i>Dub University Magaz.</i>	42
Death Ride of the Light Brigade.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	44
East Indian Massacres in the Punjaub.....	<i>Archbishop Trench</i>	46
The Death of Havelock.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	48
British Colonial and Naval Power.....	<i>Atlantic Monthly</i>	49
Loyalty to the Queen and Constitution.....	<i>Hon. W. Young</i>	51
British Constitutional System of Canada.....	<i>Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee</i>	52
The Battle of Quebec.....	<i>Elliot Warburton</i>	54
Memories of Quebec.....	<i>W. Kirby</i>	56
The Falls of Niagara.....	<i>J. S. Buckingham</i>	57
The United Empire Loyalists.....	<i>Toronto Globe</i>	58
The Monarchical principle in Canada.....	<i>Sir J. B. Robinson</i>	60
Progress of British America.....	<i>Sir J. B. Robinson</i>	61
Elements of Social Advancement.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Ryerson</i>	62
Great Value of Inventions and Discoveries.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Ryerson</i>	63
Necessity for Education in Canada.....	<i>Rev. Dr. McCaul</i>	65
Duties of Educated men in Canada.....	<i>Principal Dawson</i>	66
Young men the hope of Canada.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Ormiston</i>	67
Lord Elgin's Valedictory at Kingston, 1854.....	<i>Lord Elgin</i>	68
Lord Elgin's Valedictory at Quebec, 1854.....	<i>Lord Elgin</i>	69
The Dominion Act of Union.....	<i>Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee</i>	71
Canadian Patriotism a Duty to Ourselves.....	<i>Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee</i>	72
Our Country and our Queen.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	74

PART II.—TWENTY-SIX PATHETIC PIECES.

The Curse of Cain.....	<i>Knox</i>	75
Moses' last View from Pisgah.....	<i>Dean Stanley</i>	76
The Dead are with us.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	77
The Memory of the Dead.....	<i>Salad for the Solitary</i>	78
The Memories of Great Men.....	<i>Anonymous</i>	79

	PAGE
Sorrow for the Dead.....	<i>Washington Irving</i> 81
The Repose of Death.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 82
Oh, why is Earth and Ashes Proud.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 83
Burial and Resurrection.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i> 85
Soon and Forever.....	<i>Rev. J. S. Monsell</i> 86
Dropping down the River.....	<i>Rev. H. Bonar</i> 87
The Day of Wellington's Funeral, 1852.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 88
Old Letters! Oh then spare them!.....	<i>N. Y. Albion</i> 89
The Dying Boy.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 90
The Blind Boy's been at Play, Mother.....	<i>Eliza Cook</i> 92
Infantine Enquiries.....	<i>William P. Brown</i> 93
The Mitherless Bairn.....	<i>William Thom</i> 94
The Bairnless Mither.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 95
The Two Homes.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 96
Birds of Passage.....	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i> 96
Childe Harold's Departure.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 97
The Fall of the Leaf.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 99
Beautiful Autumn.....	<i>Washington Irving</i> 100
The Child and the Dew Drops.....	<i>J. E. Carpenter</i> 101
Home and the Domestic Affections.....	<i>Rev. Mr. Johnston</i> 101
The Way to promote Domestic Harmony.....	<i>Mrs. H. Moore</i> 103

PART. III.—TWENTY-ONE MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Character and Career of Napoleon.....	<i>Charles Phillips</i> 104
The Rise and Fall of Nations.....	<i>Earl Russell</i> 106
The Intellectual Qualities and Moral Feelings.....	<i>Lord Palmerston</i> 107
The Voice of History.....	<i>Rev. Charles Wolfe</i> 108
Milton and his Poetry.....	<i>Rev. R. Turnbull</i> 109
Means of Instruction in Books.....	<i>John Phillips</i> 110
The Advantages of Education.....	<i>Charles Phillips</i> 111
Our Common Schools.....	<i>Hon. Edward Everett</i> 112
The Triumphs of Knowledge.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 113
Cultivation of the Faculties.....	<i>Hon. W. H. Blake</i> 115
The Poetry of the Steam Engine.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 116
The Magnetic Telegraph.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 116
Address to the Ocean.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 117
How Cheery are the Mariners.....	<i>Park Benjamin</i> 119
The Cataract of Lodore.....	<i>Southey</i> 120
Mountains.....	<i>Wm. Howitt</i> 121
Henry IV's Soliloquy on Sleep.....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 123
Charles XII of Sweden.....	<i>Dr. Johnson</i> 123
Ring out, ye Merry, Merry Bells.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 124
Speak of a Man as we find him.....	<i>J. Simmons</i> 125
One Story's Good Till Another is Told.....	<i>Charles Swain</i> 125

PART IV.—FORTY-ONE SACRED AND CLASSICAL PIECES.

(I. English.)

The Jew.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 126
Poetry of the Bible.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Spring</i> 127
The Bible the Best of Books.....	<i>Rev. George Gilfillan</i> 129
The Burial of Jacob.....	<i>Rev. J. D. Burns</i> 130
Mount of Olives.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Hamilton</i> 132
St. Paul at the Acropolis of Athens.....	<i>Earl of Carlisle</i> 133
Paul at Athens.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 135
Cato's Soliloquy.....	<i>Addison</i> 136
The Plain of Marathon.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 137
Ancient Greece.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 139
Ruins of the Coliseum.....	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 140
Ancient Rome.....	<i>Lord Byron</i> 141
The Christian Martyr.....	<i>Rev. H. Buchanan</i> 142
Salathiel to Titus.....	<i>Rev. Dr. Croly</i> 143

Cæsar's Triumphs.....	<i>J. Sheridan Knowles</i>	144
Cassius instigating Brutus against Cæsar.....	<i>Shakspeare</i>	145
Cicero's Appeal against Catiline.....	<i>Cicero</i>	146
Cæsar and the Catiline Conspiracy.....	<i>Ber. Jonson</i>	148
Rienzi's Address to the Romans.....	<i>Miss Mitford</i>	149
Greek and Latin Authors compared.....	<i>Lord Lytton</i>	150

PART IV.—Continued.

(2. Latin.)

Cæsar's et Pompeii comparatio.....	<i>Ex Luc. "Phar." lib. i.</i>	152
Germanici ad Milites suos nuper rebelles Oratio.....	<i>E. Tac. "An." lib. i. c. 42</i>	153
Mors omnibus communis.....	<i>T. Lucretius, lib. iii.</i>	154
Quis vere Rex.....	<i>E. Senecæ "Thyeste."</i>	155
Gloriæ Militaris Vanitas.....	<i>Juvenal, Sat. x.</i>	156
Fama.....	<i>Ovid, Met. xii. 23.</i>	157
Somnus.....	<i>Statius, Thet. x. 84.</i>	158
De Somno.....	<i>Ovid, Met. xi. 592.</i>	159
Urbs Syon Aurea.....	<i>Bernard de Clugny</i>	159
Oratio ad SS. Trinitatem.....	<i>Hildebert</i>	161
Dies Iræ—Part I.....	<i>Thomas de Celano</i>	161
Dies Iræ—Part II.....	<i>Thomas de Celano</i>	162

PART IV.—Continued.

(3. Greek.)

Neptunus ad Castra Græcorum proficiscitur.....	<i>Ex Homeri "Iliade," N.</i>	163
Descriptio Noctis Serenæ.....	<i>Ex Homeri "Iliade," θ.</i>	164
Vitam Privatam Principatu Potiorem esse.....	<i>Ex Soph. "Ælipo Tyr."</i>	165
Patriæ Amor.....	<i>E. Thucy. "Hist." lib. ii</i>	166
Athenienses pro Græcia propugnaturi ita Spartanis respondent.....		166
Xerxes Delatus Abydum Copias suas lustrat.....	<i>Ex Her. "Hist." lib. vii</i>	167
Quo Pacto Omnia ita Peragi possint, ut Diis sint Grata.....		168
Homines Animalibus Ceteris longe antecellunt.....	<i>Sophocles, Antig. 334.</i>	169
Ex Moribus Factisque suis Ingenui sunt judi- candi.....	<i>Euripides Elect. 568.</i>	170

PART V.—TWELVE FRENCH PIECES.

O Canada! Mon Pays! Mes Amours.....	<i>Sir G. E. Cartier</i>	171
Chanson Patriotique.....	<i>Hon. A. N. Morin</i>	172
Chanson du Batelier Canadien.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	173
La Vallée d'Ovoca, ou la Rencontre des Eaux.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	174
La Harpe de Tara.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	174
L'Isolement.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	175
Origine de la Langue Française.....	<i>Rivarol</i>	175
L'Histoire.....	<i>Victor Hugo</i>	176
Adieux de Marie Stuart.....	<i>Béranger</i>	177
Monarchie et Gouvernement Populaire.....	<i>Corneille, Cinna, ii. i.</i>	178
Mentir est un odieux Vice.....	<i>Montaigne, Essais, i. 9.</i>	179
Les Deux Pédants.....	<i>Molière</i>	179

PART VI.—SIXTEEN DIALOGUES.

Hamlet's Instructions to the Players.....	<i>Shakspeare's Hamlet</i>	182
Shylock lending his Ducats.....	<i>Merchant of Venice</i>	183
Shylock demanding his Bond.....	<i>Merchant of Venice</i>	186
Chief Justice Gascoigne to King Henry V.....	<i>Shakspeare's, Henry IV.</i>	188
Wolsey hearing of his Downfall.....	<i>Shakspeare's Henry VIII</i>	189
Wolsey's Death and Character.....	<i>Shakspeare's Henry VIII</i>	190
David's Interview with King Saul.....	<i>Mrs. Hannah More</i>	192
Alexander and the Robber.....	<i>Evenings at Home</i>	194
Cæsar's Message to Cato.....	<i>Addison</i>	195
Damon and Pythias.....	<i>Shiel and Banim</i>	197

	PAGE
A Scene from Pizarro	<i>Sheridan's Pizarro</i> 204
Doing what Others Do	<i>Anonymous</i> 207
The Seasons	<i>Rev. Dr. Brewer</i> 211
The Noblest Hero.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 212
Necessity of learning something daily	<i>Anonymous</i> 215
The Perfect Merchant	<i>Anonymous</i> 218

PART VII.—FORTY HUMOUROUS PIECES.

(Dialogues.)

Sam. Weller in Bardell <i>vs.</i> Pickwick	<i>Dickens</i> 221
The French Prisoner and the Fishing Tackle.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 223
Slander—How to raise it.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 225
The Know Nothing.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 227
Pedantry—A Lesson on Language.....	<i>J. Coleman, jun.</i> 228
Going to be an Orator.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 230
The School Rehearsal.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 233
Playing School.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 235

PART VII.—Continued.

(Single Recitations.)

The Ant and the Cricket.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 236
Spider Grim and Miss Fly.....	<i>Dr. J. Wolcot</i> 240
The Great Musical Critic.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 241
The Three Black Crows.....	<i>Byrom</i> 242
Modern Logic.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 244
The art of Book-keeping.....	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 245
Exercises in Punning.....	<i>Hood</i> 247
Tragical History of Major Brown.....	<i>Hood</i> 248
The Brentford Duel.....	<i>Hood</i> 251
The Miss Nomers.....	<i>Mrs. B. Wilson</i> 252
The Clown and the Counsellor.....	<i>Horace Smith</i> 254
The Philosopher's Scales.....	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 255
The Auction.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 256
The Blacksmiths' Removal.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 258
Speech of Orator Climax.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 259
Speech against Foreign Principles.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 260
Conversation not a Colloquial Duel.....	<i>Cowper</i> 262
The Retort Courteous.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 263
Madame Talleyrand and the Traveller.....	<i>Horace Smith</i> 264
Queer People.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 266
Don't run into Debt.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 267
Spectacles, or Helps to Read.....	<i>Byrom</i> 268
Disputes of the Features.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 268
Rhyme of the Rail.....	<i>Saxe</i> 270
A Song of the Railroad.....	<i>C. F. Wolfe</i> 271
The Old Cottage Clock.....	<i>Charles Swain</i> 273
The Victim of Reform.....	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> 274
The Magpie and the Monkey.....	<i>Yriarte</i> 275
The Street of By-and-Bye.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 278

PART VIII.—FIVE VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES.

Introductory, or Salutary Piece.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 279
Apology on Examination Day.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 280
Valedictory Address.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 281
A Closing Valedictory.....	<i>Anonymous</i> 282
Closing Address, and thanks to the teachers.....	<i>J. T. Reid</i> 283

PART IX.—TWO SINGLE RECITATIONS WITH CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Jessie's Dream at Lucknow.....	<i>Grace Campbell</i> 285
Father, Dear Father, come Home.....	<i>H. C. Work</i> 287
Note to Teacher.....	288

PREFATORY NOTE.

The collection of pieces inserted in this book in Prose and Poetry may be briefly classified as follows :—

I.—Those of a *National and Patriotic* character.

II.—*Pathetic Pieces* allied to the foregoing, or of a personal or domestic character. Many of these pieces are intended for, and are admirably adapted for recitation by girls.

III.—*Miscellaneous Pieces* of a literary, educational or philosophical cast.

IV.—*Ancient and Classical Pieces*, distinguished as follows :

(1) Those of a Biblical character,

(2) Greek and Latin subjects in English,

(3) Greek and Latin extracts, in the original languages

V.—*French Pieces*, single extracts and dialogues.

VI.—*Dialogues* on various topics.

VII.—*Humorous Pieces* of various kinds.

The compiler has sought to embrace in the collection, as great a variety of pieces from standard authors, as possible, both of prose and poetry. In order to include some new pieces, he has been compelled unwillingly to omit many old favourites. He hopes, however, that the number and variety of new pieces inserted in the book will, in some degree, compensate for this omission. The purely classical and French pieces are a novelty in a miscellaneous collection of this kind ; but they are inserted chiefly for use in our Grammar Schools and higher collegiate institutes. The pieces in the second division are admirably adapted either for reading or recitation by girls, and they will thus familiarize them with some of the most beautiful and touching pieces in our language, besides aiding in cultivating their tastes and memory.

As this work may be considered one of a series on this special subject which is more or less in use in our public schools, (*) it has not been considered necessary under the circumstances to insert more than a few general remarks on Reading and Elocution. These will be found appended.

(*) "The Art of Reading," one of the national series of text books, "Elements of Elocution," by J. Barber, published by John Lovell, "The Classic Reader," by Rev. Dr. Hamilton, published by John Lovell.

PREFATORY NOTE.

REMARKS ON READING AND SPEAKING.

Although a perfectly natural and unaffected manner of reading and speaking is of the first importance, yet a few of the graces of the art are no less indispensable, and should be sedulously cultivated by every one who aspires to success in either department.

We are aware that some are opposed to the study of Gesture as an art. Among them there is none more distinguished than Archbishop Whately; who contends, that the *natural unstudied* manner is that which is most becoming to every speaker. He remarks, that he who is careful to follow the dictates of nature, will have the advantage of carrying within him an *infallible guide*; and that by abstaining from all thoughts respecting his *action*, he will be the better able to fix his mind intently on the business he is engaged in. "Those," says he, "who cultivate a studied delivery, may be more successful in escaping censure and insuring admiration; but he will far more surpass them in respect of the proper object of the orator, which is, *to carry his point*."

But so strong is the tendency to indicate vehement internal emotion by some kind of outward gesture, that those who do not encourage or allow themselves in any, frequently fall unconsciously into some awkward trick of swinging the body, (*) folding a paper, twisting a string, or the like. It is reasonable that the study of a graceful manner should prevent the formation of such modes of delivery; and even the author just quoted admits, that if any one find himself naturally and spontaneously led to use, in speaking, a moderate degree of action, which he finds, from the observation of others, not to be ungraceful or inappropriate, there is no reason that he should repress this tendency.

Although nature must be the groundwork, there is ample room for study and art. The study of action in public speaking may be said to consist chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker in the most becoming manner. The public speaker should study to preserve as much dignity as possible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect posture is generally to be chosen; standing firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions: any inclination which is used should be a little to the right; and forwards toward the hearers, which is a natural expression of earnestness. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always the best. The eyes should never be fixed close on any one object, but move easily round the audience

(*) Of one of the ancient Roman orators it was satirically remarked, on account of his having this habit, that he must have learned to speak *in a boat*. Of some other orators, whose favourite action is rising on tiptoe, it would perhaps have been said, that they had been accustomed to address their audience *over a high wall*.

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In the motions made with the hands, consists the chief part of gesture in speaking. Motions performed by the left hand alone are not always offensive; but it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands corresponding together. But whether the orator gesticulates with one or both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions should be free and easy. Narrow and straitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reason, motions made with the hands should proceed from the shoulder rather than from the elbow. Movements with the hands perpendicularly, which Shakspeare in Hamlet calls "sawing the air with the hand," are seldom good. Oblique motions are in general the most graceful. Too sudden and nimble motions should be likewise avoided: earnestness can be fully expressed without them. Shakspeare's directions on this head are full of good sense: "use all gently," says he, "and in the very torrent and tempest of passion, acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness." One word in regard to the *time* of action. The action employed must always *precede* somewhat the words it is to enforce: it must not be used after or *during* their utterance. The former is always the natural order of action: while the latter suggests the idea of a person speaking to those who do not fully understand the language, and striving by signs to explain the meaning of what he has been saying. An emotion (*) struggling for utterance, produces a tendency to a bodily gesture, to express that emotion more *quickly* than words can be framed; the words follow as soon as they can be spoken. And this being always the case with an earnest speaker, this mode of placing the action foremost, gives it (if it be otherwise appropriate) the appearance of strong and unfeigned emotion, actually present in the mind. The reverse of this natural order would alone be sufficient to convert the action of Demosthenes himself into unsuccessful and ridiculous mimicry.

We shall dismiss this portion of our work with the rules subjoined below: premising, that they bear chiefly on the *attitude* and *position* of the speaker when not actuated by any emotion, and that of course they are subject to modification when the contrary is the case, that is, when he is swayed by any inward emotion or passion labouring to express itself. They cannot, therefore, be considered as complete, or as embracing the whole subject: they are believed by the author to be as comprehensive as it is possible to make them, in subordination to the paramount necessity of their being "few and short," in order to be of any practical value. A careful study of them, and withal a familia-

(*) *Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram, Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit: Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.—Hor.*

rity (to use the words of our introduction) "with the deportment of those public speakers who possess elegance of manner, which is the most efficacious lesson:" will, he doubts not, put the student into possession of a sufficient knowledge of the art of Gesture for all ordinary purposes.

GESTURES FOR READING.

Rule 1.—Rest the whole weight of the body on the right leg; the other just touching the ground, at the distance at which it would naturally fall if lifted up, to show that the body does not bear upon it. Let the knees be straight: and the body straight, yet not perpendicular, but inclining a little to the right and rather forwards.

Rule 2.—Hold the book in the left hand.

Rule 3.—Look at those who are hearing as often as possible; but do not lose the place or forget the words.

Rule 4.—Elevate the right hand when any thing sublime, lofty, or heavenly, is expressed.

Rule 5.—Let the right hand (but not any single finger) point downwards, when anything low or grovelling is expressed.

GESTURES FOR SPEAKING.

Rule 6.—Begin as in reading. Let the whole weight of the body rest on the right leg; the other just touching the ground at the distance at which it would naturally fall if lifted up, to show that the body does not bear upon it. Let the knees be straight and firm, and the body straight, yet not perpendicular, but inclining to the right and rather forwards. Let both arms hang in their natural place by the side.

Rule 7.—As soon as the sentiment requires a gesture, let the right arm be held out, the palm open, the fingers straight and close, the thumb almost as distant from them as possible, and the flat of the hand neither vertical nor horizontal, but between both.

Rule 8.—During the utterance of the last word in the sentence, the right hand, as if lifeless, must drop down to the side.

Rule 9.—When a change of position becomes necessary, the body, without moving the feet, must poise itself, on the left leg: the left hand must be raised exactly as the right one was before, and continue in this position till the end of the sentence, and then drop as if lifeless.

Rule 10.—Take care to end each sentence completely, before the next is begun.

Rule 11.—In every movement of the arm, keep the elbow at a distance from the body.

Rule 12.—Let the eyes be directed to those who are addressed; excepting when the subject requires them to be raised.

Rule 13.—Endeavour to suit the *action* to the word, enter into the sense and spirit of every passage, and *feel* what is expressed. This is the best guide to emphasis, tone and gesture.—*Orator's Own Book.*

THE SCHOOL SPEAKER.

PART I.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC PIECES.

I. CARACTACUS TO HIS FOLLOWERS.* A.D. 52.

"YE Britons brave ; your native dust is trodden by your foes,
Whose march throughout your woody land is tracked by
countless woes ;
Thro' furrowed waters of the deep they've boldly dared to
steer,
To conquer here this spot of earth ; this land we hold so dear !

"Their heads are helmeted in brass ; their forms are cased
in steel,
The very earth doth seem to quake beneath their heavy
heel ;
Such warlike men I never saw as Romans in array,
Save you, my noble countrymen, assembled here to-day.

"Yet fear them not ; our British soil shall suffer no disgrace ;
Our women are its living flowers, our men, a valiant race ;
The one all truth and tenderness, howe'er their lot obscure,
The other brave and fearless too, and constant to endure.

* Caractacus was the last of the British chiefs who offered a lengthened resistance to the arms of the Romans. He was defeated by Ostorius, and was himself subsequently betrayed into the hands of the conqueror, by whom he was sent to Rome, to grace his triumphs. On being exposed to the gaze of the people, instead of expressing, as the other captives did, any sign of fear, or imploring their pity, he addressed the Emperor Claudius in a short speech (preserved by Tacitus, in his *Annals*, xiv. 37) and with such effect, that he obtained for himself and his family, not only liberty, but an escort to conduct him home.

"But hark! the Roman trumpet sounds the thrilling notes of war!
 Ye British chieftains, raise your shields, and mount the battle car;
 Fleet as the wind your javelins hurl down upon the foe,
 And with a strong resistless arm lay each invader low.

"Come on, ye heroes! follow me, for Romans are but men,
 Our fathers drove them back before; we'll drive them back again!
 Press on; press on; and bear them down with vengeful cut and thrust,
 And make their crippled eagles stoop and bite the British dust."

* * * * *

The fight is long; but what avails the Britons' scattered power,
 Against a foe whose discipline and strength are as a tower;
 The first wild shock they turn aside, by well-used sword and shield,
 But thousands of the Britons sleep their last sleep on that field!

JOHN SHERER.

2. SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING. A.D. 870.

Our barque is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand,
 Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girded land;
 And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be
 Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a proud and swelling sea!

Our barque is dancing on the waves, its tall masts, straining, bend
 Before the gale, which hails us now with the halloa of a friend;
 And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's foam,
 While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home.

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,
 And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck behind;

We shoot into the untracked deep, as earth-freed spirits
 soar,
 Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms
 without a shore!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his
 pride;
 But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untamed ocean
 tide;
 And a nobler tilt our barque careers, as it quells the saucy
 wave,
 While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of
 the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and
 free;
 And every cord, instinct with life, pipes lone its fearless
 glee;
 Big swell the bosomed sails with joy, and they madly kiss
 the spray,
 As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-King bears
 away.

WM. MOTHERWELL.

3. SIR BERNARDINE DU BORN. A.D. 1125.

King Henry sat upon his throne,
 And full of wrath and scorn,
 His eye a recreant knight survey'd—
 Sir Bernardine du Born.
 And he that haughty glance returned,
 Like lion in his lair,
 While loftily his unchang'd brow
 Gleamed through his crispèd hair.

“Thou art a traitor to the realm,
 Lord of a lawless band;
 The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
 The troubler of our land.
 Thy castles and thy rebel-towers
 Are forfeit to the crown,
 And thou beneath the Norman axe
 Shalt end thy base renown.

"Deign'st thou no word to bar thy doom,
 Thou with strange madness fired?
 Hath reason quite forsook thy breast?"
 Plantagenet inquired.
 Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
 He blanced not in his pride;
 "My reason failed, my gracious liege,
 The year Prince Henry died." *

Quick at that name a cloud of woe
 Pass'd o'er the monarch's brow;
 Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
 To which the mightiest bow.
 Again swept back the tide of years,
 Again his first-born moved,—
 The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
 The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
 One chosen friend was near,
 To share in boyhood's ardent sport,
 Or youth's untam'd career.
 With him the merry chase he sought,
 Beneath the dewy morn;
 With him in knightly tourney rode
 This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father's soul
 Each trace of ire grew dim;
 And what his buried idol loved
 Seemed cleansed of guilt to him;—
 And faintly through his tears he spake,
 "God send his grace to thee,
 And, for the dear sake of the dead,
 Go forth—unscathed and free."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

4.—HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR. 1415.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!

*The king's favourite son who perished on the coast of Normandy.

—In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews; summon up the blood;
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.—
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To its full height! On! on! you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof—
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs, were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot!
 Follow your spirit! and, upon this charge,
 Cry, "Heaven for Harry! England! and St. George!"

SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE.—*Harfleur*—a Town in Normandy besieged and taken by the English, 1415. *Confounded base*—His worn away base.—*Argument*—Work to be done.—*Slips*—Leather thongs fastening two dogs together that they may start at the same time.

5.—DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.* A.D. 1588.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
 When that great fleet invincible, against her bore, in vain,
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

* Sent from Spain by Philip II in 1588 for the conquest of England. A storm nearly destroyed the whole fleet.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase,
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcomb's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair, unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums,

The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace;
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind, the royal blazon swells.

Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight, on that famed Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield:
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turn'd to bay,
And crush'd and torn, beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter flowers
fair maids!

Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your blades!
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her wide!
Our glorious *Semper Eadem!* the banner of our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold—

The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold:

Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyn to Milford bay,

That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;

For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance
spread—

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy
Head:

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points
of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamer's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless
caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew,

And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells rang out, all night from
Bristol town;

And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton
Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate look'd forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-
red light:

The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like silence
broke,

And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke.

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires,
At once the wild alarm clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of
fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer;

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,

And the broad streams of flags and pikes dash'd down each
rousing street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike
errand went;

And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of
Kent:

Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright
coursers forth;

High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for
the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
 All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from
 hill to hill;
 Till the proud peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky
 dales;
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of
 Wales;
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
 height;
 Till stream'd in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of
 light;
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately
 fane,
 And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless
 plain;
 Till Belvoir's grand and lordly towers the sign to Lincoln
 sent,
 And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of
 Trent,
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled
 pile,
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

NOTE.—*Aurigny's Isle*,—Alderney, one of the Channel islands. *Pinta*,—a Spanish Ship. *Semper Eadam*,—Queen Elizabeth's motto. *Gaunt's embattled pile*,—Lancaster Castle (now the county jail.)

6.—BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.* 1644.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
 To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
 Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
 And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
 To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door!
 And the raven whets his beak again o'er the field of Marston
 Moor.

* Fought between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, or the Royalists and Parliamentarians, in which Cromwell defeated Prince Rupert.

This ballad metre has the true ring about it, reminding one of Macaulay and Aytoun. Mr. Praed, however, (opposed to the great historian in politics,) takes the cavalier side.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-
stair;

Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and
glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features
ran,

As she said: "It is your lady's gift; unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wife, where the best and boldest
ride

'Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragoons of
Pride;

The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier qualm,

And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,

When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their
wing,

And hear her loyal soldiers shout, 'For God and for the
King!'"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line

They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the
Rhine!

Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm
is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a
frown,

And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight:

"The German boar had better far have supped in York to
night."

The knight is left alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain,

His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory
stain;

Yet still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout:

"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight
it out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a
stave,

And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear!

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!

The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,

"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to
the dust!"

"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword

This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"
The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost tower;

"What news? what news, old Hubert?"—"The battle's lost and won:

The royal troops are melting, like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches—I'm blind and cannot see.
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!"
"I've brought thee back thy banner, wife, from as rude and red a fray

As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!

Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and fill it *quantum suff*,
I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff—

Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!

Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—cut on the crop-eared boor
Who sent me, with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

7.—ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. 1782.

Toll for the brave! the brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
Eight hundred of the brave, whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
A land-breeze shook the shrouds, and she was overset;
Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete!

Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought—his work of glory done.
It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak; she ran upon no rock.
His sword was in his sheath, his fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up, once dreaded by our foes,
 And mingle with our cup the tear that England owes!
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder, and plow the distant
 main.

But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred shall plow the wave no more.

COWPER.

8.—THE BRITISH OAK.

Let India boast its spicy trees,
 Whose fruit and gorgeous bloom
 Give to each faint and languid breeze
 Its rich and rare perfume.
 Let Portugal and haughty Spain
 Display their orange groves;
 And France exult her vines to train
 Around her trim alcoves.

Old England has a tree as strong,
 As stately as them all,
 As worthy of a minstrel's song
 In cottage and in hall.
 'Tis not the yew-tree, tho' it lends
 Its greenness to the grave;
 Nor willow, tho' it fondly bends
 Its branches o'er the wave.

These all are fair, but they may fling
 Their shade unsung by me;
 My favourite, and the forest's king,
 The British Oak shall be!
 Its stem, tho' rough, is stout and sound,
 Its giant branches throw
 Their arms in shady blessings round
 O'er man and beast below.

Its leaf, tho' late in spring it shares
 The zephyr's gentle sigh,
 As late and long in autumn wears
 A deeper richer dye.
 Type of an honest English heart,
 It opes not at a breath;
 But having opened, plays its part
 Until it sinks in death.

But prouder far its glories shine,
 When, in a noble form,
 It floats upon the heaving brine,
 And braves the bursting storm;
 Or when, to aid the work of love
 To some benighted clime,
 It bears glad tidings from above
 Of Gospel-truths sublime.

Oh! then, triumphant in its might,
 O'er waters dim and dark,
 It seems, in Heaven's approving sight,
 A second glorious Ark.
 On earth—the forest's honoured king!
 Man's castle—on the sea!
 Who will, another tree may sing,
 Old England's oak for me!

BERNARD BARTON.

9.—BOAT SONG FOR THE NAVAL RESERVE.

Lift her along—
 Stout hearts and strong!
 Let our hearts fall in time
 To the rhyme
 Of our song.
 Old England's mighty seamen,
 The masters of the deep,
 Have left to us—their sons, my lads--
 Their ancient sway to keep:
 To make our bright flag honoured
 Alike by friend and foe,
 As far as Ocean's waters roll—
 As far as breezes blow!
 Then three cheers for our Queen;
 And three cheers for our land;
 And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
 And three times three
 For the British flag,
 That floats in the breeze above us!

Give her good way--
 Light hearts and gay!
 And our oars in the beat
 Shall repeat
 The old lay!

Old England's mighty vessels
 But wait the voice of war,
 To spread their grand wings on the gale,
 And wake their thunder's roar;
 And England's foes again should find,
 Amid the battle's smoke,
 The staunch English wooden walls—
 The same stout hearts of oak.

Then three cheers for our Queen;
 And three cheers for our land;
 And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
 And three times three
 For the British flag,
 That floats in the breeze above us!

Old England's mighty Charter,
 It still remains the same:
 Oppression still her standard hates—
 Still Freedom loves her name!
 And calmly still her people
 In God repose their trust,
 Nor change the Peace they love for War,
 Save when that War is just!

Then three cheers for our Queen;
 And three cheers for our land;
 And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
 And three times three
 For the British flag,
 That floats in the breeze above us!

Lift her along—
 Stout hearts and strong!
 While our oars in their beat
 Still repeat
 The old song!

Then three cheers for our Queen;
 Three cheers for our Land;
 And three cheers for the hearts that love us!
 And three times three
 For the dear old flag,
 That floats in the breeze above us!

10.—BRITISH CHARGE AT WATERLOO. 1815.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
Like lightning thro' the rolling smoke,

The war was waked anew;
Beneath their fire in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier;
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havock near,

The Cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along;
For harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

But, on the British heart, were lost
The terror of the charging host,
For not an eye, the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep staid
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunder tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain,
Closed their diminish'd files again;
'Till from their line, scarce spears' length three
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply.

Then waked their fire at once;
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day;

Then down went spear and lance;
Down were the Eagle's banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

. 1815.

oke

Then to the musket knell succeeds
 The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds.
 As plies the smith his clanging trace,
 Against the cuirass rang the blade.
 And while amid their close array
 The well served cannon rent their way;
 And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoiled in common rout and fear,
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier;
 Horsemen and foot a mingled host,
 Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

11. CHELSEA PENSIONERS READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. 1815.

The golden gleam of a summer sun
 Is lighting the elm-deck'd grove,
 And the leaves of the old trees—every one—
 Are stirred with a song they love;
 For there bloweth a light breeze, whispering true
 Of the deeds they are doing at Waterloo!

The veteran! with his mark of war—
 The medal on his breast!—
 Star of the brave that decks him now,
 When his sword is laid to rest!
 And the iron sheath is worn away,
 That was tenantless on the battle day!

The young and old—the fair and brave—
 Are congregated here;
 And they all look out with an anxious gaze
 Of mingled hope and fear!
 As the wearied sailor looks for land,
 When the bark speeds on and the gales are bland.

Now gaze again!—A lancer comes
 With a spur in his courser's side,
 That speeds towards th' expecting group
 As a lover bounds to his bride!
 He bringeth the news, and their hearts beat high—
 The news of a glorious victory!

ee

Oh ! when the heart is very glad,
 It leaps like a little child
 That is just released from a weary task,
 With a spirit free and wild.
 It fluttereth like a prisoned bird,
 When tidings such as these are heard !

A low sound—like a murmured prayer !
 Then, a cheer that rends the sky !
 A loud huzza—like a people's shout
 When a good king passeth by !—
 As the roar of waves on an angry main
 Breaks forth, and then all is mute again !

The Lancer looks in the Veteran's face,
 And hands him the written scroll ;
 And the old man reads, with a quiv'ring voice,
 The words of that muster-roll.
 As they wake a smile, or force a sigh,
 From many an anxious stander-by.

If the father's boy be laurel-crown'd,
 He glories in his name ;
 If the mother hath lost her only son,
 She little heeds his fame !
 And the lonely girl, whose lover sleeps,
 Droops in her beauty, and only weeps !

But if a few have blighted hopes,
 And hearts forlorn and sad !
 How many of that mingled group
 Doth that great victory glad ?
 Who bless—for *their* dear sakes—the day
 Whom toil and war kept far away ?

F. W. N. BAYLEY.

12.—THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.* 1689.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
 Let the pibroch shake the air
 With its wild triumphal music,
 Worthy of the freight we bear,

* John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was killed at the victorious battle of Killiecrankie, in Scotland, in 1689.

Let the ancient hills of Scotland
 Hear once more the battle-song
 Swell within the glens and valleys,
 As the clansmen march along!
 Never from the field of combat,
 Never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried
 Than we bring with us to-day.
 Never since the valiant Douglas—
 On his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
 To our dear Redeemer's shore!
 Lo! we bring with us the hero—
 Lo! we bring the conquering Graeme,
 Crowned as best beseems a victor
 From the altar of his fame;
 Fresh and bleeding from the battle
 Whence his spirit took its flight,
 'Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
 And the thunder of the fight!
 Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
 As we march o'er moor and lea!

See, above his glorious body
 Lies the royal banner fold—
 See his valiant blood is mingled—
 With its crimson and its gold—
 See how calm he looks and stately,
 Like a warrior on his shield,
 Waiting till the flash of morning
 Breaks along the battle field!

On the heights of Killiecrankie
 Yester-morn an army lay.

Slowly rose the mist in columns
 From the river's broken way;
 Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
 And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
 When the clansmen rose together
 From their lair amidst the broom.
 Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadsword's edges,
 And we proved them to be true;

voice,

N. BAYLEY.

1689.

killed at the

Then our leader rode before us
 On his war-horse, black as night—
 * * *

And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose ;
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 " Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
 Ere the evening star shall glisten
 On Schehallion's lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Graemes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his country and King James !
 Strike ! and when the fight is over !
 If ye look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest
 Search for him that was Dundee ! "

* * *
 Loudly then the hills re-echoed
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
 Not a man who heard him speak
 Would that day have left the battle.
 * * *

Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the Pass below,
 And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe :
 Down we crouched amid the bracken,
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer,
 When they scent the stately deer.
 From the dark defile emerging,
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck of drum.
 * * *

Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
 Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel !
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—

On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down life drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining,
On Schehallion's distant head
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer :
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Graeme !

Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallowed potrals
To receive another guest !
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace !
O thou lion-hearted warrior !
Reck not of the after-time :
Honour may be deemed dishonour,
Loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.

Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
 Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver
 Chieftain, than our own Dundee!

W. E. AYTOUN.

13.—HAIL TO THE CHIEF.*

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances!
 Honoured and blessed be the ever-green pine!
 Long may the tree in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew;

Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back agen,

“Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
 mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen,

“Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,

And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied:

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,

And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;

Lennox and Leven glen

Shake when they hear agen,

“Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

* This song is intended as an imitation of the *jorrams* or boat songs of the Highlanders, which were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief. They are so adapted as to keep time with the sweep of the oars.

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!
 O! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
 Oh that some seedling gem
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honoured and blessed in their shadow might grow!
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepmost glen,
 "Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

14.—HIGHLAND WAR-SONG.

Pibroch* of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
 Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-Conuil.
 Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
 Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy;
 Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
 Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;
 Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle-plume, blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* A pibroch (pronounced *pi'brok*) is a martial air played with the bag-pipe. Donuil, pronounced *Don'nil*; Conuil, *Con'nil*.

15.—FLORA MACIVOR'S SUMMONS.

There is mist on the mountains, and night on the vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded—it sank on the land,
 It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
 The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
 On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
 It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse;
 Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
 Glen-al'adale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
 And the streams of Glen-finnan leap bright in the blaze.

O, high-minded Mo'ray!—the exiled!—the dear!—
 In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
 Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
 That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
 But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake;
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sire did of yore !
 Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

16.—

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16.—LORD WELLINGTON'S LANDING IN SPAIN. 1808.

A various host from kindred realms they came,
 Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown;
 For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
 And with their deeds of valour deck her crown:
 Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
 And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause;
 Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
 And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
 And free-born thoughts which league the soldier with the laws.

And oh! loved warriors of the minstrels' land,
 Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave,
 The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
 And harsher features and a mien more grave,
 But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
 As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
 And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
 And level for the charge their arms are laid,
 Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid?

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
 His jest which each blithe comrade round him flings,
 And moves to death with military glee;
 Boast, Erin! boast them, tameless, frank and free,
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough nature's children, humourous as she,
 And He, yon chieftain,—strike the proudest tone
 Of thy bold harp, green Isle,—the Hero is *thine own*.

17.—THE IRISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

Though Scotia's be lofty mountains,
 Where savage grandeur reigns;
 Though bright be England's fountains,
 And fertile be her plains;
 When 'mid their charms I wander,
 Of thee I think the while,
 And seem of thee the fonder,
 My own green isle!

While many who have left thee,
 Seem to forget thy name,
 Distance hath not bereft me
 Of its endearing claim :
 Afar from thee sojourning
 Whether I sigh or smile,
 I call thee still "Mavourneen,"
 My own green isle !

Fair as the glittering waters
 Thy emerald banks, that lave,
 To me thy graceful daughters,
 Thy generous sons as brave.
 Oh ! there are hearts within thee
 Which know not shame or guile,
 And such proud homage win thee,
 My own green isle.

For their dear sakes I love thee,
 Mavourneen, though unseen ;
 Bright be the sky above thee,
 Thy shamrock ever green ;
 May evil ne'er distress thee,
 Nor darken nor defile,
 But heaven for ever bless thee,
 My own green isle.

BERNARD BARTON.

18.—THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
 The fresh wind is singing along the sea side ;
 The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
 And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure ! roll trumpet and drum !
 'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendour they come !
 The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
 For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

* * * * *

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
 The rite is completed—the two, they are one ;
 The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
 That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangour that compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar !
The foe's on the border ! his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found !

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For sister and mother, for children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow ! let dastards remain !"

Hurrah ! to the battle !—They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle ! the spears, how they shine !
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman ! to die or to do !

The eve is declining in lone Malahide :
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark ! loud from the mountain—'tis victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky !
The foe has retreated ! he flees to the shore ;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield ?
And where does *he* tarry, the lord of the field ?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning, the star of the day :
Now, weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over ! the chieftain is dead !

But, O, for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen, and broken with grief !
She sinks on the meadow :—in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride !

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole !
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story of *ages* of pride ;
He died in his glory—but, O, he *has* died !

19.—THE CHIMES OF ENGLAND.

The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled ;
How gloriously their music sounds,
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray !

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden times !
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper, and at prime ;
At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,—
Those chimes,—those glorious Christian chimes,
How blessedly they ring !

Those chimes, those chimes of Motherland,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking, as the angels did,
For a Redeemer born,
How merrily they call afar
To cot and baron's hall,
With holly deck and misletoe,
To keep the festival !

And then, those Easter bells, in spring !
Those glorious Easter chimes !
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times !
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high,

The chimes of England, how they peal
 From tower and gothic pile,
 Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
 The dim cathedral aisle !
 I love ye—chimes of Motherland,
 With all this soul of mine,
 And bless the Lord that I am sprung
 Of good old English line.

BISHOP COXE OF WESTERN NEW-YORK

20.—THE WOODS AND VALES OF ENGLAND.

The woods and vales of England :— is there not
 A magic and a marvel in their names ?
 Is there not music in the memory
 Of their old glory ?—Is there not a sound
 As of some watchword, that recalls at night
 All that gave light and wonder to the day ?
 In these soft words, that breathe of loveliness,
 And summon to the spirit scenes that were
 Rich on its raptured vision, as the eye
 Hung like a trace'd thing above the page
 That genius had made golden with its glow—
 The page of noble story—of high towers,
 And castled halls, evista'd like the line
 Of heroes and great hearts, that centuries
 Had laid before their hearths in dim array—
 Of lake and lawn, and gray and cloudy tree,
 That rocked with bannered foliage to the storm
 Above the walls it shadowed, and whose leaves,
 Rustling in gathered music to the winds,
 Seemed voiced as with the sound of many seas !

The woods and vales of England ! oh, the founts,
 The living founts of memory ! how they break
 And gush upon my stirred heart as I gaze !
 I hear the shout of reapers, the far low
 Of herds upon the banks, the distant bark
 Of the tired dog, stretched at some cottage door,
 The echo of the axe 'mid forest swung,
 And the loud laugh drowning the faint halloo.

THE SCHOOL SPEAKER.

Land of our fathers! though 'tis ours to roam,
 A land upon whose bosom thou mightest lie,
 Like infant on its mother's—though 'tis ours
 To gaze upon a nobler heritage
 Than thou couldst e'er unshadow to thy sons,—
 Though ours to linger upon fount and sky,
 Wilder, and peopled with great spirits, who
 Walk with a deeper majesty than thine,—
 Yet, as our fatherland, O, who shall tell
 The lone, mysterious energy which calls
 Upon our sinking spirit to walk forth
 Amid thy wood and mount, where every hill
 Is eloquent with beauty, and the tale
 And song of centuries, the cloudless years
 When fairies walked the valleys, and the turf
 Rung to their tiny footsteps, and quick flowers
 Sprang with the lifting grass on which they trod—
 When all the landscape murmured to its rills,
 And joy with hope in its leafy bowers!

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

21.—QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BIBLE.*

Rich gifts were borne from o'er the wave,
 Where Afric's summer smiles;
 A treasure rare the monarch gave,
 The queen of Britain's isles.

He saw the stately palace walls,
 With pictured beauty rare,
 And stood within the royal halls
 A wondering stranger there.

"Oh, tell me how our wealth may change
 To splendours such as these,
 And I will bear the secret strange
 To lands beyond the seas.

* An African prince once sent costly gifts to Queen Victoria, requesting her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness. The Queen gave the Ambassador a beautiful bound copy of the Bible, and said: "Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

"Our skies are fair—our mountain streams
In golden ripples flow ;
Oh, bright the crystal current gleams
When diamonds flash below !

"The sea-breeze wins a breath of balm
In summer's sultry hours,
When sweeping o'er the fragrant palm,
Or floating 'mid the flowers—

"The cocoa shadows where we rest
The acacia and the vine—
Oh, why is not our land as blest
As this fair realm of thine ! "

She counted not her armies o'er,
Who, proud her rule to own,
The English flag in triumph bore
To honour and renown ;

Nor her proud ships, whose spreading sails
Swept ocean's farthest foam,
While southern winds and northern gales
Were wafting treasures home :—

She had a volume richly bound
Its golden clasps between,
And thought not of the wealth around
That shone for England's queen.

"Take this: these precious leaves unfold,
And find what gems are there ;
There's wealth beyond the purest gold
Within its pages fair.

"Tis this makes blest our English homes,
Where peace and quiet reign ;
This is the star to him who roams
Upon the land or main.

"This is the secret of our fame :
To praise the King of Kings—
Adoring His most holy name,
Our land its homage brings.

"'Tis He that gives the wealth we win,
 This word that makes us free—
 Our life and blessing it hath been—
 Thus may it be to thee."

22.—BURNING OF THE TROPHIES IN THE TOWER OF LONDON. 1841.

Grey fortress of the royal Thames, dark pile of old renown,
 So the red wing of flame hath struck thy proudest glories
 down.

Aye mourn! beneath your crumbling walls and blacken'd
 ashes lie

Spoils of a thousand years of fame, of matchless victory!
 Magnificent the wealth that flashed within thy arches old,
 Beyond the wildest dreams of might in earthly story told;
 No spoils like thine the triumph graced when Gaul or Roman
 hurled

His storm of fiery war abroad, stern trampler of the world!

Thine was an atmosphere of fame; beneath each trophied
 arch,

A world of phantoms floated by in slow and stately march,
 Brave visions mock'd the dreamer's eye, white plumes and
 jewell'd crown,

Kings—warlike woman—soldier—priest—high shapes of old
 renown.

A thousand years their tokens brought of high and gallant
 deed

The battle axe of Hastings' strife—the shield of Runnimede—
 Bright arms that told of Syrian sands, where Paynim sword
 and targe

Went down beneath the English steed of *Lion Heart's*
 warrior charge.

There were spoils that spoke of Cressy's tale of the bold
 Black Champion's might,
 Of the charging shout of Agincourt "St. George for England's
 right!"

Old Tilbury and our warrior Queen with all her mail clad
 train,

And the red cross on the channel seas 'mid the flying
 barques of Spain.

And Blenheim's thrilling tale was told,—red Minden's battle shock—

And Wolfe in victory's splendour fall'n on the far Canadian rock,

Each noble deed by field or wave where our conquering banner flew

To the crowning strife of Trafalgar—of deadly Waterloo.

All, all lie crush'd and buried 'mid those blacken'd walls of thine,

The gifts that centuries of fame had heaped in glory's shrine;

But noble trophies yet are ours no earthly flame can mar,

Lights to outmatch the blaze of arms, the victor's fiery star.

Where may those deathless memories rest?—Ask the broad earth to name

The debt that man to Britain owes—the tribute to her fame:

She'll tell of floods of Christian light on nations poured abroad,

Of myriads snatched from sin and death, of altars reared to God.

Ask of the infant or the sage, search the far wilds of earth,
From tropic sand to polar snow—from king to peasant's hearth;

And where *Improvement's* step is seen, where Christians join in prayer,

The spirit of our land is felt—the hand of Britain's there!

Gaze on each happy scene that smiles, along her cultured plains,

Where "silent fingers heavenward point" the spires of village fanes;

Look east, look west, and feel where'er her Christian banner floats,

There man's rude nature upward strives, there breathe religion's notes.

Britain! a glorious treasure's thine that mocks at storm and flame,

Far o'er thy blaze of martial deeds thy holy *Christian Name*,
Bright lamp to flash its light o'er earth on time's last wave upborne—

Quenched—when the Trumpet-Voice from Heaven proclaims man's Judgment Morn!

Toronto, December, 1841.

"ZADIG."

23.—THE ISLESMEN OF THE WEST.

There is mustering on the Danube's banks such as Earth
ne'er saw before,

Though she may rifle where she may her glory-page of yore :
The bravest of her children, proud Europe stands to-day,
All battle-harnessed for the strife, and panting for the fray.
No jewelled robe is round her flung, no glove is on her hand,
But visor down and clasped in steel, her gauntlet grasps the
brand ;

Oh ! lordly is the greeting as she rises from her rest,
And summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West.

No braver on this earth of ours, no matter where you go,
Than they whose boast was aye to bear the battle's sternest
blow ;

No braver than that gallant host, who wait with hearts of fire
To bridle with an iron bit the Muscovite's desire.

Ho ! gallant hearts, remember well the glories of the past,
And answer with your island shout the Russian's trumpet-
blast ;

Ho ! gallant hearts, together stand, and who shall dare
molest,

The bristling hem of battle's robe, the Islesmen of the West.

Brave are the chivalry of France as ever reined a steed,
Or wrung from out the jaws of death some bold heroic deed ;
A hundred fields have proved it well from Neva to the Po,
When kings have knelt to kiss the hand that smote their
souls with wo.

And worthy are the sons to-day of that old Titan breed,
Who spoke in thunders to the Earth that glory was their
creed ;

Ay, worthy are the sons of France, in valor's lap caress'd,
To-night beside their foes of old, the Islesmen of the West.

Oh, England ! in your proudest time you ne'er saw such a
sight,

As when you flung your gauntlet down to battle for the right ;
What are the Scindian plains to us, the wild Caffrarian kloof,
That glory may be bought too dear that brings a world's
reproof !

The brightest deed of glory is to help the poor and weak,
And shield from the oppressor's grasp the lowly and the
meek ;

And that thou'lt do—for never yet you raised your lion crest
But victory has blest your sons, the Islesmen of the West.

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Who are those haughty Islesmen now who hold the keys of earth,
And plant beside the Crescent moon the banner of their birth?

Who are those scarlet ranks that pass the Frenchman and the Turk,
With lightsome step and gladsome hearts, like reapers to their work!

The sons of Merry England they, reared in her fertile lands,
From Michael's Mount to stout Carlisle, from Thames to Mersey's sands;

From every corner of the isle where valour was the guest,
That cradled in the freeman's shield the Islesmen of the West.

The stormers of the breach pass on, the daring sons of Eire,
Light-hearted in the bayonet-strife as in the country fair;
The mountaineer who woke the lark on Tipperary's hills,
And he who kiss'd his sweetheart last by Shannon's silver rills.

The "Rangers" of our western land who own that battle-shout,

That brings the "Fag-an-bealag" blow, and seals the carnage rout;

Those septs of our old Celtic land, who stand with death abreast,

And prove how glorious is the fame of Islesmen of the West.

The tartan plaid and waving plume, the bare and brawny knee,

Whose proudest bend is when it kneels to front an enemy;
The pulse of battle beating fast in every pibroch swell—

Oh, God assoilize them who hear their highland battle yell.
Those Campbell and those Gordon men, who fight for "auld lang syne,"

And bring old Scotland's broadsword through the proudest battle line;

You have done it oft before, old hearts, when fronted by the best,

And where's the serf to-day dare stand those Islesmen of the West?

Speak! from your bristling sides, ye ships, as Nelson spoke before—

Speak! whilst the world is waiting for your thunder-burst of yore;

Speak! whilst your Islesmen stand before each hot and
 smoking gun,
 That rends the granite from the front of forts that must be
 won;
 Unroll that grand old ocean flag above the smoke of fight,
 And let each broadside thunder well the Islesmen's battle
 might;
 Roll out, ye drums, one glory peal, 'tis Liberty's behest,
 That summons to the front of fight the Islesmen of the West

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

24.—DEATH-RIDE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. 1854.

- "We sat mute on our chargers, a handful of men,
 As the foe's broken columns swept on to the glen,
 Like torn trees when the whirlwind comes:
 Cloven helm and rent banner grew dim to our ken,
 And faint was the throb of their drums.
- "But, no longer pursued, where the gorge opens deep
 They halt; with their guns they crowd level and steep;
 Seems each volley some monster's breath,
 Who shows cannon for teeth as he crouches to leap
 From his ambushed cavern of death.
- "Their foot throng the defile, they surge on the bank;
 Darts a forest of lances in front; o'er each flank
 Peer the muskets—a grisly flock;
 They have built their live tower up, rank upon rank,
 And wait, fixed, for an army's shock.
- "Far in front of our lines, a dot on the plain,
 Mute and moveless we sat till his foam-flecked rein
 At our side gallant Nolan drew:
 'They still hold our guns, we must have them again,'
 Was his message—'Advance, pursue!'
- "Pursue them!—What, charge with our hundreds the foe
 Whose massed thousands await us in order below!
 Yes, such were his words. To debate
 The command was not ours; we had but to know,
 And, knowing, encounter our fate.

“We ride our last march—let each crest be borne high!
 We raise our last cheer—let it startle the sky!
 And the land with one brave farewell;
 For soon never more to our voice shall reply
 Rock, hollow, fringed river, or dell.

“Let our trump ring its loudest; in closest array,
 Hoof for hoof, let us ride; for the chief who to-day
 Reviews us—is Death the Victorious:
 Let him look up to Fame, as we perish, and say,
 ‘Enrol them—the fallen are the glorious!’

“We spur to the gorge; from its channel of ire
 Livid light burst like surf, its spray leaps in fire;
 As the spars of some vessel staunch,
 Bold hearts crack and fall; we nor swerve nor retire,
 But in the mid-tempest we launch.

“We cleave the smoke-billows, as wild waves the prow;
 The flash of our sabres gleams straight like the glow
 Which a ploughing keel doth break
 From the grim seas around, with light on her bow,
 And light in her surging wake.

“We dash full on their guns—through the flare and the
 roar
 Stood the gunners bare-armed; now they stand there
 no more;
 The war-throat waits dumb for the ball;
 For those men pale and mazed to the chine we shore,
 And their own cannon’s smoke was their pall.

“That done, we’re at bay; for the foe, with a yell
 Piles his legions around us. Their bayonets swell
 Line on line; we are planted in steel:
 ‘Good carbine! trusty blade! Each shot is a knell,
 Each sword-sweep a fate—they reel!’

“One by one fall our men, each girt with his slain,
 A death-star with belts! ‘Charge we break them!’—In
 vain!
 From the heights their batteries roar;
 The fire-sluides burst; through that flood, in a rain
 Of iron, we strike for the shore.

"Thunder answers to thunder, bolts darken the air,
To breathe is to die; their funeral glare
The lit hills on our brave ones rolled;
What of that? They had entered the lists with Despair,
And the lot which they met—they foretold.

"Comrade sinks heaped on comrade! A ghastly band
That fell tide, when it ebbs, shall leave on the strand:
Of the swimmers who stemmed it that day
A spent, shattered remnant we struggle to land,
And wish we were even as they."

Oh, Britain, my country! Thy heart be the tomb
Of those who for thee rode fearless to doom,
The sure doom which they well foreknew:
Though mad was the summons, they saw in the gloom
Duty beckon—and followed her through.

She told not of trophies,—of medal or star,
Or of glory sign-manual graved in a scar,
Or how England's coasts shall resound
When brothers at home greet their brothers from war,
As they leap upon English ground!

25.—EAST INDIAN MASSACRES IN THE PUNJAUB. *

Bear them gently, bear them duly, up the broad and sloping
breach
Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting-place they
reach.
In the costly cashmeres folded, on the stronghold's top-
most crown,
In the place of foremost honour, lay these noble relics down.

* The following touching and beautiful poem was written by Archbishop Trench, on the murder at Mooltan of two British officers, Anderson and Agnew. Being reduced to extremity, Sirdar Khan Sing begged Mr. Agnew to be allowed to sue for mercy. Though weak from loss of blood, Agnew's heart failed him not. He replied: "let none be asked for; we are not the last of the English." The English indeed soon came and reduced the fortress; but they did not depart without performing the last sad rites over the gallant slain. The bodies of the two officers were carefully, even affectionately, removed and wrapped in cashmere shawls, to obliterate all traces of neglect. They were borne by the soldiers in triumph through the breach in the walls, and placed in an honoured resting place on the summit of Moolraj's citadel!

Here repose, for this is meetest, ye who here breathed out
your life,

Ah! in no triumphant battle, but beneath the assassin's
knife.

Hither, bearing England's message, bringing England's just
demand,

Under England's ægis, came ye to the chieftain of the
land :

In these streets beset and wounded, hardly borne with life
away,

Faint, and bleeding, and forsaken, in your helplessness ye
lay.

But the wolves that once have tasted blood, will raven still
for more ;

From the infuriate city rises high the wild and savage roar.
Near and nearer grows the tumult of the gathering mur-
derous crew,

Tremble round those helpless couches, an unarmed but
faithful few :

"Profitless is all resistance, let us then this white flag
wave,

Ere it be too late, disdain not mercy at their hands to
crave."

But to no unworthy pleading, would descend that noble
twain :

"Nay, for mercy sue not ; ask not what to ask from these
were vain.

We are two, betrayed and lonely ; human help or hope is
none ;

Yet, O friends, be sure that England owns beside us many
a son.

They may slay us ; in our places, multitudes will here be
found,

Strong to hurl this guilty city, with its murderers to the
ground.

Yea, who stone by stone would tear it from its deep foun-
dations strong,

Rather than to leave unpunished, them that wrought this
treacherous wrong."

Other words they changed between them, which none else
could understand,

Accents of our native English, brothers grasping hand in
hand.

So they died, the gallant hearted ! so from earth their
 spirits past,
 Uttering words of lofty comfort, each to each, unto the
 last ;
 And we heard, but little heeded their true spirits far away,
 All of wrong and coward outrage heaped on the unfeeling
 clay.

Lo ! a few short moons have vanished, and the promised
 ones appear,
 England's pledged and promised thousands, England's mul-
 titudes are here ;
 Flame around the blood-stained ramparts swiftest messen-
 gers of death,
 Girdling with a fiery girdle, blasting with a fiery breath ;
 Ceasing not, till choked with corpses, low is laid the mur-
 derers' hold,
 And in his last lair the tiger toils of righteous wrath enfold.
 Well, oh well—ye have not fail'd them who on England's
 truth relied,
 Who on England's name and honour did in that dread hour
 confide.

Now one last dear duty render to the faithful and the brave,
 What they left of earth behind them rescuing for a wor-
 thier grave.
 Oh then, bear them, hosts of England, up the broad and
 sloping breach
 Of this torn and shattered city, till their resting place they
 reach.
 In the costly cashmeres folded, on the ramparts' topmost
 crown,
 In the place of foremost honour, lay these noble relics down !

26.—THE DEATH OF HAVELOCK.

He is gone ! Heaven's will is best :
 Indian turf o'erlies his breast ;
 Goule in black, nor man in gold
 Laid him in yon hallowed mould.
 Guarded to a soldier's grave
 By the bravest of the brave,
 He hath gained a nobler tomb
 Than in old cathedral gloom.

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Nobler mourners paid the rite
 Than the crowd that craves a sight;
 England's banners o'er him waved—
 Dead,—he keeps the realm he saved.
 Strew not on the hero's hearse
 Garlands of a herald's verse:
 Let us hear no words of Fame
 Sounding loud a deathless name:
 Tell us of no vauntful glory
 Shouting forth her haughty story,
 All life long his homage rose
 To far other shrines than those.
 “*In hoc Signo*,” pale and dim,
 Lit the battle field for him;
 And the prize he sought and won,
 Was the crown for duty done!

ANON.

27.—BRITISH COLONIAL AND NAVAL POWER.

The sagacity of England was never more clearly shown than in the foresight with which she has provided against the emergency of war. Let it come when it may, it will not find her unprepared. So thickly are her colonies scattered over the face of the earth, that her war-ships can reach every commercial centre on the globe without spreading so much as a foot of canvas to the breeze.

There is that great centre of commerce, the Mediterranean Sea. It was a great centre long ago when the Phœnician traversed it, and passing through the Straits of Hercules, sped on his way to the distant and then savage Britain. It was a great centre when Rome and Carthage wrestled in a death-grapple for its possession. But England is as much at home in the Mediterranean as if it were one of her own Canadian lakes.

But it is not simply the number of the British Colonies, or the evenness with which they are distributed, that challenges our admiration. The positions which these colonies occupy, and their natural military strength, are quite as important facts. There is not a sea or gulf in the world, which has any real commercial importance, that England has not a stronghold in the throat of it. And wherever the continents tending southward come to points, around which the commerce of nations must sweep, there, upon every one of them, is a British settlement, and the cross of

St. George salutes you as you are wafted by. There is hardly a little desolate, rocky island or peninsula, formed apparently by Nature for a fortress, and nothing else, but the British flag floats securely over it.

This is a literal fact. Take, for example, the great overland route from Europe to Asia. Despite its name, its real highway is on the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It has three gates—three alone. England holds the keys to every one of these gates. Count them—Gibraltar, Malta, and at the mouth of the Red Sea, not one, but many keys. There, midway in the narrow strait, is the black, bare rock of Perim, sterile, precipitous, a perfect counterpart of Gibraltar; and on either side, between it and the mainland, are the ship-channels which connect the Red Sea with the great Indian Ocean. This England holds. A little farther out is the peninsula of Aden, another Gibraltar, as rocky, as sterile, and as precipitous, connected with the mainland by a narrow strait, and having a harbour safe in all winds, and a central coal depot. This England bought in 1839. And to complete her security, she has purchased of some petty Sultan the neighbouring islands of Socotra and Kouri, giving, as it were, a retaining fee, that, though she does not need them herself, no rival power shall ever possess them.

As we sail a little farther on, we come to the Chinese Sea. What a beaten track of commerce is this! What wealth of comfort and luxury is wafted over it by every breeze! The teas of China! The silks of farther India! The spices of the East! What ships of every clime and nation swarm on its waters! The stately barques of England, France, and Holland! Our own swift ships! And mingled with them, in picturesque confusion, the clumsy junk of the Chinaman, the Malay prahu, and the slender, darting bangkong of the Sea Dyak! At the lower end of the Chinese Sea, where it narrows into Malacca Strait, England holds the little island of Singapore—a spot of no use to her whatever, except as a commercial depot, but of inestimable value for that, and which under her fostering care, is growing up to take its place among the great emporiums of the world. Half way up the sea is the island of Labuan, whose chief worth is this, that beneath its surface and that of the neighbouring mainland are hidden inexhaustible treasures of coal, which are likely to yield wealth and power to the hand that controls them. At the upper end of the sea is

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Hong Kong, a hot unhealthy island, but which gives her a base from which to threaten and control the neighbouring waters.

Even in the broad and as yet comparatively untracked Pacific she is making silent advances toward dominion.—The vast continent of Australia, which she has secured, forms its south-western boundary. And pushed out six hundred miles eastward from this, lies New Zealand like a strong outpost; its shores so scooped and torn by the waves that it must be a very paradise of commodious bays and safe havens for the mariner; and lifted up, as it to relieve it from island tameness, are great mountains and dumb volcanoes, worthy of a continent, and which hide in their bosoms deep, broad lakes. Yet the soil of the low lands is of extraordinary fertility, and the climate, though humid, deals kindly with the Saxon constitution. Nor is this all; for, advanced from it for north and south, like picket stations, are Norfolk isle and the Auckland group, which have good harbours. And it requires no prophet's eye to see that, when England needs posts farther eastward, she will find them among the green coral islets that stud the Pacific.

Turn now your steps homeward, and pause a moment at the Bermudas, these beautiful isles, with their fresh verdure, green gems in the ocean, with airs soft and balmy as Eden's were! They have their homely uses too. They furnish arrow-root for the sick, and ample supplies of vegetables earlier than sterner climates will grant. Is this all that can be said? Reflect a little more deeply. Here is a military and naval depot, and here a splendid harbour, landlocked, and amply fortified, difficult of access to strangers—and all this within three or four day's sail of any one of the Atlantic ports North or South. England keeps this as a station on the road to her West Indian possessions; and should America go to war with her, she would use it as a base of offensive operations, where she might gather and hurl upon any unprotected port all her gigantic naval and military power.—ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

28.—LOYALTY TO THE QUEEN AND CONSTITUTION.

Our attachment to the Queen, our own Victoria, is mingled with a tenderness not inconsistent with the sterner sentiment, which it softens and embellishes without ener-

vating. Let her legitimate authority as a constitutional Monarch; let her reputation as a Woman be assailed, and notwithstanding the lamentation of Burke that the age of chivalry was past, thousands of swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge her. Ay, and they would be drawn as freely, and wielded as vigorously and bravely in Canada or in Nova Scotia, as in England. Loyalty! love of British Institutions! They are engrafted in our very nature; they are part and parcel of ourselves; and I can no more tear them from my heart (even if I would, and lacerate all its fibres,) than I would sever a limb from my body. And what those institutions? A distinguished American Statesmen recently answered this question. He said: "The proudest Government that exists upon the face of the earth is that of Great Britain, and the great Pitt, proudest statesman, when he would tell of Britain's crowning glory, did not speak as he might have done, of her wide spread dominion, upon which the sun never set. He did not speak of martial achievements, of glorious battle fields, and of splendid naval conflicts; but he said, with swelling breast, and kindling eye, that the poorest man of Great Britain in his cottage might bid defiance to all the forces of the crown. It might be frail, its roof might shake, the wind might blow through it, the storm might enter, the rain might enter; but the King of England could not enter it. In all his power he dare not cross the threshold of that ruined tenement."

HON. W. YOUNG, ETC.

27.—THE BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL SYSTEM OF CANADA.

I take the British constitutional system as the great original system upon which are founded the institutions of all free states. I take it as one of a family born of Christian civilization, and of the religion of that Germanic empire which, breaking up, transmitted it to other empires to mould for them free institutions. I take it as combining in itself, permanency and liberty—liberty in its best form, not in theory alone, but in practice—liberty which is enjoyed in practice by all the people of Canada of every origin and creed. Can any one pretend to say that a chapter of accidents which we can trace for eight hundred years, and which some antiquarians may even trace for a much longer

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period, will account for the permanency of these institutions? If you say that they have not in themselves the elements of permanency—if they have not the saving salt which preserves the foundation of the government of a free state from one generation to another—how do you account for their continued and prosperous existence?—how do you account for it that of all the ancient constitutions of Europe this alone remains; and remains not only with all its ancient outlines, but with great modern improvements and even alterations, but alterations made in harmony with the design of its first architects? Here is a form of Government that has lasted with modifications to suit the spirit of the age for a period of 800 years. How is it that I account for the permanency of its institutions? Because, in their outline plan they combine all the good of material importance that has ever been discovered. The wisdom of the middle age, and the political writers of the present, have all laid down one maxim of government—that no unmixed form of government can satisfy the wants of a free and intelligent people, that an unmixed democracy for instance must result in anarchy or military despotism; but that form of government which combines in itself an inviolable monarchy and popular representation, with the incitements and inducements of an aristocracy—a working aristocracy, an aristocracy that takes its share in the day of battle, and of toil and labour, of care and anxiety in the time of peace; an aristocracy of talent open to the people who by talent and labour made themselves worthy to enter it—this three-fold combination in the system of Government was the highest problem of political science, the highest effort of the mind of man.

Let us see if the British form, apart from any details of its practice, combines in itself these three qualities. If we hold that authority and liberty are necessary to free government—and one is as necessary as the other—then we can apply the touch-stone to this system and see whether it be true to the mechanism on which it stands. The leading principles of the British system is that the head of the state is inviolable. It is necessary to the stability of any state that there should be an inviolable authority or tribunal, and under the British system is recognized in the maxim that “the king can do no wrong.” It is necessary in any free government that there should be some quarter—either the head of the state or some other power—beyond which an appeal does not use an influence not subject to the caprice of whim, or even to the just com-

plaint of the private citizen warring against the state. This is necessary to prevent reform becoming revolution, or to prevent local abuses becoming the source of general disorganization. Having placed the principle of inviolability there, and the principle of privilege in the peerage, the founders of the state took care at the same time that the peerage should not stagnate into a sunken well, an intolerable wall of pretension and arrogance. They left the device of the House of Lords, so to speak, with one gable—they left it open to any of the people who might distinguish themselves in war or in peace, although they might be the children of paupers, (and some have been ennobled who were unable to tell who their parents were,) to enter it and take their place on equality with the proudest there, who dated back their descent for centuries. This inclined plane by which the people might rise to higher positions was left open; and this provision was made in order that the peerage should not stagnate into a small and exclusive caste which could neither be added to or subtracted from, except by the inviolable law of increase or decrease. It was for the people of this country, with the precedent of England and the example of the American republic before them, to decide which should be the prevailing character of our government,—British constitutional or republican constitutional. For his part, he preferred the British constitutional government because it was the best, and he rejected the republican constitutional government because it was not the best. He pointed out that we were now witnessing a great epoch in the world's history, and that the events daily transpiring around us should teach us not to rely too much upon our present position of secure independence, but rather to apprehend and be prepared for attempts against our liberties and against that system of government, which he was convinced was heartily cherished by the inhabitants of this Province.

HON. T. D. MCGEE.

30.—THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC. 1759.

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune

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of its execution, were unparalleled. There a broad open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength if not in numbers. The chiefs of each were men already of honourable fame. France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm: England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife, stood close at hand. For miles and miles around the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man; mountain and valley, forest and waters, cities and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of the eastern extremity of that lofty range which here forms the left bank of the St. Lawrence; a table-land extends westward for about 9 miles from the defences of the city, occasionally wooded and undulating, but towards the ramparts open and tolerably level: this portion of the heights is called the plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow passage winding up the side of the steep precipice from the water's edge. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Wolfe's plan was to ascend this path secretly with his whole army, and make the plains his battle ground. The extraordinary audacity of the enterprise was its safety: the wise and cautious Montcalm had guarded against all the probable chances of war; but he was not prepared against an attempt for which the pages of romance can scarcely furnish a parallel.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and army for the decisive movement, but the plans were still kept secret: a wise caution was observed in this respect, for the treachery of a single deserter might have imperiled the success of the whole expedition had the whole object been known.

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the water with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken save by the young general; as he repeated in a low voice to the officers by his side, "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church yard;" and as he concluded the beautiful verses, said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!" But while Wolfe thus, in the poet's words, gave vent to

the intensity of his feeling, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he silently moved. At length he recognized the appointed spot, and leaped ashore. The after struggle, in the memorable plains of Abraham, was brief, but deadly. The September sun rose upon two gallant armies arrayed in unbroken pride: noon of the same day saw the ground where they had stood, strewn with the dying and the dead; while at night the red-cross banner floated triumphantly over the field of death.

ELLIOT Warburton,

31.—MEMORIES OF QUEBEC.

Afar, Quebec exalts her crest on high,
Her rocks and battlements invade the sky;

* * * *

While on the Bay's broad bosom far and wide,
The anchored fleets of commerce proudly ride.
Huge cliffs above precipitous that frown,
Like Atlas, bent beneath another town,
Where all along the grey embrasured steep
In grim repose the watchful cannon peep,
Tall spires, and domes, and turrets shine afar
Behind the arched gates, and mounds of war,
While proud Cape Diamond towers above them all,
With aerial glacis and embattled wall;
Till on the loftiest point where swift birds rise,
Old England's standard floats amid the skies.

Oh! glorious spot! The Briton's boast and pride,
Where armies battled and where heroes died,
Where gallant Wolfe led his devoted band,
Rejoiced in death and waved his dying hand;
'Mid cheers of victory rung from side to side,
The hero smiled content, and calmly died!
Though few his years and young his lofty fame,
With greenest garlands England crowns his name;
And on her roll of glory, proudly reads
The nation's records of his mighty deeds.
And noble Montcalm! Well thy honoured bier
May claim the tribute of a British tear.

Although the lilies from these ramparts fell,
Thy name immortal with great Wolfe's shall dwell:
Like him, thy consciousness of duty done,
Soothed thy last pang, and cheered thy setting sun!

From the "Approach to Quebec" By W. KIRBY.

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32.—THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Hail! Sovereign of the world of Floods! whose majesty and
 might
 First dazzles,—then enraptures,—then o'erawes the aching
 sight;
 The pomp of Kings and Emperors in every clime and zone
 Grows dim beneath the splendour of thy glorious watery
 throne.

No fleets can stop thy progress,—no armies bid thee stay,
 But onward—onward—onward thy march still holds its way;
 The rising mist that veils thee—as thine herald, goes before,
 And the music that proclaims thee is the thundering
 Cataract's roar.

Thy Diadem is an emerald green of the clearest, brightest hue,
 Set round with waves of show-white foam, and spray of
 feathery dew;
 While dresses of the brightest pearls float o'er thy ample
 sheet,
 And the rainbow lays its gorgeous gems in tribute at thy
 feet.

Thy reign is of the ancient days,—thy sceptre from on high,
 Thy birth was when the morning stars together sang for joy;
 The sun, the moon, and all the orbs that shine upon thee now,
 Saw the first wreath of glory which twined thine infant brow.

And from that hour to this—in which I gaze upon thy stream
 From age to age—in winter's frost or summer's sultry beam,
 By day, by night, without a pause thy waves with loud
 acclaim,
 In ceaseless sounds have still proclaimed the Great Eternal's
 name.

For whether on thy forest banks, the Indian of the wood,
 Or since his days the red man's foe on his fatherland have
 stood,
 Who e'er has seen thine incense rise or heard thy torrent roar,
 Must have bent before the God of all to worship and adore.

Accept then Oh! Supremely Great, Oh! Infinite, Oh! God,
 From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—
 The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
 To Thee! whose shield has guarded me thro' all my wander-
 ing way.

For if the Ocean be as naught in the hollow of thy hand,
And the stars in the bright firmament in thy balance grains
of sand ;

If Niagara's rolling flood seem great to us who lowly bow,
Oh ! Great Creator of the whole ! how passing great art Thou !

Yet tho' thy power is greater than finite mind can scan,
Still greater is thy mercy shown to weak dependent man ;
For him Thou cloth'st the fertile fields with herb, and fruit,
and seed,

For him the woods, the lakes, the seas supply his hourly
need.

Around,—on high,—or far,—or near, the universal whole
Proclaims Thy glory, as the orbs in their fixed courses roll ;
And from creation's grateful voice—the hymn ascends above,
While Heaven re-echoes back to Earth the chorus " God is
Love."

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

33.—THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

How little is known of the "pre-historic annals" of Canada ! A belief that there settled in the maritime provinces, and on the shores of the great lakes, about the time of the American Revolution, a number of men and women distinguished by the name of Loyalists, is all that is known on the subject by many in Canada. What brought them here, whence they came, how they did, what they suffered, are questions seldom asked or answered. These people were devoted subjects of the British Crown, who would not and did not join in the war of Independence, but took up arms for the United Empire, and who, when the victory went with the colonists, refused to abandon their allegiance, suffered the confiscation of all their earthly goods, and went forth, in 1783, to seek a home in the wilderness of Canada. No bar sinister stains their escutcheon. They were men of whom we need not be ashamed. The United Empire Loyalists form an ancestry of which any people might be proud. They had every characteristic which can go to constitute an enduring substratum for a coming nation. They were men, of whom the descendants of contemporary foes now utter disinterested eulogies. Respecting them even prejudice is dead, and the grand-child of the Revolutionist can now speak generously of the political opponents of his

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ancestors in the land where their honour was tried as in a crucible. They are our Pilgrim Fathers. They are our heroes. They were martyrs of their principles. Believing that a monarchy was better than a republic, and shrinking with abhorrence from a dismemberment of the empire, they were willing, rather than lose the one and endure the other, to bear with a temporary injustice. And their sincerity was put to the test. They took up arms for the king; they passed through all the dangers and horrors of civil war; they bore what was worse than death itself—the hatred of their countrymen; and when the battle went against them, they sought no compromise, but forsaking their most splendid possessions, upreared the banner to which they had sworn fealty, and, following where it led, went forth to seek, on the then inhospitable shores of our lakes, a miserable shelter, in exchange for the home from which they were exiled. Nor did they ever draw back. The Indian, the wolf, the famine, could not alter their iron resolution; and for their allegiance, they endured a thousand deaths. They lost every treasure but their honour, and bore all sufferings but those which spring from self-reproach. If George the Third played the tyrant, that makes nothing against our loyalist fathers. *They* were not tyrants, but faithful subjects. We are bound to believe that they acted conscientiously, for their lives and fortunes were staked on the issue of the contest; and in acting upon their convictions in the very face of ruin, we know that they were sincere.

These Loyalists are our own men—our fore-fathers. Their reputation is ours. We must put ourselves, therefore, in their circumstances, defend them where we can, and honour them always.

The Americans have set us an example in this direction. Their Puritan Fathers are held in perpetual remembrance. Men make pilgrimages to the place where they landed, and Plymouth Rock is now their monument. And yet the American people do not agree in every iota with these worthies. There are many who see in their principles room for difference, and in their conduct, some things to censure. Precisely similar should be our treatment of our loyalist fathers. There are points in which we differ from the opinions which they held, but we can all agree in admiring their attachment to the Mother Country, and the patient sincerity with which they suffered for their loyalty. Thus we should venerate them. Nor can we believe that the growing intelligence of the Province will fail to produce

some one patriotic enough to tell the world a tale of lofty principle and noble sacrifice, which when set forth as veritable history, will kindle a healthful glow in every bosom. No people has made a figure in the life of nations without its heroes, and the loyalist fathers are the heroes of the Canadian Provinces.

TORONTO GLOBE, DECEMBER, 1855.

34.—THE MONARCHICAL PRINCIPLE IN CANADA.

2 It is common for us to hear of that great experiment in government in which the vast republic near us is engaged. But in the provinces of British North America we have an experiment going on, of no light interest to our glorious mother country, or to mankind. We occupy a peculiar and somewhat critical position on this continent, and more than we can foresee may probably depend upon the manner in which our descendants may be able to sustain themselves in it. It will be their part, as it is now ours, to demonstrate that all such freedom of action as is consistent with rational liberty, with public peace, and with individual security, can be enjoyed under a constitutional monarchy as fully as under the purest democracy on earth—to prove that, in proportion as intelligence increases, what is meant by liberty is better understood, and what is soundest and most stable in government is better appreciated and more firmly supported. The glorious career of England among the nations of the world demands of us this tribute to the tried excellence of her admirable constitution; it should be our pride to shew that far removed as we are from the splendours of Royalty and the influences of a Court, monarchy is not blindly preferred among us from a senseless attachment to antiquated prejudices, nor reluctantly tolerated from a sense of duty or a dread of change; but that on the contrary, it is cherished in the affections, and supported by the free and firm will of an intelligent people, whose love of order has been strengthened as their knowledge has increased—a people who regard with loyal pleasure the obligations of duty which bind them to the Crown, and who value their kingly form of government not only because they believe it to be the most favourable to stability and peace, but especially for the security it affords to life and property, the steady support which it gives to the laws, and the certainty with which it ensures the actual enjoyment of all that deserves to be dignified with the name of freedom.

SIR J. B. ROBINSON.

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35.—PROGRESS OF BRITISH AMERICA.

In these observations I desire to advert to the present remarkable period in the history of this Province. We are advancing with a rapidity that surprises ourselves scarcely less than the people of other countries who have been suddenly awakened to the truth of our astonishing, but inevitable progress. It was but a few weeks ago that I read in one of the leading English periodicals, an article written expressly for the purpose of impressing upon the British public a due sense of the importance of the North American Provinces, and of the great interests which, with surprising rapidity, are springing up within them, and claiming the attention of the mother country. In order to give force to his statements, the writer of this article speaks of it as matter of surprise, that the British North American Provinces contain among them a population of nearly two million souls, not imagining, that our two provinces [of Ontario and Quebec] alone contained more people than he gave credit for to *all* the Provinces of British North America!

In all of these extensive Colonies of the British Crown, distinguished as they are by a loyal and generous appreciation of their position as a portion of the British Empire, the same spirit of enterprise is at this moment in active employment, with the aid of singular advantages, in developing their great national resources. Everything that we can see and feel at the present time, or can discern in the future, is full of encouragement to the farmer, the mechanic, and the labourer,—and as for the liberal professions, it is impossible that they can languish among a prosperous people. The multiplying calls for intelligence in the varieties of employment which are daily increasing—the wonderful cheapness and facility which improvements in the art of printing have given in the production of books and newspapers, and the quickened circulation of intelligence which we derive from liberal postal arrangements and the magic wonders of the telegraph, must make the necessity of being able to read and write so great, and the desire so nearly universal, that the few who may remain without such instruction will be made to feel the marked inferiority of their position. And soon it will be literally true that in Canada there will be no excuse for any person endowed with ordinary capacity, being found in a condition so degrading to a free man, and so unsuitable to an accountable being. With everything to urge and to

tempt them to the acquisition of knowledge, and everything to aid them in obtaining it, it will be impossible that the people of Canada can do otherwise than feel that in their case emphatically "*poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction.*"

IBID.

36.—ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT.

It is my earnest prayer, that the "internal guard" of a truly *Christian* education may be planted in the heart-citadel of every youth of our land. It is the union of moral and intellectual qualities which adorn and elevate the individual man; and it is their united development which constitutes the life and strength, the happiness and progress of society. If then we wish to see our country accomplish its high destiny—our unbroken forests converted into waving wheat fields—single manufactories growing into prosperous towns, and towns swelling into cities—canals and railroads intersecting the various counties, and commerce covering the rivers and lakes; if we wish to see our institutions settled and perfected, and our Government fulfilling its noblest functions—our schools and colleges radiating centres of intellectual light and moral warmth to the youthful population—the poor as well as the rich properly educated, and a rich and varied home literature created—the experience of past ages giving lessons in all our domestic dwellings, by means of books and libraries;—in a word, if we wish to see the people of Canada united, intelligent, prosperous and happy—great in all that constitutes the real grandeur of a people—let us feel that the eventful issues of that anticipated futurity are in our hands, and that it is for each individual of our grown-up generation to say how far these hopes of patriotism and philanthropy shall be realized or disappointed. Above all, let us never forget that there is a moral as well as physical universe, and as it is in the harmony of the two that the perfections of the divine character and government are fully displayed, so it is in the harmonious development of the *moral* with the intellectual man that the perfection of his nature consists. What God has joined together we must never put asunder in any of our plans and efforts for the social advancement of Canada. Our motto should be the words of the inspired Isaiah—"*Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times—the possession of continued salvation; the fear of Jehovah, this shall be thy treasure.*"—[*Bishop Lowth's Translation.*]

REV. DR. RYERSON.

37.—GREAT VALUE OF INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

Very few of those who have distinguished themselves as the authors of inventions, discoveries, and improvements in mechanical science, have enjoyed greater advantages of leisure and resources, than can be commanded by the majority of mechanics in Canada; and yet, what unspeakable benefits have those humble men conferred upon the human race! To select only a few illustrations. Who can conceive the political and social revolutions which have already resulted from the European discoverer of the magnetic needle,—that sleepless, unerring, faithful little pilot, unblinded by the starless midnight, and unmoved by the raging tempest,—which at once relieved the mariner from his timid creeping from headland to headland, and among its first feats opened the commerce of India, and guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world!

What mind can imagine the results to mankind, in every department of science and knowledge, and in every interest of civil freedom and social advancement, which emanated from the humble inventor of the Art of Printing,—an art whose magic power appears destined to penetrate yet unexplored regions of humanity, and to transform the institutions and society of every uncivilised nation of the globe. The cotton manufacture of Great Britain, as a branch of national industry and commerce, may almost be said to have commenced with Arkwright's invention in spinning machinery, soon followed, as it was, by Cartwright's invention of the power loom. Before Arkwright's invention, the whole annual amount of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain did not exceed £200,000; now it amounts to forty millions of pounds per annum! Then the raw cotton manufactured amounted to about four millions of pounds per annum; it now exceeds two hundred millions! And if Arkwright's invention has added to the manufacturing industry of Great Britain what is equal to the labour of forty millions of human beings? Watt's inventions and improvements in the steam engine, in connection with other machinery, performs an amount of labour, according to Dr. Buckland's estimate, "equivalent to that of three or four hundred millions of men by direct labour," besides its achievements on the continent

of Europe and in the United States, and its navigation of the rivers and oceans and seas of the whole globe.

Take another illustration—in the *bleaching* of linens and cottons. Formerly this was a process of six or eight months' duration; and nearly all the British manufactured linens and cottons had to be sent to Holland, and bleached upon the fields around Haarlem. But by the application of chlorine (which destroys vegetable colours) discovered by a Swedish philosopher in 1774, the process of several months in a foreign country is reduced to that of a few hours' work at home!

And what advantages have accrued to mankind from Franklin's brilliant discovery of the identity of the lightning of the clouds and the electricity produced by a piece of silk-rubbed sealing-wax—in consequence of which the thunder cloud is rendered harmless; and this very electricity is now employed as the medium of thought, with the rapidity of thought, between distant cities and countries. How many thousands of lives have been saved by the safety-lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy; and how much are our comforts increased, and our interests advanced by the discovery of carburetted hydrogen gas, by which common coal is made the brilliant illuminator of our streets, our shops, and dwellings.

And while there is an unmeasured field of improvement and prosperity spread out before us in the landscape of the future, we are not to suppose that there remains nothing for us to achieve in the field of discovery and invention. The steam-engine itself may be but in the infancy of its perfection; and the most admired inventions and machinery of the present age may be thrown aside as useless in comparison of the inventions and machinery of a coming age. Unknown principles, and elements, and powers, now mysteriously operating around us, may point to our descendants what the mechanical agency of fire and steam are to us; and the past progress of the arts and sciences may be only the prelude to future advancement. May Canada share largely in the honours and benefits of that advancement; and may the generations of future ages rank many of her mechanic sons with the Watts and Arkwrights, the Franklins and Fultons of past ages!

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38.—NECESSITY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF EDUCATION IN CANADA.

I have said that the diffusion of the blessings of education throughout the land is the ultimate end of the work which is to be pursued within these walls,—a work second in importance to none in the province, for it is destined to perpetuate its benign influences throughout successive generations. Yes, the stamp which education impresses, however faint at first, or difficult of recognition, remains permanent and enduring, and continues indelible from age to age,—so that whatever be the national characteristics of the population of Canada, the influence of that system of instruction now established will be perceptible in its distinctive features. What mind can justly estimate—what tongue can adequately express—the benefits which must flow from such a diffusion? What influence will it have in strengthening the intellect, elevating the taste, and curbing the passions? And oh! how many are there who, if they had but had the avenues of enjoyment thrown open to them which education presents, would never have fallen into the grovelling habits which have ruined both themselves and their families.

But in another respect too, the diffusion of education must exercise a most important influence throughout the country. We live in times when the tendency is to a diffusion throughout the masses of a greater amount of political privilege than they have hitherto enjoyed. The times exist when the majority of the people must exercise political privileges, and if so, of what immense importance is it that the masses should be educated—that they should know their rights and understand their obligations—that they should possess that power, which education gives, of protecting themselves against political or religious impostors—that they should discharge those duties, which our free constitution assigns to them, with that independence and discrimination which knowledge bestows and fosters. Of what consequence is it that our people should understand and be prepared to show that they maintain their allegiance to the British Crown and their adherence to the limited monarchy under which they live, not through any antiquated prejudices, nor yet through any traditional veneration, but because they prefer that which they have, entertaining the well grounded conviction that under a government such as that of England, they and their children can enjoy all real liberty, and under

it have happiness here, and the means and opportunity of preparing themselves for happiness hereafter.

REV. DR. M'CAUL.

39.—DUTIES OF EDUCATED MEN IN CANADA.

Every educated man should endeavour to add something to the extent of human knowledge or wisdom by original investigation. Many men, amidst the pressure of professional pursuits and of narrow circumstances, have toiled to accumulate those treasures by which our own minds have been enriched. The wide fields of literature and of abstract and applied science lie before us; select some favourable spot, cultivate in our leisure moments, and thus repay those who follow us some portion of that debt which we owe to those who have gone before us. Further, every educated man should be an educationist. Regard all our Universities as kindred institutions, labouring in the same great cause. Nor should we neglect the interests of the humbler sources of learning. Good common and grammar schools nourish our colleges, and colleges foster the schools; and both united furnish the best means for the real elevation of any people. Let it be our endeavour to maintain large and enlightened views on this subject, in opposition to the narrow prejudices which tend to excite division where there should be the most complete unity of action and effort.

Every educated man should also be a man of public spirit, taking a warm interest in all that tends to promote the material, social, or political welfare of his country; and it is especially our duty to do all in our power to develop, in this country, those free British institutions, which, in their happy combination of security with progress, so far excel those of all other ages and nations, and which it seems the special province of Canada to work out in their application to new circumstances and conditions.

Lastly, allow me earnestly to urge a supreme regard to our holy Christian faith. It is one of the most lamentable of all spectacles to behold a young man of liberal education and of respectable abilities, with high hopes and prospects, burying all in the mire of intemperance and sensuality; and it is almost as sad to see such a man looking with cold unconcern on his highest spiritual interests, or joining the scoffer in his ridicule

of the sacred things which he does not comprehend. I trust that we all will endeavour to attain to that highest style of man, the Christian gentleman, earnest and zealous in every good work, forbearing under provocation, humble in every position in which he may be placed, cherishing in his heart the love of his God and his Saviour. May God grant that this may be realised, and that useful, honoured, and happy lives may conduct us all to a glorious immortality.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON.

40.—THE YOUNG MEN THE HOPE OF CANADA.

What a large wide happy home is the land we live in! We have found it a goodly land, and have no sympathy with those who love it not! There is no piety, no genuine Christianity, in the heart of him who does not love his country, native or adopted! He cannot be a true, large, leal-hearted man, who, looking through the vista of coming years, does not hope to see his own country grow greater and more glorious; and he is no true Canadian who does not say, in the words of this patriotic motto, "Peace and Prosperity to Canada." There are those around me, doubtless, who sympathise with the poet who wrote these lines some years ago:

"They say thy hills are bleak,
They say thy glens are bare—
But oh! they know not what fond hearts
Are nurtured there.

"Scotland! I love thee well,
Thy dust is dear to me—
This distant land is very fair,
But not like thee."

It matters not on what line of latitude or longitude it may be, but one's native land should be the dearest, sweetest, and most hallowed spot on this side of heaven. Canada, our country! we love it; and because we love it, we wish its young men to be worthy of it. Our fathers have done much. They came from almost every country beneath the sun. They were a varied people; and we are, to some extent, varied still. Their national, educational, and ecclesiastical prejudices were varied. They had but one thing to bind them together;—the deep fertile soil beneath their feet, and the clear canopy of the bright blue sky above their heads. Pioneers in this goodly land, some have found a home—many only a grave, and on the resting-place of these we

should tread lightly, doing reverence to their ashes, and living so as to honour them. With the young men of Canada we should arm for the conflict, and gird ourselves for the coming struggle. We are the strength of the country. Upon us it depends whether, in twenty years, this country shall be progressive, and rise to assume its own just place in the heraldry of nations, and have the proud boast of possessing a God-fearing people; whether it shall become a dark spot in the geography of the world, and, by and by, vanish altogether; or whether intelligence and industry shall place Canada in the vanguard of nations.

REV. DR. ORMISTON.

41.—LORD ELGIN'S VALEDICTORY AT KINGSTON.

1854.

When I look to all that has occurred during the years from 1847 to 1854; when I remember that during that time the revenue rose from four to fourteen hundred thousand pounds a year, and that our commerce increased in a corresponding ratio; that we have an ample net work of railways extended over the country; and that the productions of Canada are now to be admitted duty free to some markets. When I look to these circumstances, and when I remember that your educational system is expanding itself so nobly, and that it was in 1847 that the Normal School (the seed plot of that system,) was established; when I remember the progress which that educational system has made and is still making; and that Township and County Libraries are becoming as the crown and glory of the Institutions of the Province—when I remember, too, that out of that chaos of rules, ill-defined and half-understood, an impartial and well defined constitution, which might be termed the charter of Canadian liberty, has sprung,—when I claim that out of all this has grown that beautiful and graceful structure of Canadian liberty, which England and America may justly be proud of, I can only refer it to the simple, straightforward, plain-sailing policy I have felt it my duty to pursue.

I greatly fear that these worthy persons who think differently will discover to their cost that it sometimes rains when they would wish it to be fair—that the wind occa-

sionally blows from the East when they would prefer a zephyr, and what is worse, that Parliamentary majorities, will from time to time, say 'aye,' when they would have them say 'nay,' and this will no doubt happen to them even after the time shall have arrived when a solitary sign-post dangling here and there before the door of a village tavern, is all that remains to remind Canadians of Lord Elgin. It is true, gentlemen, that we have had our times of difficulty. It is right that times of difficulty should be referred to, for it is by the manner in which we deal with difficulties that we fit ourselves to deal with prosperity and happiness. But when the Canadian farmer finds himself comfortably housed in his frame or brick building, with his spacious farm alongside of him, and his fields surrounded with good fences, and waving with yellow crops, all the vestiges of the old forest removed, except here and there an old pine stump which stands as a tombstone to remind him of former generations of heroes that have passed away—when he looks at that and sees his sons and daughters settled comfortably around him, I wonder whether it is with feelings of regret that he looks back to that early period when he first marched into the forest and put the torch to the stately oak, and girded the majestic maple, and rolled together the logs to make a house for himself and family to shelter them in winter. When he looks back to those days as the infancy of a glorious manhood, will he not tell those who remind him of the mists and clouds that hung around the dawn of the prosperity of Canada, that these mists and clouds were, after all, but the garb of the morning, the harbingers and heralds of a bright and glorious day!

42.—LORD ELGIN'S VALEDICTORY AT QUEBEC.

1854.

For the last time I am surrounded by a circle of friends with whom I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life. For the last time I welcome you as my guests to this charming residence, which I have been in the habit of calling my home. I did not, I will frankly confess, know what it would cost me to break this habit until the period of my departure approached, and I began to feel that the great interests which have so long engrossed my attention

and thoughts were passing out of my hands. I had a hint of what my feelings really were upon this point—a pretty broad hint too—one lovely morning in June last, when I returned to Quebec after my temporary absence in England, and landed at the cove below Spencer Wood. With the greeting of the old people in the cove, who put their heads out of the windows, as I passed along, and cried “welcome home again,” still ringing in my ears, I mounted the hill and drove through the avenue to the house door. I saw the drooping trees on the lawn, with every one of which I was so familiar, clothed in the green of spring, and the river beyond, calm and transparent as a mirror, and the ships fixed and motionless as statues on its surface, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of the bright Canadian sunshine which so seldom pierces our murky atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic. I began to think that those persons were to be envied who were not forced by the necessities of their positions, to quit those engrossing retreats and lovely scenes, for the purpose of proceeding to distant lands, but who are able to remain among them until they pass to that quiet corner of Mount Hermon cemetery, which juts into the river and commands a view of the city, the shipping, Point Levi, the Island of Orleans, and the range of Laurentine hills, so that through the dim watches of that tranquil night which precedes the dawning of the eternal day, the majestic citadel of Quebec, with its noble train of satellite hills may seem to rest for ever on the sight, and the low murmur of the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the hum of the busy life on their surface to fall ceaselessly on the ear. I cannot bring myself to believe that the future has in store for me any interests which will fill the place of those I am now abandoning. But although I must henceforward be to you as a stranger; although my official connection with you and your interests will have become in a few days a matter of history, yet I trust that through some one channel or another the tidings of your prosperity and progress may occasionally reach me, that I may hear from time to time, of the steady growth and development of those principles of liberty and order, of manly independence in combination with respect for authority and law, of national life in harmony with attachment to British connection which it has been my earnest endeavour, to the extent of my humble means of influence, to implant and to establish among you.

43.—THE DOMINION ACT OF UNION. 1867.

In speaking of the Dominion Act of Union, a gentleman said: "It was only an Act of Parliament." So I would remind him are the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession, both of which are included in this Act of Union; but they are, nevertheless, fundamental acts, and parts of the British Constitution, itself; and no one, as yet, has argued that they belong to the same class as the ordinary Statutes of the realm. They are looked upon, to use Lord Chatham's words, as "the Scriptures of the Constitution;" while other ordinances of Parliament are as the writings of particular commentators, open to revision and correction at any time. But, sir, I will affirm this, that on establishing a second constitutional government on this continent, we are rendering an unpurchasable service to the cause of civil and religious liberty everywhere. I say a second constitutional government, for I admit that that of Washington was first in point of time. What is it to establish a second government in America? It is, in my humble opinion, to provide all men with an opportunity of comparison, and a means of choice between two systems—the British representative system of free government, and the American, or Democratic system. It is to give the third generation of the nineteenth century an opportunity to observe the institutions of our common ancestors adapted to our Canadian circumstances, side by side with the Anglo-American invention of the last years of the last century. It is to put side by side in this new arena, filled with eager spectators, the masterpieces of Alfred and Edward I; of Bacon, Somers and Chatham; with the masterpieces of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and Marshall; it is to compare an ancient text of freedom, enriched with the commentaries of Burke, Mansfield and Macintosh, with a modern text elucidated by Webster, Story and Calhoun. They have no cause to be ashamed of their political progenitors, neither have we; and with all the possible admiration for the age that produced the American constitution, and the illustrious men who adopted it, I hope we live in a better century than they did. This century, as compared with the eighteenth, may be called a religious century: there is no Bolingbroke possible now to patronize Providence; no Voltaire to argue against Christianity; the sceptical method of Descartes is not, thank God, the philosophical gospel of the age. Though the Republican Fathers were many of

them sincerely religious men, yet many others, such as Jefferson and Franklin, were professed sceptics, and the philosophy of doubt was too congenial to the epoch and its work, not to be acquiesced in by the majority.—Rationalism lies at the root Republicanism; faith and reverence have prepared the deeper and better foundations of our form of government, and until faith and reverence fail from our hearts, or those of our children, I have no fear that this, our tried Constitution, will ever fail.

HON. T. D. M'GEE.

44.—CANADIAN PATRIOTISM A DUTY TO OURSELVES.

The reason why we have not hitherto attracted and retained more people in Canada from the other side of the Atlantic, is because we have not made our country attractive to them: because we are not known as a nation abroad: because those isolated Provinces have not impressed the imagination of the emigrating classes. Who in the byeways of Germany, or even of Britain, knew anything of Canada, until the other day? In those hives of human labour, they knew only one country—America—and only one seaport—New York. But once give our united Provinces the aspect of Empire, make them a power and a name, and the reputation and credit of the Dominion will be our best emigration agent abroad.

No power on earth can take forcible possession of this country, if we are united as one man in its defence. No population that can be stirred up against us can put a hostile force face to face with four millions of us on our own soil. If every man, woman and child in Canada is imbued with the spirit which enabled Switzerland to hold her own against the Austrian Empire, and Spain in her decline to cast out Napoleon in his vigour, we will be safe enough within our rivers and rapids in summer, and our snowed-up roads and freezing skies in winter. We complain sometimes of our rigorous winters, but there is this compensation at least, that no invading force that bivouaced out for one genuine Canadian night would ever answer to the call of the long roll for self defence again. I hope to see the military spirit of our population encouraged in every way; so that rifle matches may become as familiar municipal institutions as

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ings or county agricultural fairs. I cannot, for one, agree that the best way to make ourselves respected abroad, and to secure impunity from attack, is to depreciate the sources of our strength; but rather to make the most of what, Lord Bacon, in his "true greatness of Britain," considers the main element of a nation's strength, "its breed of men." By the breed of men, that bring a nation safely through its destinies, Lord Bacon meant—not only the muscle of the men, their bodily hardihood, but also their *morale*—their courage, docility, and capacity for combination—the wisdom of the few to command, and the wisdom of the many to co-operate. I do not disparage the power of numbers; I do not underrate the power of wealth; but above both I place the safety of any State, great or small, in the spirit and unity of its inhabitants. Now, it is in the power of our public men to depress or raise the public spirit; to strengthen or weaken the immunity of the Commonwealth. I need not illustrate this position by reciting instances of the many countries which have been undermined in their courage or character, conquered *within* before they were conquered *without*,—the name Greece is sufficient;

"Enough! no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell!
Yes! self-abasement paved the way,
For villain bonds and despots sway!"

The policy of self-abasement I cannot see in the light of policy at all. View it how we may; turn it round and round; hang it in any light you like, it will not wear the lineaments of prudence, or fortitude or patriotism. While we should on the one hand avoid all bravado as unbecoming our position, we should, on the other hand, endeavour to elevate and not to depress, the public spirit of the country. We should not seek to shake the faith of our people in their own future, the faith of every Canadian in Canada, and of every province in its sister province. This faith wrongs no one; burthens no one; menaces no one; dishonours no one; and as it was said of old, faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my own belief, that if the difficulties of our future as a Dominion, were as high as the peaks of the Alps or Andes, yet that the pure patriotic faith of an united people would be all-sufficient to overcome, and, ultimately, to triumph over all such difficulties.

45.—OUR COUNTRY AND OUR QUEEN.

In other lands the bright sunbeam
With richer glow is known ;
But none however fair they seem,
Are fairer than our own ;
And none a monarch can possess,
As on our throne is seen,
So then we'll pray to God to bless,
Our Country and our Queen.

In song let children hail her name,
For she our love hath won,
By deeds of more enduring fame
Than manhood's might hath done.
And long as language can express,
What in the heart's unseen,
We'll pray to God above to bless,
Our Country and our Queen.

From lordly tower, and princely hall,
And peasant's lowly home,
Where'er her gentle sway doth fall
Her heartfelt praises come.
Our mountains their delight express,
Our cliffs and valleys green ;
And still we pray to God to bless
Our Country and our Queen.

Though great her glory and renown,
Theme of her people's prayers,
May she yet win a nobler crown
Than that on earth she wears,
And long may future times confess
The virtues we have seen ;
But Lord ! in Thy great love still bless
Our Country and our Queen !

PART II.

PATHETIC PIECES.

1.—THE CURSE OF CAIN.

O, THE wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!—
Like the tempest that withers the blossoms of spring,
Like the thunder that bursts on the summer's domain,
It fell on the head of the homicide Cain.

And, lo! like a deer in the fright of the chase,
With a fire in his heart, and a brand on his face,
He speeds him afar to the desert of Noë,—
A vagabond, smote by the vengeance of God!

All nature to him has been blasted and banned,
And the blood of a brother yet reeks on his hand;
And no vintage has grown, and no fountain has sprung,
For cheering his heart, or for cooling his tongue.

The groans of a father his slumber shall start,
And the tears of a mother shall pierce to his heart,
And the kiss of his children shall scorch him like flame,
When he thinks of the curse that hangs over his name.

And the wife of his bosom—the faithful and fair—
Can mix no sweet drop in his cup of despair;
For her tender caress, and her innocent breath,
But stir in his soul the hot embers of death.

And his offering may blaze unregarded by Heaven.
And his spirit may pray, yet remain unforgiven;
And his grave may be closed, yet no rest to him bring;
O, the wrath of the Lord is a terrible thing!

KNOX.

2.—MOSES' LAST VIEW FROM PISGAH.

The end was at last come. It might still have seemed that a triumphant close was in store for the aged Prophet. 'His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.' He had led his people to victory against the Amorite kings; he might still be expected to lead them over into the land of Canaan. But so it was not to be. From the desert plains of Moab he went up to the same lofty range, whence Balaam had looked over the same prospect. The view of Balaam has been long forgotten; but the view of Moses has become the proverbial view of all time. It was the peak dedicated to Nebo on which he stood. 'He lifted up his eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward,' Beneath him lay the tents of Israel ready for the march; and 'over against' them, distinctly visible in its grove of palm trees, the stately Jericho, key of the Land of Promise. Beyond was spread out the whole range of the mountains of Palestine, in its fourfold masses; 'all Gilead,' with Hermon and Lebanon in the east and north; the hills of Galilee, overhanging the Lake of Gennesareth; the wide opening where lay the plain of Esdraelon, the future battle-fields of the nations; the rounded summits of Ebal and Gerizim; immediately in front of him the hills of Judæa, and, amidst them, seen distinctly through the rents in their rocky walls, Bethlehem on its narrow ridge, and the invincible fortress of Jebus. To us, as we place ourselves by his side, the view swells into colossal proportions, as we think how the proud city of palm trees is to fall before the hosts of Israel; how the spear of Joshua is to be planted on height after height of those hostile mountains; what series of events, wonderful beyond any that had been witnessed in Egypt or in Sinai, would in after ages be enacted on the narrow crest of Bethlehem, in the deep basin of the Galilean lake, beneath the walls of 'Jebus which is Jerusalem.'

All this he saw. He 'saw it with his eyes, but he was not to go over thither.' It was his last view. From that height he came down no more. And as Josephus says: 'Amidst the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts, and the children giving way to uncontrolled wailing, he withdrew. At a certain point in his ascent he made a sign to the weeping multitude to advance no further, taking with him only the elders, the high priest Eliezar, and the general Joshua. At the top of the mountain he dismissed the elders, and then, as he was embracing Eliezar

and Joshua, and still speaking to them, a cloud suddenly stood over him, and he vanished from their view.' But the silence of the Sacred narrative refuses to be broken. 'In' that strange land, 'that land of Moab, Moses the servant of the Lord died according to the word of the Lord.' 'He buried him in "a ravine" in the land of Moab, over against the idol temple of Peor.' Apart from his countrymen, honoured by no funeral obsequies, visited by no grateful pilgrimages, 'no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.'

DEAN STANLEY.

3.—THE DEAD STILL WITH US.

The dead! the dead are with us, and they throng around
our way.

And the greenness of their mem'ry, in our hearts can ne'er
decay

When round the hearth we gather, we know that they are
there,

And with them our spirits worship, in the holy place of
prayer.

Around our couch at midnight, their forms flit slowly by,
And in the olden tones they speak, to us, e'er they fade
into the sky.

At twilight when the dew falls, they talk with us and sing,
And their voice is like the murmuring of swallows on the
wing.

And when in social circle, we join the merry band
Or in the hour of sorrow, sit silent hand in hand,
They come and sit beside us, and gaze into our eyes
And we listen to their voices then, with a calm and mute
surprise.

The departed, the departed, they crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace they shed upon
my brow;

I know they have not left me, tho' no more I see their forms,
And their presence 'mid the strife of life, is like sunshine
seen in storms.

The beautiful,—the beautiful, all silently they stand
Within the chambers of my soul, a fair and shadowy band,

And from out those chambers, now and then, this cheerful
voice is given
Oh! faint not, while you walk below, ye shall dwell with
us in heaven.

No earthly sorrows blights us, no chill misfortunes pain,
Then weep not tho' with you no more, in form we walk again;
Ye feel that we are with you, when ye wander by the streams.
And ye see our faces as of old, in the pleasant light of dreams,

And when in twilight musings ye think of us as dead—
And o'er our grassy resting place, the sweet spring flowers
ye spread,
Remember for the soul that lives, there can no ending be,
Remember that the soul once born lives thro' Eternity!

4.—THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

How beautiful is the memory of the dead! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a softening influence it sheds upon human life! How it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world! How it melts our unkindness, softens our pride, kindles our deepest love, and tasks our highest aspirations! Is there one who has not some loved friend gone into the eternal world, and one whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed and tranquil home of existence, and call around him the face, the form, so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye that mirrored, not more clearly his own face, than the soul which he loves—to listen to the tones which he loved to listen to, the tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his ear since they were hushed to his senses? Is there a spirit to which heaven is not brought nearer, by holding some kindred souls? How friend follows friend into the lonely dwelling place of the dead, till we find at length that more of those who loved us are on the heavenly shore than they who dwell among us! Every year witnesses the departure of some one whom we knew and loved; and when we recall the names of all who have been dear to us in life, how many of them have passed into that city which is imperishable. The blessed dead! how free from sin is our love for them! The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which was corruptible, and the divine in its purity illumines our breast,

We have now no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our re-union. We shall find them waiting for us in their garments of beauty.

The glorious dead! how reverentially we speak their names. Our hearts are sanctified by their words which we remember. How wise they have now grown in the limitless fields of truth! How joyous they have now become by the undying fountain of pleasure! The immortal dead! how unchanging is their love for us! How tenderly they look down on us, and how closely they surround our beings, how earnestly they rebuke the evils of our lives. Let me talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried, as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them the fear and the longings, the hope and the terror, and the pain are past; the fruition of life has begun. How unkind, that when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted dead, who struggle so in parting from us! why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear when they have grown worthy of a higher love than ours, and their perfected souls might receive even our adoration: By their hearthside and graveside, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

SALAD FOR THE SOLITARY.

5.—THE MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN.

What a wonderful and beautiful thing is the gift of genius! How it enshrines its possessors in the minds and memories of men! How it creates a home for itself in hearts which have long felt, but could not express, its breathing thoughts and burning words! How its interests and sympathies go on circling and widening, like the ripples around the stone cast into the water, till they become as "household words" or "old familiar faces," in all tongues and all lands! How it grows—never older, but ever younger; the mighty men of yore speaking more powerfully to the generation of to-day, than to the past of yesterday! Beauty has power, and it, also, is a gift from Heaven; but it passeth away, and its place is known no more; for who treasures the defaced and vacant casket, or

the flower of the morning, when it lies on the cold ground? The easel of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, may preserve the lineaments of loveliness, but only as a sight to the eyes, no longer as a voice to the heart. Riches, too, have power, but they have also wings, and oftentimes they flee away. And even when they remain till the rich man is obliged to flee from them, they leave no memories, they create no sympathies. Rank is might over the minds of men, and proudly does it rear its ermined form and jewelled brow; but the time soon comes when no voice sounds. No power emanates from the crimson pall and escutcheoned tomb. How different is genius from all these! True, it has its waywardness, its follies, its eccentricities; but these are lost in, or perhaps only enhanced by, the charm of its truth, its earnestness, its humility. Yes, genius is true; it is a reality; it has truth to inculcate, and work to do, were it only to bring down a sense of beauty, or a power of vision to closed hearts and filmy eyes. Genius is earnest; it flutters not like the white-winged wanderers of the summer, idly and uselessly, from flower to flower; but, like the bee, it perceives, and earnestly extracts, use with the beauty, food with the perfume. Genius is humble: striving after something far higher than itself, which it never reaches, gazing into brightness and into beauty which it cannot emulate, it for ever sees its own littleness, its own darkness, its own deformity, and shrinks from occupying the pedestal assigned to it in its day and generation. Of course, these qualities form the golden setting of the real gem, fresh from the depths of the ocean, or the recesses of the mine, for never do they surround the mock jewel, created out of the dust and tinsel of the world. It is not, however, to the fulfilled thoughts, and words, and works of great men—it is not to their name and their fame throughout the land—it is not to the incense showered upon them in the halls of the crowned, and the circles of the beautiful—that our hearts turn with the deepest understanding and sympathy. No, it is to their homes and their hearths, to their joys and their sorrows. Yonder are the walls which have looked down upon the midnight vigil and noonday languor. Yonder is the window whence the eye, gazing up to the heavens, has caught something of their inspiration. Lo, here the board which has echoed to the sweet sounds of household jest and homely tenderness. Lo, there the sleepless couch, where the sufferings of life, if not more bravely borne, have been more deeply felt, than by other men!

ANONYMOUS.

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6.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved: when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights: and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection: when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety; or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled grief—its noiseless attendance—its mute watchful assiduities. The

last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear; more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

7.—THE REPOSE OF DEATH.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death be fled,—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,—
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
And marked the mild angelic air,—
The rapture of repose that's there,—

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The fixed, yet tender traits, that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,—
 And,—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,—
 And,—but for that chill changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;—
 Yes, but for these, and these alone,
 Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed!

* * *

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue, which haunts it to the tomb;
 —Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away!
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more our cherished heart.

LORD BYRON.

8.—O WHY IS EARTH AND ASHES PROUD!

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
 Like a fast flitting meteor or fast flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 And he passes from life to his rest in the grave!

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around and together be laid,
 And the young, and the old, and the low, and the high,
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
 The mother that infant's affections hath proved,
 The husband, that mother, and infant that blest,
 Each, all, are away to their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden, and lost in the depths of the grave!

The peasant whose lot was to sow, and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed,
So the multitude comes—even these we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath ever been told.

For we are the same, that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights, that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same race that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking, they too would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they too would cling,
But it speaks from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved,—but their story we cannot unfold,
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved,—but the wail from their hearts cannot come,
They joyed,—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died as they lived, and where are they now,
With the sod and the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met, on their pilgrimage road.

Yea hope, and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

9.—BURIAL AND RESURRECTION.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust!
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more:
Death shall keep his silent trust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust."

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil;
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones;
Then, ambition, rule thy lust:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands, round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb;
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just:
"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God,
 Then are dried the martyrs' tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years.
 Now in hope of Him we trust:

"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

REV. DR. CROLY.

10.—SOON AND FOREVER.

"Soon and forever!" Such promise our trust
 Though "ashes to ashes," and "dust unto dust,—
 Soon and forever our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in thee.
 When the sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
 Its pangs and its partings remembered no more,
 When life cannot fail, and when death cannot sever
 Christians with Christ shall be—soon and forever.

Soon and forever the breaking of day
 Shall drive all the night clouds of sorrow away,
 Soon and forever we'll see as we're seen,
 And learn the deep meaning of things that have been,
 When fighting without us, and fears from within,
 Shall weary no more in the welfare of sin; [be never,
 Where fears, and where tears, and where death shall
 Christians with Christ shall be—soon and forever.

Soon and forever the work shall be done,
 The welfare accomplished, the victory won;
 Soon and forever the soldier lay down
 His sword for a harp and his cross for a crown.
 Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear;
 A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
 When, blessed reward of each faithful endeavour,
 Christians with Christ shall be—soon and forever.

REV. J. S. MONSELL.

11.—DROPPING DOWN THE RIVER.

Dropping down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore,
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore,
Where the sweet light shineth ever,
And the sun goes down no more;
O wondrous, wondrous shore!

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, wayward river,
To the blue and ample sea,
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,
Where the sky is fair and free;
O joyous, joyous sea!

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home,
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come;
O loved and longed-for home!

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried;
Dropping down the perilous river,
Mortality's dark river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide,
Even Him who, to deliver
My soul from death, hath died;
O Helmsman true and tried!

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless land;
Dropping down the well-known river
Life's swollen and rushing river,
To the resurrection-land,
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band;
O fair and blessed land!

12.—THE DAY OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL. 1852.

No sounds of labour vexed the quiet air
 From morn till eve. The people all stood still,
 And earth won back a Sabbath. There were none
 Who cared to buy and sell, and make a gain,
 For one whole day. All felt as they had lost
 A father, and were fain to keep within,
 Silent, or speaking little. Such a day
 An old man sees but once in all his time.

The simplest peasant in the land that day
 Knew somewhat of his country's grief. He heard
 The knell of England's hero from the tower
 Of the old church, and asked the cause, and sighed.
 The vet'ran who had bled on some far field,
 Fought o'er the battle for the thousandth time
 With quaint addition; and the little child,
 That stopped his sport to run and ask his sire
 What it all meant, picked out the simple tale,—
 How he who drove the French from Waterloo,
 And crushed the tyrant of the world, and made
 His country great and glorious,—*he* was dead.
 All, from the simplest to the stateliest, knew
 But one sad story,—from the cottar's bairn
 Up to the fair-haired lady on the throne,
 Who sat within and sorrowed for her friend:
 And every tear she shed became her well,
 And seemed more lovely in her people's eyes
 Than all the starry wonders of her crown.

But, as the waters of the Northern Sea,
 (When one strong wind blows steady from the pole),
 Come hurrying to the shore, and far and wide
 As eye can reach, the creaming waves press on
 Impatient; or, as trees that bow their tops
 One way, when Alpine hollows bring one way
 The blast whereat they quiver in the vale,—
 So millions pressed to swell the general grief
 One way;—for once all men seemed one way drawn;
 Or if, through evil hap and unforeseen,
 Some stayed behind, their hearts, at least, were there
 The whole day through,—could think of nothing else,
 Hear nothing else, see nothing!

In his cell

The student saw the pageant; spied from far
 The long-drawn pomp which reached from west to east,
 Slow moving in the silence: casque and plume,
 And banner waving sad; the marvellous state
 Of heralds, soldiers, nobles, foreign powers
 With baton, or with pennon; princes, peers,
 Judges, and dignities of church and state,
 And warriors grown grey-headed; every form
 Which greatness can assume or honour name,
 Peaceful or warlike,—each and all were there;
 Trooping in sable sorrow after him
 Who slept serene upon his funeral car
 In glorious rest! A child might understand
 That 'twas no national sorrow, but a grief
 Wide as the world. A child might understand
 That all mankind were sorrowing for *one*!
 That banded nations had conspired to pay
 This homage to the chief who drew his sword
 At the command of Duty; kept it bright
 Through perilous days; and soon as Victory smiled,
 Laid it, unsullied, in the lap of Peace.

Oriel College, Oxford.

ANONYMOUS.

13.—OLD LETTERS! OH THEN SPARE THEM!

Old letters! Oh then spare them—they are priceless for
 [their age!

I love—Oh how I love to see each yellow time-stained page!
 They tell of joys that are no more, of hopes that long have

[fled;
 Old letters! Oh then spare them—they are sacred to the
 [dead!

They tell of times—of happy times—in years long, long
 [gone by,

Of dear ones who have ceased to live but in the memory;
 They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of

[yore,
 Old letters! Oh then spare them, for they are a priceless
 [store.

Old am I too, and grey-hair'd now—deserted and alone,
 And all of those I once could call my friends, alas! are gone;

Yet oft at midnight's stilly hour, in solitude's retreat,
With each one in his silent tomb, I hold communion sweet.

Old letters! here is one—the hand of youth is on its face;
Ah! that was from a brother young in some far foreign
[place;
A sailor boy, beloved by all, frank, open-hearted, brave—
Cold, cold and lonesome is his rest beneath the Atlantic
[wave.

Oh! ye are now the only links that bind us to the past;
Sweet, sweet memorials of the days too happy far to last;
The tear-drop fills again the eye whence tears had almost
[fled,
Old letters! ye are precious! ye are sacred to the dead!

N. Y. ALBION.

14.—THE DYING BOY.

It must be sweet in childhood, to give back
The Spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin
And sown—to garner up its bitter fruits.
—I knew a boy whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber to lie down and die.
'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest:

“Mother, I'm dying now!
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom press'd;
And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. O, tell me is this death?
Mother, your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist
And place the other thus beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother, say, when I am dead,
Shall I be missed?

Never beside your knee
 Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
 Nor with morning wake and sing the lay
 You taught to me.

Oh, at the time of prayer,
 When you look round and see a vacant seat ;
 You will not wait then for my coming feet :
 You'll miss me there !"

"Father—I'm going home !
 To the good home you spoke of, that blest land
 Where it is one bright summer always, and
 Storms do never come.

I must be happy then,
 From pain and death you say I shall be free ;
 That sickness never enters there, and we
 Shall meet again !"

"Brother—The little spot
 I used to call my garden, where long hours
 We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
 Forget it not.

Plant there some box or pine ;
 Something that grows in winter, and will be
 A verdant offering to my memory,
 And call it mine !"

"Sister—The young rose tree—
 That all the Spring has been my pleasant care,
 Just putting out its leaves so green and fair,
 I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom—
 I shall be gone away, my short life done ;
 But will you not bestow a single one
 Upon my tomb ?"

"Now, mother, sing the tune
 You sang last night ; I'm weary, and must sleep."
 "Who was it called my name ? Nay, do not weep,
 You'll all soon come !"

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings,
 And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,

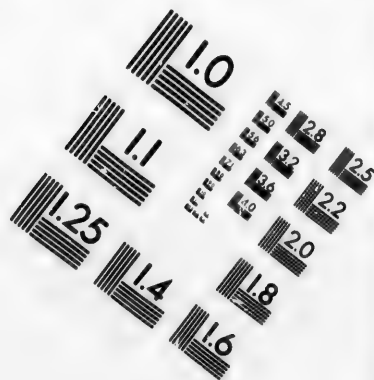
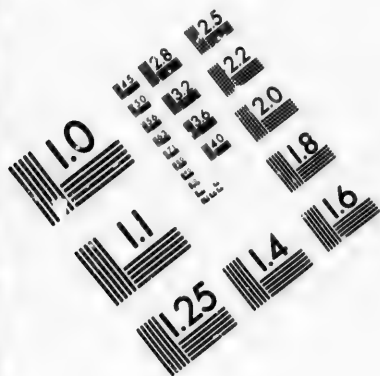
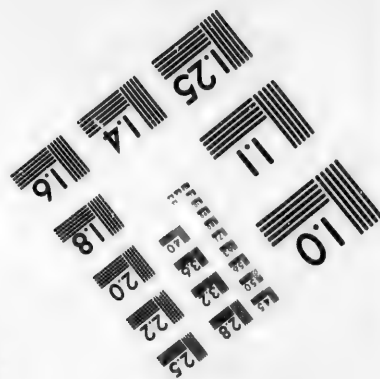
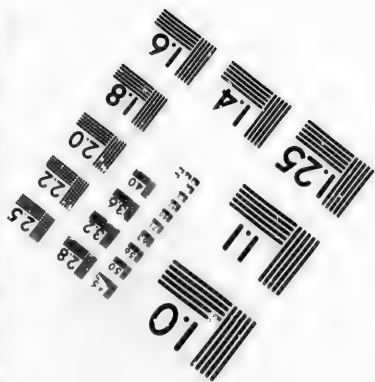
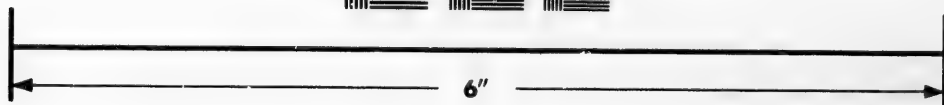
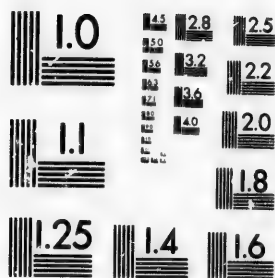


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Lay on his couch asleep. The gentle air
 Came through the open window, freighted with
 The savoury labours of the early spring—
 He breathed it not. The laugh of passers by
 Jar'd like a discord in some mournful tune,
 But marr'd not his slumbers. *He was dead.*

ANONYMOUS.

15.—THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
 And merry games we had ;
 We led him on our way, mother,
 And every step was glad.
 But when we found a starry flower,
 And praised its varied hue,
 A tear came trembling down his cheek,
 Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
 Where falling waters made
 A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
 As golden sun-rays played ;
 But when we shouted at the scene,
 And hailed the clear blue sky,
 He stood quite still upon the bank,
 And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
 Whene'er we found the spots
 Where the periwinkle crept, mother,
 O'er wild Forget-me-nots ;
 " Ah me ! " he said, while tears ran down
 As fast as summer showers,
 " It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
 Has taught me I am blest,
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best ;
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white,
 I kneel upon the meadowed sod,
 And thank my God for sight.

ELIZA COOK.

16.—INFANTINE ENQUIRIES.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who ask'd for alms at our pillar'd door?
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hand then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I know not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent;
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he play'd.
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"He spoke of a home, which in childhood's glee
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And follow'd afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pull'd young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams:—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There is a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek!
But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee:
It is *there* the old man long'd to be!"

"For he knew that those with whom he had play'd,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!"

"Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty home,
 Where want with his pale train never may come,
 Oh! scorn not the poor with the scorner's jest,
 Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
 For He who hath made them poor may soon
 Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
 And leave us with woe in the world's bleak wild!
 Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

WILLIAM P. BROWN.

17.—THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.*

When a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairiy forfairn?
 'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
 An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e nae the looks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
 Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
 While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn.
 An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
 Still watches his lane lorn wand'rings on earth,
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, he blesses your smile:—
 In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

WILLIAM THOM.

* To be repeated alternately with the next piece by another pupil.

18.—THE BAIRNLESS MITHER. *

The Poet sings sweet o' the "Mitherless Bairn ;"
 An gars a' our hearts to feel sairly forfain,
 For "the puir dowie laddie" sae sad an forlorn,
 An a' the cauld sorrows to which he is born.

But sing ye nae sang o' ane sadder by far,—
 Ken ye nae grief that aboon it is waur,—
 A sorrow 'neath which e'en the cauldest hearts swither,
 Oh! wha can speak peace to the "Bairnless Mither?"

The Mitherless Bairn a kind wordie will cheer
 An' a smile or a bannock will chase awa fear,
 Young hearts are aye blithesome—hope disnae soon wither
 But hope ne'er can come to the "Bairnless Mither."

She sees nae a' wean but it makes her heart sair,—
 An echo, deep echoes, each little voice there—
 Ah! how lanely the ingle where awe a' thegither
 Her bairnies play'd round the noo "Bairnless Mither."

She dwells mid the mem'ries o' days that are gane,
 Still sees them, an' hears them, an' clasps them again
 In fancy they call her, to joys that ne'er wither,—
 An' she pines to be wi' them that "Bairnless Mither."

Oh speak ye her saftly, for sair is her lot—
 "Lamentation and weeping because they are not,"
 The Angels in pity are whispering with her,
 For the Lord kens the grief o' the "Bairnless Mither."

He alone sees the tears that in secret are shed,
 Hears the groans o' her heart o'er the hopes that have fled,
 "In the land o' the leal," they'll soon be thegither—
 For the Lord hears the prayer o' the "Bairnless Mither."

ANONYMOUS.

Cobourg, Canada.

* To be repeated alternately with the Mitherless Bairn by a second pupil.

19.—THE TWO HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
 Who, in the morning air,
 Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,
 In garlands for her hair.
 "My home," the happy heart replied,
 And smiled in childish glee,
 "Is on the sunny mountain's side,
 Where soft winds wander free."
 Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
 And all its rosy hours,
 When every word is joy and truth,
 And treasures live in flowers.
 "Where is thy home, thou lonely man!"
 I asked a pilgrim gray,
 Who came with furrowed brow and wan,
 Slow moving on his way.
 He paused, and with a solemn mien
 Upturned his holy eyes;
 "The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen—
 My house is in the skies!"
 Oh! blest—thrice blest—the heart must be,
 To whom such thoughts are given;
 That walks from worldly fetters free—
 His only home in heaven!

ANONYMOUS.

20.—BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing!
 Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?
 —"We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
 From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
 From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
 From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

We have swept o'er the cities in song renown'd,
 Silent they lie with the deserts round!
 We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath roll'd
 All dark with the warrior blood of old;
 And each worn wing hath regain'd its home,
 Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome."

And what have you found in the monarch's dome,
 Since last ye traversed the blue sea's foam?
 —“We have found a change, we have found a pall,
 And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
 And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt,
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!”

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so;
 Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
 But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
 And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—
 Say what have you found in the peasant's cot,
 Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

—“A change we have found there—and many a change!
 Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
 Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
 And the young that were have a brow of care,
 And the place is hush'd where the children play'd,
 Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!”

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
 Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
 Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
 Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
 Ye over desert and deep have pass'd,
 So may we reach our bright home at last.

MRS. HEMANS.

21.—CHILDE HAROLD'S DEPARTURE.

Adieu! adieu! My native shore fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, and shrieks the
 wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea we follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee: my native land, good-
 night!

A few short hours, and he will rise to give the morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies, but not my mother
 earth.

Deserted is my own good hall, its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall, my dog howls at the
 gate.

Come hither, hither, my little page! why dost thou weep
and wail?

Or dost thou dread the billow's rage, or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye; our ship is swift
and strong:

Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly more merrily along.

Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high! I fear not wave
nor wind;

Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone, a mother whom I love,
And have no friend save these alone, but thee—and One
above.

My father blessed me fervently, yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh till I come back again.—

Enough, enough, my little lad! such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had, mine own would not be dry.

Come hither now, my staunch yeoman! why dost thou
look so pale?

Or dost thou dread a French foeman, or shiver at the gale?
Deem'st thou I tremble for my life? Sir Childe, I'm not
so weak:

But, thinking on an absent wife will blanch a faithful cheek.
My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall, along the bor-
dering lake;

And when they on their father call, what answer shall she
make?

Enough, enough, my yeoman good! thy grief let none
gainsay;

But I, that am of lighter mood, will laugh to flee away.

And now I'm in the world alone, upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan, when none will sigh for
me?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain, till fed by stranger-
hands;

But, long ere I come back again, he'd tear me where he
stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go athwart the foaming
brine;

Nor care what land thou bear'st me to, so not again to mine!
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves! and when you fail
my sight,

Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves! My native land, good
night!

LORD BYRON.

22.—THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Autumn tinges the forest, and the deepening green fades into brown. The slanting sun sinks sooner to its bed; the rains are steadier and less hopeful of a break; and the day, like that of aging man, is graver. The wind is harsher; it beats and tears the trees in their waning life, and already begins to strip them of their summer glories, strewing the ground with the cast-off rags of verdure. The dahlia holds out the parting splendours of the summer, with an intense fire of its own, as though sunlight had been sown and blossomed in colour. The corn has been robbed of its golden crown. The gay season has passed, and autumn is leading us to winter, as life wanes and the sombred countenance of man foreshadows death.

Death is the handmaid of life. The leaf falls to compose the life-giving earth for future forests; the tree perishes to heap nurture round the root of the sapling; the glowing petal rots, and is food for the seed of the bud; the corn is gathered to feed the race that survives many generations of corn and seed beyond its own mortality. Man witnesses these transitions with saddened senses, and with a firm faith, spans the dark chasm between summer and summer, and borrows from the drear season the light of future years. Other creatures die; and man is gifted with the sad knowledge that he too dies, but he is able to recognize death as the frontier between life and life. Where the lichen crept over the barren rock, the shrub has grown to forests, the corn waves, and the voice of man breaks the silence of the desert to sing the story of the world; that long story which began before mankind awoke in its cradle, the tale in which ages are as seasons, and change is ever-increasing glory.

To the informed soul of man the fall of the leaf speaks not only of a resurrection, but teaches him how decay is but a process of regeneration; destruction is the first half of improvement. When living nature has attained perfection in one type, it will not tolerate less, but each stage is made complete, and then the creature perfected after its kind, gives place to new perfection. As forests fall that more stately forests may rise, so human states fall that greater states may rise. Persia and Egypt sank into the tomb on which Greece built her temple; Rome propagated the civilization planted by Greece, and modern Europe rises on the ruins of ancient Rome. Revolutions are but the fall

of the leaf. Poland has rotted in the soil of Europe ; but the Emperor sitting at Warsaw can no more forbid the unborn nation than the vulture perched upon the fallen trunk can forbid the oak which is growing beneath his feet.

ANONYMOUS.

23.—BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN.

The sere and yellow leaf reminds us that another autumn is at hand. There is no subject in nature more beautiful to the contemplative mind than Autumn. When we go back in memory to the gay flowers of the vernal fields, the green foliage of the mountains, hills, and valleys, and contemplate their beauty, their glory, and their freshness, their grandeur and sublimity, we think of but youth and happiness. But when we see the ruddy hue of declining Summer deepening into the rich robe of Autumn—gathering like the pall of death upon all nature—we are reminded, in her own emphatic language, that we, like the “leaves that fall in wintry weather,” must ere long, as they are nipped by the autumnal frost, be cut down by the strong arm of death, and gathered to the tomb of silence. It is the time for the mother to visit the lonely grave of her departed love, and weep over it the sad tear of sorrow—for the friend, the acquaintance, and the relative—to think of those who have closed their eyes for ever upon the vanities of earth, and lie sleeping among the silent dead. At such a period the mind enters into untold enjoyment. There is a sweetness even in the deepest melancholy, which flows to the heart, touching every tendril with emotions of affection, sympathy, and love. It is the time to abstract our thoughts from things perishable—to turn from the ephemeral charms of earth, the more sublime beauties which lie beyond the grave—to learn from the sober realities around us, that our days will have an autumn, that we can not expect while here “our bright summer always,” though we may look forward to a time when the bloom of an eternal Spring will be known for ever ; where streams of happiness flow in tranquil beauty from a fountain which time can not affect.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

24.—THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROPS

"O father, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glitter'd like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that's lovely might live for a day?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again."

"My child," said the father, "look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth's fair things though fleeting away?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven."

Alas for the father!—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be;
That the beautiful child,—the bright star of his day,—
Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh! sad was the father, when lo, in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes;
And *then* he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in heaven.

J. E. CARPENTER.

25.—HOME AND THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

Home is the paradise of this terrestrial life. For there it is where all that is great and good, all that is noble and refined, all that permanently fits man for the fulfilment of the object of his creation ought first to be imparted to his thoughts, and interwoven with his affections and his desires. Other institutions of life may be good, but it is the well regulated institution of domestic life, and the proper government of home, that most deeply and permanently affects the well-being of mankind. Where the institutions of home government are defective, in vain will be the enactment of wholesome laws, or the efforts of an active police, or the establishment of public educational institutions, or

the unsheathed sword of military power. On the other hand, where the fountains of moral life are purified by the principles inculcated at home, though other laws of society may be defective, and other institutions either faulty or inoperative—yet, like the waters of a stream issuing from a pure fountain, the manners of a people may now and again become partially polluted, but the stream which continues to flow from the fountain will wash the defilement away. Then, may we not be permitted to assume that among the first and most imperative duties of man, after the worship he owes to his Maker, is the proper cultivation and government of the domestic affections and relations of life. Happy are the people whose religion inculcates, as a duty, the sacred obligations of social life. Happy are the people whose public laws give countenance and support to such teachings of religion. Happy are the people whose rulers set the example of reverence, for such teachings, and obedience to such laws. “And truly blest is that nation, where, gathered around the domestic hearths of its palaces and its cottages, are a people who revere the pure, the hallowed, and the ennobling affections of parents and children, and all the domestic relations of home.” It is true, the happiness, prosperity, and strength of a nation spring from those fountains which have their sources at the hearthstones of the people. If these sources are not true to nature; if the affections of domestic life are not cherished at these firesides, then must that nation take an inferior rank in comparison with others, whose soldiers fight for home, their altars, and their firesides.

And who can doubt that the happiness of mankind is not essentially interwoven with the domestic affections? In earliest childhood it is seen. That happy little group collected on their play-ground, or around their toys, whose joyous laugh, whose faces, radiant with delight, prove that they find exquisite pleasure in their sports—enjoy their pleasure only while affection or kindness regulates their play. And if some angry word, some passionate blow, inflict pain or grief upon the child, where does he go for comfort?—to his mother. In her arms, her loving voice, her fond caress, her consoling words quickly soothe him, and before the tear-drop has vanished from his eye, the last remnant of grief has flowed from his breast. Happy child to have a mother to fly to; happy mother, whose magic can charm her darling's grief away. And here, amidst this joy, let us drop one tear of sorrow over those little ones who have none on earth

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whom they can call father or mother—whose orphan childhood must receive sympathy and sustenance from the hands and hearts of strangers. Yet they have a friend who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me: I will take care of them." To such the eye of pity and the hand of affection should be extended.

And, in your hours of play, brothers, do not think that because you are stronger it is unmanly to be gentle to your little brothers and sisters. True nobleness of heart and true manliness of conduct are never coupled with pride and arrogance. When I see a young man kind and respectful to his mother, and gentle and forbearing to his sisters, I think he has a noble heart.

Ottawa.

REV. MR. JOHNSTON.

26.—THE WAY TO PROMOTE DOMESTIC HARMONY.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet *all* may please—
O! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A *small* unkindness is a *great* offence.

To spread large bounties though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; but Heaven decrees
To *all* the gift of ministering to ease;—
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at another's fault;
The taunting word suppressed as soon as thought;
The kind attention - all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things,—
On these small cares of daughter, wife, or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend!

A solitary blessing few can find;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined;
And he, whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to perfume his own!

MRS. H. MOORE.

PART III.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

1.—CHARACTER AND CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

He is fallen! We may now pause before that wonderful prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotic in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition; and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but Ambition; and with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or northern snows, he seemed empowered with ubiquity; nor was there aught in his career too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his out-

posts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the *Czar* of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mohammedan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people

are taught by him that there is no despotism, however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if Ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

2.—THE RISE AND FALL OF NATIONS.

There have been many causes assigned for the rise and fall of nations. Many states have fallen because they were too small to contend against their more powerful neighbours. We have the case of Athens and the case of Florence, then I might allude to Prussia, the great state of Germany, and the smaller one of Portugal. I need scarcely allude to England, because this country is large enough and strong enough to maintain itself for ages to come. But there is another source of decline, and which is celebrated in a line of the Roman satirist, as the immediate cause of the fall of the Roman Empire, which, after stretching its armies into almost every part of the world, fell from the effects of luxury. But there are other causes which it behoves us to consider, which have occasioned the decline of nations. There have been despotic institutions, where men have been forbidden to investigate subjects of science, or discuss any improvement in art—where they have been forbidden, under penalty of fire, from holding any religious opinion different from that of the State. Where that despotism has existed—where that persecution has prevailed, the nation has withered under the influence.

There are also other sources of decline—from the consequences of political events, from the calamities of war, from struggles long continued, from other objects of national interest, and other motives, the effect of which no person can perceive, and upon which no man would ever be entitled to your confidence, or the confidence of a nation, if he pretended to prophesy. These are subjects connected with the future, the knowledge of which is not given to man. Events may come to pass and contradict and overrule all his anticipations; but upon that subject you and your successors have a duty to perform as well as hopes to realise. It behoves you to maintain the liberty of this country, to maintain the Christianity of this country, and my belief is

that by cultivating your minds, by extending as much as possible your researches, whether in science, whether in literature, you will contribute to that end, you will strengthen the religious and political institutions of the country.

EARL RUSSELL.

3.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES AND MORAL FEELINGS.

The intellectual qualities as well as the moral feelings of our nature are scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. We find them everywhere, in the lowest classes as in the highest. Their development depends on the opportunities which are offered for their culture, and it is to the literary and scientific institutions that we are indebted for the facilities which are so advantageously presented. In this country, fortunately, the road to wealth and honours is open to all. Some of those among us who have filled the most distinguished situations have sprung from the humblest position, and have raised themselves by their talent and good conduct. Man is endowed with a double nature—the moral and the intellectual. Both contribute to his pleasure and happiness; his moral enjoyments are independent of external support. They begin with his home, and constitute his domestic attachments; extending a little further, they assume the character of friendship; in a wider range they become love of country and of patriotism, and with a still further development they take the shape of benevolence and philanthropy.

It is true that knowledge is power, and assuredly those who afford to all classes the means of acquiring that knowledge, even to a limited amount, contribute not merely to their advancement in life but also to their innocent and laudable enjoyments. We have often heard quoted the words of one of our great poets, that

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring.”

I hold that this is a mistake. The more knowledge a man has the better, but if his time and the means at his disposal do not permit of his acquiring deep and accurate knowledge, let him have as much as he can, and, depend upon it, he will be all the better for it; for, although he may not be able to drink deeply of that spring, if his lips have once

tasted of it he will go back to the same delicious waters whenever he has an opportunity, and his draughts, be they great or small, will refresh his fancy, invigorate his intellect, raise him in the scale of civilization, contribute to his individual happiness, and make him a more useful and honourable member of society.

LORD PALMERSTON.

4.—THE VOICE OF HISTORY.

Of all the sciences, history is that which is always advancing. Mathematics and philosophical improvements may be long at a stand; poetry and the arts are often stationary, often retrograde; but every year, every month, every day, is contributing its knowledge to the grand magazine of historical experience. And how much of that experience may be gathered from the record of the acts and the heroism of our own ancestry!

Let the energies of our mother-land become extinct; let her armies be overwhelmed; let her navy become the spoil of the enemy; let the national credit be exhausted, and let the constitution crumble;—then stand with history on one hand, and oratory on the other, over the grave in which her energies lie entombed,—and tell her that there was a time when the soul of a Briton would not bend before the congregated world; tell her that she once called her sons around her, and wrung the charter of her liberties from a reluctant despot's hand; tell her that Spain sent forth a nation upon the seas against her, and that England and the elements overwhelmed it; tell her that six centuries were toiling to erect the edifice of her constitution, and that at length the temple arose; tell that there are plains in every quarter of the globe where victory has buried the bones of her heroes;

“That the spirits of her fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave!”

Tell her that when the enemy of human liberty arose, the freedom of the whole world took refuge with her; that with an arm of victory, alone and unaided, she flung back the usurper, till recreant Europe blushed with shame;—tell her all this; and I say that the power of lethargy must be

omnipotent, if she does not shake the dust from her neck, and rise in flames of annihilating vengeance on her destroyer.

For the reader of history, every hero has fought, every philosopher has instructed, every legislator has organized. Every blessing was bestowed, every calamity was inflicted, for his information. In public, he is in the audit of his counsellors, and enters the senate with Pericles, Solon, and Lycurgus, about him; in private, he walks among the tombs of the mighty dead; and every tomb is an oracle. But who is he that should pronounce this awakening call? who is he whose voice should be the trumpet and war-cry to an enslaved and degraded nation?—It should be the voice of such a one as he who stood over slumbering Greece, and uttered a note at which Athens started from her indolence, Thebes roused from her lethargies, and Macedon trembled.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

5.—MILTON AND HIS POETRY.

Milton's principal characteristic is majesty. In his character and work is consummated the union of human learning and divine love. Here, as in an old world cathedral, illumined by the setting sun, and resounding hallelujahs, blends the most perfect devotion with the most perfect art. All is grand, and beautiful, and holy. In the "Paradise Lost," you come into contact with thoughts which sweep the whole compass of letters, and the fresh fields of nature made lustrous by the fine frenzy of the poet; here also, and more especially, you come into contact with "thoughts which wander through eternity." You trace his daring flight, not simply through the realms of primeval glory, but of chaos and elder night. You follow the track of his burning wing through the hollow abyss, "whose soil is fiery marl," whose roof is one vast floor of lurid light, and whose oceans are "floods of sweltering flame." You mingle, shuddering with infernal hosts, or listen with rapture to the far-off choiring of cherubim and seraphim, the glorious mingling of sweet sounds "from harp, lute, and dulcimer." You stand on the dismal verge of Pandemonium, with its dusky swarms of fallen spirits, glimmering through the shadows, "thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa," see borne upon its burning marl or sailing through the gloomy atmosphere, that form of angel ruined, vast, shadowy, and ter-

rible, which, when it moves, causes the abyss to shudder. You gaze with astonishment and awe upon the starry domes, which rise, "like an exhalation" from the fiery depths, and tremble at the shout of defiance from the multitudinous army, as it rings through those lurid halls. Or, rising oppressed with the splendour and woe of the infernal regions, you pass, with the gentle poet, into the fragrance of Paradise, bathe your eyes in celestial dews, wander with heavenly guests through the melodious groves and "amaranthine bowers of Eden," quaffing immortal draughts from cool fountains, soothed by the song of early birds, and finding rest unutterable beneath the shadow of the tree of life: or, it may be, holding converse high, on some "serener mount," with angelic forms, or with that noblest pair, whose innocence and beauty are fresh as the young dews which glisten upon the flowers of Eden. You catch the spirit of that high Christian seer, gaze through the long vista of time, behold the wonders of Calvary, man redeemed, and the gates of glory thronged with rejoicing myriads.

REV. R. TURNBULL.

6.—MEANS OF INSTRUCTION IN BOOKS.

There is one source of gratification, and a most important one, which, it is to be hoped, will be considerably augmented in power and importance in this school, and that is the Library. Thanks to heaven that we can read! Thanks to heaven that there are books worth reading—books in which the wisdom of ages is collected in a convenient space! Yes, eternal honour to that Pelagian hero, that mythical Cadmus, who crossed the snowy mountains, and brought the Asiatic gift of letters to the western world, and with that spell awoke the magic muse of Greece! Honour to those scribes—not pharisees—who, on the papyrus leaf and parchment roll—more durable than brass or stone—recorded the sacred traditions of Judæa, the eloquence of Greece, and the annals of Rome! Honour to those honest workmen of the valley of the Rhine, who multiplied, by forms of wood and metal, all the literature of the ancient world, and gave to mankind a mass of knowledge that can never die, which no Arab chief can burn, and which no accident can in future destroy! How important to read the books which preserve the undying words of Newton, and those illustrious men who have bequeathed to us the legacy of their highest

thoughts, treasured up and put out to the noblest uses, for the common good of all mankind!

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations and a contemporary of all ages.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

7.—THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

No doubt you have all personally considered—no doubt you have all personally experienced, that of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance, or bears a heavenlier aspect, than education. It is a companion which no misfortunes can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament: it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and in the accident of their alternate ascendancy shuddering at the terrors of an hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation. What is this wondrous world of his residence?

“A mighty maze, and all without a plan,”

a dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wealth, of ornament or order. But light up within it the torch or

knowledge, and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls on in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before education. Like the holy symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follow but its precepts, purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eye over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendor of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the sceptre of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? what extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? what animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage, which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of action, and sent them into the world, too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

8.--OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

It is our common schools which give the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence which, like a moral life, pervades the country.

From the humblest village school, there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton, shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's belt; with Herschel, light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets; with Franklin, grasp the lightning. Columbus, fortified with a few sound

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geographical principles, was, on the deck of his crazy caravel, more truly the monarch of Castile and Aragon, than Ferdinand and Isabella, enthroned beneath the golden vaults of the conquered Alhambra.

It is a solemn, a tender and sacred duty, that of education. What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect with awe, that it is a seminary where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought, that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand, when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills and adamantine rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may *there* be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished, but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens! I can add nothing, sir, to this consideration. I will only say, in conclusion, *Education*,—when we feed that lamp, we perform the highest social duty! If we quench it, I know not where (humanly speaking), for time or for eternity,—

“I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can its light relume!”

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

9.—THE TRIUMPHS OF KNOWLEDGE.

We are looking forward to the advent of better days; and I rejoice to know that the means of securing them are in operation. Every letter taught to lisping infancy, every newspaper furnished, every school, and every institution of learning in the land, brings “the good time” nearer, and encourages us to persevere in sowing that sure and golden seed, which, once rooted in the mind, brings forth beautiful and everlasting flowers. Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us round and across it, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to their graves thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds and re-enacts events over and over again, as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From the past to the

present it ascends the dark staircase of time. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place. Knowledge enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolutions of empires, the triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume. The experience of a day becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attributes of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before, up to Shakspeare—the bard of all time—and down to Byron, Burns, and Moore, we can sit and hold communion with every brilliant spirit whose corruscations dazzle the earth. Nor does the desirability of knowledge rest here. It awakens our sympathies, and by enlarging our desires, it multiplies them. It enables the possessor to command, within himself, all that is commendable and attractive to the eye of mankind. It brings him in contact with society, and adorns him in robes more costly than hand can weave or skill invent. It is his passport, his companion, his counsellor; and, what is seldom met with in this world, it is his unfailing, unflinching, uncompromising friend. Knowledge! the ability to acquire it is the one great gift of God to man. It is the channel through which He makes himself known to us. The High and Mighty One is the source of all knowledge. Knowledge is the bulwark of our country. It is the basis of her government, the source of her glory, and the prop of her institutions. The most illustrious men of this and other ages sprung from the humbler classes of mankind, and genius does for them what wealth and station cannot do for others. Knowledge is essential to enable us to know ourselves, to understand the relative dependencies of men upon their fellow-men, to guard against cunning, intrigue, and sophistry, and to teach us how to appreciate the government of that Divine Agent whose arm encircleth the Universe. It is, likewise, necessary in business; for unless the head go with the hand, wheels may move, hammers may fall, and spades wear bright in vain. Man was made for knowledge. His erect figure, his penetrating eye, and his organs of speech, all proclaim it. There are patriots who bear the brand and the sword, and patriots in name and speech; but the truest and best of patriotism is that which looks to the mental and moral, as well as the physical

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conditions of a country, and which desires, above all other things, the cultivation of that intellect with which God has endowed its people.

ANONYMOUS.

10.—CULTIVATION OF THE FACULTIES.

We have a fertile and a salubrious climate, and we live by the favour of Providence under free institutions, which secure to us that most inestimable of all privileges—civil and religious liberty; and we enjoy all under the fostering care of that mighty empire, of which it must ever remain our greatest glory that we form a part. But what will any or all of these advantages avail us if our moral and intellectual faculties are suffered to lie dormant? True national greatness is not the necessary growth either of fertility of soil or salubrity of climate. Look around the globe and you will find everywhere fertile regions once the abode of civilization and art, now sunk to the lowest point of poverty and degradation, while the barren island and pestilent marsh have become the seats of empire and wealth. Look at Holland or at Scotland—consider what these countries have been, and what they now are; and then look at the past history and present condition of Spain, or of Italy, and you will find the contrast a melancholy proof of the truth of the statement. Melancholy in truth it is, but full of instruction and full of hope, for it demonstrates, with unmistakable clearness, that it is to the cultivation of his moral and intellectual faculties that man owes all his godlike pre-eminence. And when these faculties are suffered to lie dormant; when the human mind becomes stunted, the nations, like individuals, sink by the inevitable law of our nature to the level of the beasts that perish. If it be an object, then, to lay the foundation of true national greatness; if we desire to achieve for ourselves a position among the nations of the earth, like that of the glorious empire to which we belong; if we hope to stand out even as she now stands out, pre-eminent, not only in power, but in the grandeur of her intellectual being, we must imitate the example and walk in the footsteps of our forefathers. We must elevate the national mind by the careful cultivation of our moral and intellectual faculties. We must cherish the art by which habits are reformed and manners embellished. We must implant the love of truth, of beauty, and renown in the hearts of our people. And

having accomplished this, we can indulge the confident hope that we may one day point to our long line of heroes and statesmen, of philosophers and poets, only less glorious than that which adorns the annals of our native land.

HON. W. H. BLAKE.

11.—THE POETRY OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

There is, to our own thinking, something awfully grand in the contemplation of a vast steam engine. Stand amidst its ponderous beams and bars, wheels and cylinders, and watch their unceasing play; how regular and how powerful! The machinery of a lady's Geneva watch is not more nicely adjusted; the rush of the avalanche is not more awful in its strength. Old gothic cathedrals are solemn places, presenting solemn lessons, lonely and solemn things; but to a trifler, an engine room may preach a more serious lesson still. It will tell him of mind—mind wielding matter at its will—mind triumphing over physical difficulties—man asserting his great supremacy—"intellect battling with the elements." And how exquisitely complete is every detail! how subordinate every part towards the one great end! how every little bar and screw fit and work together! Vast as is the machine, let a bolt be but the tenth part of an inch too long or too short, and the whole fabric is disorganized. It is one complete piece of harmony—an iron essay upon unity, design and execution. There is deep poetry in the steam engine—more of poetry of motion than in the bound of the antelope—more of the poetry of power than in the dash of the cataract. And ought it not to be a lesson to those who laugh at novelties, and put no faith in curiosities, to consider that this complex fabric, this triumph of art and science, was once the laughing stock of jeering thousands, and once only the working phantasy of a boy's mind as he sat, and in seeming idleness watched a little column of vapour rise from the spout of a tea kettle.

12.—THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays,
Go streaming from the sun.

No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
 Their wondrous flight betray ;
 And yet their words are strongly felt
 In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
 Can check their rapid course ;
 They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—
 The rough wave's sweeping force :
 In the long night of rain and wrath,
 As in the blaze of day,
 They rush with news of weal and woe,
 To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
 On that electric cord,
 Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
 The Christian's life and Lord—
 Of him who, taught, in smiles and tears,
 With fervent lips to pray,
 Maintains high converse here on earth
 With bright worlds far away.

Ay ! though no outward wish is breathed,
 Nor outward answer given,
 The sighing of that humble heart
 Is known and felt in heaven :
 Those long frail wires may bend and break,
 Those viewless heralds stray ;
 But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
 Of God, though far away.

13.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak Leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou !
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON

14.—HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!

How cheery are the mariners—
 Those lovers of the sea!
 Their hearts are like its zeasty waves,
 As bounding and as free.
 They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
 In circles round the mast;
 And sings when deep in foam the ship
 Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales?
 There's music in their roar,
 When wide the berth along the lee,
 And leagues of room before.
 Let billows toss to mountain heights
 Or sink to chasms low,
 The vessel stout will ride it out,
 Nor reel beneath the blow,

With streamers down and canvass furled,
 The gallant hull will float
 Secure, as on an island lake
 A silken-tasselled boat;
 And sound asleep some mariners,
 And some with watchful eyes
 Will fearless be of dangers dark
 That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners!
 And temper all the gales
 That sweep along the rocky coast
 To the ir storm-shattered sails;
 And men on shore will bless the ship
 That could so guided be,
 "Safe in the hollow of His hand,"
 To brave the mighty sea!

PARK BENJAMIN.

15.—THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

“HOW DOES THE WATER COME DOWN AT LODORE?”

Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling.
 Here smoking and frothing,
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 It hastens along conflictingly strong;
 Now striking and raging,
 As if a war waging,
 Its caverns and rocks among.
 Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling and flinging,
 Showering and springing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting
 Around and around;
 Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound;
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dripping and skipping,
 And brightening and whitening,
 And quivering and shivering,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving and raving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and growing,
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And gathering and feathering,
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 And guggling and struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving,
 And thundering and floundering,
 And falling and crawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and lounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 Retreating and meeting and beating and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
 And so never ending but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending;
 All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

16.—MOUNTAINS.

Thanks to the great Creator for mountains! The variety which they impart to the glorious bosom of our planet were no small advantage; the beauty which they spread out to our vision in their woods and waters, their crags and slopes, their clouds and atmospheric hues, were a splendid gift; the sublimity which they pour into our deepest souls from their majestic aspects,—the poetry which breathes from their streams, and dells, and airy heights, from the sweet abodes, the garbs and manners of

their inhabitants,—the songs and legends which have awoke in them, were a proud heritage to imaginative minds. But what are all these when the thought comes, that without mountains the spirit of man must have bowed to the brutal and the base, and probably have sunk to the monotonous level of the unvaried plain?

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountains of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprang up, were as distinctly walled off by God's hand with mountain ramparts, from the eruptions and interruptions of barbarism, as if at the especial prayer of the early fathers of man's destinies, I am lost in an exalting admiration. Look at the bold barriers of Palestine! See how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized north by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodope! Behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forest of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations!

Thanks to God for mountains! Their colossal firmness seems almost to break the current of time itself. The geologist in them searches for traces of the earlier world; and it is there, too, that man, resisting the revolutions of lower regions, retains through innumerable years his habits and his rights. While a multitude of changes has remoulded the people of Europe—while languages, and laws, and dynasties, and creeds, have passed over it, like shadows over the landscape—the children of the Celt and the Goth, who fled to the mountains a thousand years ago, are found there now, and show us, in face and figure, in language and garb, what their fathers were; show us a fine contrast with the modern tribes dwelling below and around them; and show us, moreover, how adverse is the spirit of the mountain to mutability, and that there the fiery heart of Freedom is found for ever.

WM. HOWITT.

17.—HENRY IV's SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
 Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common larum-bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billow by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly Death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEAR.

18.—CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield;
 War sounds the trumpet, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign.

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost.
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.

DR. JOHNSON.

19.—RING OUT, YE MERRY, MERRY BELLS.

Prepare, prepare for a guest most rare,
 Who cometh at morn's first prime,
 Who draws not birth from the shadowy earth
 And but visits its humble clime,
 Whose blessing is utter'd where'er man dwells,
 As his pilgrim flight draws near,—
 Ring out, ring out, ye merry merry bells,
 Give joy to the sweet New Year.

In the first lone hour of the morn he comes,
 'Mid the winter's rude annoy,
 But his welcome is breath'd in a thousand homes,
 'Mid love, and light, and joy ;
 He comes on the rush of the storm-wind's swells,
 'Mid the snow-flakes falling drear.
 Ring out, ring out, ye merry merry bells,
 Give joy to the sweet New Year.

How bright is the flush on youth's glad cheek,
 And how bright is its glancing eye ;
 How gaily each laugh and gesture speak
 The heart's impatient joy.

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Now love its whispered hope soft tells,
In many a loving ear ;
Ring out, ring out, ye merry bells,
Give joy to the sweet new year !

20.—SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see ;
And should a man blame, let's remind him,
That from faults there are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honours now.
Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say ;
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him,
Where coldness will turn him away.
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom,
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed—
On a smile or a frown hangs its doom.

J. SIMMONS.

INSON.

LS.

21.—ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind :
'Tis an old one, a kind one, and true as 'tis kind ;
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart, if remembered at home !
If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend !
Say, to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold
That "one story's good till another is told !"

A friend's like a ship, when, with music and song,
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along ;
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,
And any mean billow can batter his deck !
Then give me the heart that true sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate, whatever wind blows ;
And says,—when aspersion, unanswered, grows cold,—
Wait ; "one story's good till another is told !"

CHARLES SWAIN.

PART IV.

SACRED AND CLASSICAL PIECES.

(1 ENGLISH.)

1.—THE JEW.

The Jew still walks the earth, and bears the stamp of his race upon his forehead. He is still the same being as when he first wandered forth from the hills of Judea. If his name is associated with avarice and extortion, and spoken in bitterness and scorn, yet in the morning of history it gathers round it recollections sacred and holy.

The Jew is a miracle among the nations. A wanderer in all lands, he has been a witness of the great events of history for eighteen hundred years. He saw classic Greece when crowned with intellectual triumphs. He lingered among that broken but beautiful architecture that rises like a tombstone over the grave of her departed splendour.

The Jew saw Rome, the "mighty heart" of nations, sending its own ceaseless life's throb through all the arteries of its vast empire. He, too, has seen that heart cold and still in death. These have perished, yet the Jew lives on—the same silent, mysterious, indestructible being. The shadow of the Crescent rests on Palestine, the signet of a conqueror's faith—still the Jew and his religion survive. He wanders a captive in the streets of his own once queenly Jerusalem, to meditate sad and gloomily on the relics of ancient power. Above him shines the clear sky, fair as when it looked down on the towers of Zion, but now, alas! beholds only a desolate city and an unhappy land. The world is his home. Trampled on and exiled, his name a badge of infamy, he still lives, full of ancestral pride. The literature of the ancient Hebrew triumphs over all creeds, and schools, and sects. Mankind worship in the sacred songs of David, and bow to the divine teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, who also was a son of Abraham. Such is the Jew. His ancient dreams of empire are gone. How seldom do we realize, as we see him in our city

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streets, that he is the creature of such a strange, peculiar destiny. Neither age, nor country, nor climate have changed him. Such is the Jew, a strange and solitary being, and such the drama of his long and mournful history.

2.—POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

The style of Hebrew poetry is everywhere forcible and figurative. Where is there poetry that can be compared with the Song of Moses after the destruction of Pharaoh; with the Psalms of David; with the song of Solomon; and with the prophecies of Isaiah? Where is there an elegiac ode to be compared with the Song of David upon the death of Saul and Jonathan, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah?

Men who have felt the power of poetry, when they have marked the "deep-working passion of Danté," and observed the elevation of Milton, as he "combined image with image, in lofty gradations," have thought that they discovered the indebtedness of these writers to the poetry of the Old Testament. But how much more sublime is Isaiah than Milton! How much more enkindling than Dante is David! How much more picturesque than Homer is Solomon or Job! Like the rapid and glowing argumentations of Paul, the poetic parts of the Bible may be read a thousand times, and they have all the freshness and glow of the first perusal.

Where, in the compass of human language, is there a paragraph, which, for boldness and variety of metaphor, delicacy and majesty of thought, strength and invention, eloquence and refinement, equals the passage in which "God answers Job out of the whirlwind?" What merely human imagination, in the natural progress of a single discourse, and, apparently, without effort, ever thus went down to "the foundations of the earth;" stood at "the doors of the ocean;" visited "the place where the day-spring from on high takes hold of the uttermost parts of the earth;" entered into "the treasures of the snow and the hail;" traced "the path of the thunderbolt;" and penetrating the retired chambers of nature, demanded, "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" And how bold its flights, how inexpressibly striking and beautiful its antitheses, when, from the warm and sweet Pleiades, it wanders to the sterner Orion; and, in its rapid course, hears the "young lion crying unto God for lack of

meat;" sees the war horse pawing in the valley; describes the eagle on the crag of the rock; and, in all that is vast and minute, dreadful and beautiful, discovers and proclaims the glory of Him who is "excellent in counsel and wonderful in working!"

The style of Hebrew poetry is everywhere forcible and figurative beyond example. The Book of Job stands not alone in this sententious, spirited, and energetic form and manner. It prevails throughout the poetic parts of the Scriptures; and they stand, confessedly, the most eminent examples to be found in the truly sublime and beautiful. I confess I have not much of the spirit of poetry. It is a fire that is enkindled at the living lamp of nature, and glows only on a few favored altars. And yet I cannot but love the poetic associations of the Bible. Now, they are sublime and beautiful, like the mountain torrent, swollen and impetuous by the sudden bursting of the cloud; now, they are grand and awful, like the stormy Galilee when the tempest beat upon the fearful disciples; again, they are placid as that calm lake, when the Saviour's feet have touched its waters, and stilled them into peace.

There is also a sublimity, an invention, in the imagery of the Bible, that is found in no other book. In the Bible you have allegory, apologue, parable and enigma, all clearly intelligible, and enforcing truth with a strong and indelible impression. You have significant actions, uttering volumes of instruction; as when "Jesus called the little child, and set him in the midst of his disciples, and said, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;" as when he cursed the barren fig tree; as when he "washed his disciples' feet." And where is there a comparison like this? "And the heavens departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together." Where is there a description like this? "And I saw an angel standing in the sun, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God." Or where is there a sentence like the following? "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them."

English literature is no common debtor to the Bible. In what department of English literature may not the difference be discovered between the spirit and sentiments of Christian writers and those who have drawn all their materials

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of thought and of ornament from pagan writers? We find a proof of the superiority of Christian principles even in those works of imagination which are deemed scarcely susceptible of influence from religion. The common romance and the novel, with all their fooleries and ravings, would be more contemptible than they are, did they not, sometimes, undesignedly catch a conception, or adorn a character, from the rich treasury of revelation. And the more splendid fictions of the poet derive their highest charm from the evangelical philanthropy, tenderness, and sublimity that invest them. But for the Bible, Homer and Milton might have stood upon the same shelf, equal in morality, as they are competitors for renown; Young had been ranked with Juvenal; and Cooper had united with Horace and with Ovid to swell the tide of voluptuousness.

REV. DR. SPRING.

3.—THE BIBLE THE BEST OF BOOKS.

The Bible is not a scientific work; it does not profess or display any scientific methods; but it could not be remarked with too much attention, that no passage contained therein, as properly interpreted, was found to contradict any principle of scientific truth. It had been subjected to the fire of the closest investigation, a fire which had contemptuously burnt up the cosmography of the Shaster, the absurdities of the Koran, and other works of false philosophy, but yet this artless, loosely compiled little book was unhurt, untouched, not one of its pages singed, with not even the smell of fire upon it. That book was the mirror of Divinity; other books, like the planets, shone with reflected lustre—that book, like the sun, shone with unborrowed rays; other books sprang from earth, that book of books came from heaven on high; other books appealed to the understanding or feelings, that book to conscience and faith; other books solicited their attention, that book demanded it, for it “spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.” Other books would glide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain summit of imagination; that book, and that alone, conducted up the awful abyss which led to heaven; other books, after shining a little season, might perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library; that book should remain, pure as gold, yet unconsumable as asbestos, in the flames of a

general conflagration. Other books might be forgotten in an universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream; that book, transferred to a higher place, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars of heaven.

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,
Happy the man of human race,
To whom our God has granted grace,
To ask, to seek, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and find the way.
But better had he not been born,
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn."

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

4.—THE BURIAL OF JACOB.

It is a solemn cavalcade, and slow,
That comes from Egypt; never had the land,
Save when Pharaoh died, such pomp of woe
Beheld; never was bier by such a band
Of princely mourners followed, and the grand
Gloom of that strange funereal armament
Saddened the wondering cities as it went.

In Goshen he had died, that region fair
Which stretches east from Nilus to the wave
Of the great Gulf; and since he could not bear
To lay his ashes in an alien grave,
He charged his sons to bear them to the cave
Where slumbered all his kin, that from life's cares
And weariness his dust might rest with theirs.

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For seventy days through Egypt rose the cry
Of woe, for Joseph wept; and now there came
Along with him the rank and chivalry
Of Pharaoh's court,—the flower of Egypt's fame;
High captains, chief estates, and lords of name,
The prince, the priest, the warrior, and the sage,
Made haste to join in that sad pilgrimage.

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The hoary elders in their robes of state
Were there, and sceptred judges; and the sight
Of their pavilions pitched without the gate
Was pleasant; chariots with their trappings bright
Stood round,—till all were met, and every rite
Was paid;—then at a signal the array
Moved with a heavy splendour on its way.

Its very gloom was gorgeous; and the sound
Of brazen chariots, and the measured feet
Of stately pacing steeds upon the ground,
Seemed, by its dead and dull monotonous beat,
A burthen to that march of sorrow meet;
With music Pharaoh's minstrels would have come
Had Joseph wished,—'twas better they were dumb.

* * * *

AN.

They pass by many a town then famed or feared,
But quite forgotten now; and over ground
Then waste, on which in after time were reared
Cities whose names were of familiar sound.

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The fiery sons of Ishmael, as they scour
The stony glens of Paran with their hordes,
Watch their array afar but dread their power;
Here first against mankind they drew their swords
In open warfare; as the native lords
Of the wild region held their free career,
And fenced the desert with the Arab spear.

But unmolested now the mourners pass,
Till distant trees, like signs of land, appear,
And pleasantly they feel the yielding grass
Beneath their feet, and in the morning clear
They see with joy the hills of Canaan near;
The camels scent the freshness of the wells,
Far hidden in the depth of leafy dells.

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At length they reach a valley opening fair
With harvest field and homestead in the sweep
Of olive sprinkled hills, where they prepare
The solemn closing obsequies to keep;
For an appointed time they rest, and weep
With ceaseless lamentation, and the land
Rings with a grief it cannot understand.

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The rites thus duly paid, they onward went
 Across the eastern hills, and rested not
 Till, slowly winding up the last ascent,
 They see the walls of Hebron, and t'he spot
 To him they bore so dear and unforget,
 Where the dark cypress and the sycamore
 Weave their deep shadows round the rock-hewn door,

Now Jacob rests where all his kindred are,—
 The exile from the land in which of old
 His fathers lived and died, he comes from far
 To mix his ashes with their mortal mould.
 There where he stood with Esau, in the cold
 Dim passage of the vault, with holy trust
 His sons lay down the venerable dust.

They laid him close by Leah, where she sleeps
 Far from her Syrian home, and never knows
 That Reuben kneels beside her feet and weeps,
 Nor glance of kindly recognition throws
 Upon her stately sons from that repose;
 His Rachel rests far sundered from his side,
 Upon the way to Bethlehem, where she died.

Sleep on, O weary saint! thy bed is blessed;
 Thou, with the pilgrim staff of faith, hast passed
 Another Jordan into endless rest:
 Well may they sleep who can serenely cast
 A look behind, while darkness closes fast
 Upon their path, and breathe thy parting word,—
 "For Thy salvation I have waited, Lord!"

REV. J. D. BURNS.

5.—MOUNT OF OLIVES.

The mountains are Nature's monuments. Like the islands they dwell apart, and like them they give asylum from a noisy and irreverent world. Many a meditative spirit has found in their silence leisure for the longest thought, and in their Patmos-like seclusion the brightest visions and largest projects have evolved; whilst by a sort of overmastering attraction they have usually drawn to themselves the most memorable incidents which variegate our human

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history. And, as they are the natural haunts of the highest spirits, and the appropriate scenes of the most signal occurrences, so they are the noblest cenotaphs. Afar off they arrest the eye; and though their hoary chronicle tells its legend of the past, their heaven-pointing elevations convey the spirit onward towards eternity. We do not wonder that excited fancy has sought relics of the ark on the top of *Ararat*, and in the grim solitude of *Sinai* it is solemn to remember and easy to believe that the voice of Jehovah has spoken here. Elijah has made *Carmel* all his own, and the death of Moses must be ever *Pisgah's* diadem. The words of Jesus seem still to linger on the hills of Galilee, their lilies forbidding "thought for raiment," and their little birds twittering "no thought for to-morrow," whilst every grassy tuft and scented flower is breathing its own beatitude. But though heavenly wisdom spake on that mountain side, and excellent glory lighted up the top of *Tabor*, there is another height to which discipleship reverts with fonder memory, and which it treads with softer step—that mountain where beyond any spot in Palestine "God was manifest in the *flesh*,"—where the great Intercessor was wont to pray, where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, on whose slope he blessed the Apostle-band and sent his message of mercy to mankind—the mountain at whose base lay Bethany and Gethsemane—on whose gentle turf his feet last stood and where they yet may stand again—on the Sabbatic, pensive and expectant *Mount of Olives*.

REV. DR. HAMILTON.

6.—ST. PAUL AT THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

What is admirable and wonderful at Athens, is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other—with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea—all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian Cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, to the *Agamemnon* or the *Ædipus*; as when *St. Paul* stood on the topmost stone of yon hill of *Mars*, and while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which *Percies* could never have attained, the counsel of the true

God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands," may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the Theseum below and the Parthenon above him. It seems to have been well that "art and man's device" should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory. The direct and immediate object of his appearance and address here, was, undoubtedly, to annul the false sanctities of the place, to extinguish every altar, strip every shrine, and dethrone every idol. This object has been achieved with entire success. The words of the man, "weak and contemptible in bodily presence," spoken on the rocky brow of the Acropolis, amidst the mocking circle, still live and reign, while tongues, and races, and empires have been swept away.

It could not have been without providential agency, that within the narrow and rugged circuit, hemmed in by the slopes of Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus, were concentrated the master efforts of human excellence, in arts and arms, in intellect and imagination, in eloquence and song. The lessons of the Apostle have taught mankind that all other beauties and glories fade into nothing by the side of the cross; but, while we look at the cross as the law of our life; while we look to that Apostle on the hill of Mars, at Athens, as the teacher whose words of truth and soberness have superseded the wisdom of all her sages, and the dreams of all her bards, then, if then only, it will be lawful for us to enjoy the whole range of subordinate attractions. It will be felt not to be without its import that St. Paul himself did not refuse to illustrate the Gospel truth by reference to human literature. And so for us, too, the long line of the Panathenaic procession may seem to wind through the portals of the Propylæa, and ascend the steps of the Parthenon; for us the delicate columns of the unwinged victory may recall the lineage of Miltiades and the shame of Persia. For us the melodious nightingale may still pour her plaint in the green coverts of the sparkling colonos; and hill, and plain, and grove, and temple, may feed us unrebuked with their thronging images of the past glory and the living beauty.

7.—PAUL AT ATHENS.

Come to the hill of Mars, for he is there,
That wondrous man, whose eloquence doth touch
The heart like living flame. With brow unblanched,
And eye of fearless ardour, he confronts
That high tribunal with its pen of Clint,
Whose irreversible decree made pale
The Gentile world. All Athens gathers near,
Fickle, and warm of heart, and fond of change,
And full of strangers, and of those who pass
Life in the idle toil to hear or tell
Of some new thing. See thither throng the bands
Of Epicureans, wrapt in gorgeous robe,
Who seem with bright and eager eyes to ask,
What will this babbler say? With front austere
Stand a dark group of Stoics, sternly proud,
And predetermined to confute, yet still
'Neath the dark wrinkles of their settled brow
Lurks some unwonted gathering of their powers
As for no common foe. With angry frown
Stalk the fierce cynics, anxious to condemn,
And prompt to punish, while the patient sons
Of gentle Plato bind the listening soul
To search for wisdom, and with reason's art
Build the fair argument. Behold the throngs
Press on the speaker, drawing still more close
In denser circles, as his thrilling tones
Speak of the God who "warneth everywhere
Men to repent," and of that fearful day
When he shall judge the world. Loud tumult wakes,
The tide of strong emotion hoarsely swells,
And that blessed voice is silent. They have mocked
At Heaven's high messenger, and he departs
From the wide circle. But his graceful hand
Points to an altar, with its mystic scroll
"The Unknown God." O Athens! is it so!
Thou who has crowned thyself with woven rays
As a divinity and called the world
Thy pilgrim-worshipper, dost thou confess
Such ignorance and shame? "The Unknown God!"
Why, all thy hillocks and resounding streams
Do boast their deity, and every house,
Yea, every beating heart within thy walls
May chose its temple and its priestly train,

Victim and garland and appointed rite;
 Thou makest the gods of every realm thine own,
 Fostering with maddened hospitality
 All forms of idol worship. Can it be
 That still thou foundst not Him who is so near
 To every one of us, in whom we live,
 And move, and have a being?" Found Him not
 Of whom thy poets speak with child-like awe?

And thou philosophy, whose art refined
 Did aim to pierce the labyrinth of fate,
 And compass with a fine-spun, sophist web
 This mighty universe—didst thou fall short
 Of the Upholding Cause? The Unknown God!
 Thou, who didst smile to find the admiring world
 Crouch as a pupil to thee, wert thou blind?
 Blinder than he, who in his humble cot,
 With hardened hand, his daily labour done,
 Turned the page of Jesus, and doth read,
 With toil, perchance, that the trim school-boy scorns,
 Counting him, in his arrogance, a fool.
 Yet shall that poor, wayfaring man lie down
 With such a hope as thou couldst never teach
 Thy king-like sages—yea, a hope that plucks
 The sting from death, the victory from the grave!

8.—CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

Cato also, in his hand Plato's book on the *Immortality of the Soul*; a drawn sword on the table beside him.)

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me:
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,

(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—*this* must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest—Cato knows neither of them,
Indiff'rent in his choice, to sleep or die.

ADDISON.

9.—THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.*

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground!
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muses' tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

* The battle of Marathon, in which Miltiades, the Athenian, defeated the hosts of invading Persians, under Datis and Artaphernes, was fought 490 before the advent of our Saviour.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave the same—
Unchanged in all, except its foreign lord,
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame :
The battle-field—where Persia's victim-horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,
As on the morn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word,
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career !

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow !
The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear !
Mountains above—earth's, ocean's plain below !
Death in the front—destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene,—what now remaineth here ?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around !

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth !
But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died !

LORD BYRON.

10.—ANCIENT GREECE.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That *this* is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame
They, too, will rather die than shame.
For freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won !
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Ablest it many a deathless age !
While kings in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die !

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace
Each step from splendour to disgrace.
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way
To villains' bonds and despots' sway.

LORD BYRON.

11.—RUINS OF THE COLISEUM.

It is no fiction, but plain, sober, honest truth to say, they who will, may in imagination have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust, going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, now strike upon the stranger, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, as this so suggestive and distinct as it is at this hour.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit—chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the Palace of the Cæsars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of wicked wonderful Old Rome! haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now—a ruin. God be thanked—a ruin!

Here was ancient Rome, indeed, at last; and such a Rome as one can imagine it in its full and awful grandeur! We wandered out upon the Appian Way, and then went on, through miles of ruined tombs and broken walls, with here and there a desolate and uninhabited house; past the Circus of Romulus, where the course of the chariots, the stations of the judges, competitors, and spectators, are yet as plainly to be seen as in old time; past the tomb of Cecilia Metella; past all inclosure, hedge or stake, wall or fence; away upon the open Campagna, where on that side of Rome, nothing is to be beheld but Ruin. Except where the distant Apennines bound the view upon the left, the whole wide prospect is one field of ruin: broken aqueducts, left in the most picturesque and beautiful clusters of arches;

broken temples; broken tombs: a desert of decay, sombre and desolate beyond all expression; and with a memorable history in every stone that strews the silent ground.

CHARLES DICKENS.

12.—ANCIENT ROME.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day!—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance hath wrapt, and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err.
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and alas !
The treble hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
Alas for earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

LORD BYRON.

13.—THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

The eyes of thousands glanced on him, as mid the cirque he
stood,
Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast mul-
titude.
The prison damp had paled his cheek, and on his lofty
brow
Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plow.
Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his
eye,
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth
to die !
Yet joy was beaming in that eye, while from his lips a
prayer
Passed up to heaven, and faith secured his peaceful dwell-
ing there.
Then calmly on his foes he looked ; and, as he gazed, a tear
Stole o'er his cheeks ; but 't was the birth of pity, not of
fear.
He knelt down on the gory sand—once more he looked
toward heaven ;
And to the Christian's God he prayed that they might be
forgiven.
But, hark ! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar
Is heard, like thunder, mid the swell on a tempestuous
shore !
And forth the Lybian savage bursts—rolls his red eyes
around ;
Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him to the
ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear; the instinctive love
of life

One struggle made, but vainly made, in such unequal strife,
Then with the scanty stream of life his jaws the savage dyed;
While, one by one, the quivering limbs his bloody feast supplied.

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting crowd's
delight;

And Beauty gazed unshrinkingly on that unhallowed sight.
But say, what evil had he done?—what sin of deepest hue?—
A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian martyr
knew!

But where his precious blood was spilt, even from that
barren sand,

There sprang a stem, whose vigorous boughs soon over-
spread the land:

O'er distant isles its shadow fell; nor knew its roots decay,
Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and rule had passed
away.

REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

14.—SALATHIEL TO TITUS.

Son of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may
in the next be an exile or a slave: I have ties to life as
strong as ever were bound round the heart of man: I stand
here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would imbitter
mine! Yet, not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my
family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing
at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the
impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of
Holiness.

Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of
the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is
sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery—often
has she been trampled by the armies of the stranger. But
she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow
inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world; he
plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity.
How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty
extinguished in blood, and an enemy of his throne?—The

Persian came: from her protector, he turned into her oppressor; and his empire was swept away like the dust of the desert!—The Syrian smote her: the smiter died in agonies of remorse; and where is his kingdom now?—The Egyptian smote her: and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies?

Pompey came: the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities, the light of Rome; the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her temple; and from that hour he went down—down, like a stone plunged into the ocean! Blind counsel, rash action, womanish fears, were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep? What sands were coloured with his blood? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hand of a slave! Crassus came at the head of the legions: he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb!

You, too, son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by force of arms; and then you may return to your own land exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil? Shall you see a peaceful old age? Shall a son of yours ever sit upon the throne? Shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name?

REV. DR CROLY.

15.—CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS.

To form a just estimate of Cæsar's aims, look to his triumphs after the surrender of Utica—Utica, more honoured in being the grave of Cato, than Rome in having been the cradle of Cæsar.

We read that Cæsar triumphed four times. First, for his victory over the Gauls; secondly, over Egypt; thirdly, over Pharnaces; lastly, over Juba, the friend of Cato. His first, second, and third triumphs were, we are told, magnificent. Before him marched the princes and noble foreigners of the countries he had conquered: his soldiers, crowned with

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16.—

laurels, followed him; and the whole city attended with acclamations. This was well!—the conquerer should be honoured. His fourth triumph approaches—as magnificent as the former ones. It does not want its royal captives, its soldiers crowned with laurels, or its flushed conqueror, to grace it; nor is it less honoured by the multitude of its spectators:—but they send up no shout of exultation; they heave loud sighs; their cheeks are frequently wiped; their eyes are fixed upon one object, that engrosses all their senses—their thoughts—their affections—it is the statue of Cato!—carried before the victor's chariot! It represents him rending open his wound, and tearing out his bowels; as he did in Utica, when Roman liberty was no more! Now, ask if Cæsar's aim was the welfare of his country!—Now, doubt if he was a man governed by a selfish ambition! Now, question whether he usurped, for the mere sake of usurping! He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not content to cause the statue of Scipio and Petrius to be carried before him, but he must be graced by that of Cato! He is not content with the simple effigy of Cato; he must exhibit that of his suicide! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty; they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last—her fatal struggle!

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

16.—CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

Honour is the subject of my story—
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
 We have both fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he;
 For, once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with its shores,
 Cæsar says to me, —“Darest thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?”—Upon the word,
 Accoutered as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow; so indeed he did,
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;
 With lusty sinews throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried,—“Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan,
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 “Alas!” it cried—“Give me some drink, Titinius”—
 As a sick girl.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone!

SHAKESPEARE.

17.—CICERO'S APPEAL AGAINST CATILINE.

Conscript Fathers, a camp is pitched against the Roman republic within Italy, on the very borders of Etruria. Every day adds to the number of the enemy. The leader of those enemies, the commander of that encampment, walks within the walls of Rome; takes his seat in this senate, the heart of Rome; and, with venomous mischief, rankles in the inmost vitals of the commonwealth. Catiline, should I, on the instant, order my lictors to seize and drag you to the stake, some men might even then, blame me for having procrastinated punishment; but no man could criminate me for a faithful execution of the laws. They shall be executed. But I will neither act, nor will I suffer, without full and sufficient reason. Trust me, they shall be executed: and then, even then, when there shall not be found a man

so flagitious, so much a Catiline, as to say you were not ripe for execution.

Was not the night before the last sufficient to convince you that there is a good genius protecting that republic, which a ferocious demoniac is laboring to destroy? I aver, that on that same night you and your conspirators assembled. Can even your own tongue deny it? Yet secret! Speak out, man; for, if you do not, there are some I see around me who shall have an agonizing proof that I am true in my assertion.

Good and great gods, where are we? What city do we inhabit? Under what government do we live? Here—here, conscript fathers, mixed and mingled with us all—in the centre of this most grave and venerable assembly—are men sitting, quietly incubating a plot against my life, against all your lives—the life of every virtuous senator and citizen; while I, with the whole nest of traitors brooding beneath my eyes, am parading in the petty formalities of debate; and the very men appear scarcely vulnerable by my voice, who ought long since to have been cut down with the sword. Proceed, Catiline, in your meritorious career! Go where destiny and desire are driving you! Evacuate the city for a season. The gates stand open. Begone! What a pity that the Manlian army should look so long for their general! Take all your loving friends along with you; or, if that be a vain hope, take, at least, as many as you can, and cleanse the city for some short time. Let the walls of Rome be the mediators between me and thee; for, at present, you are much too near. I will not suffer you; I will not longer endure you!

Lucius Catiline, away! Begin as soon as you can this shameful and unnatural war. Begin it, on your part, under the shade of every dreadful omen; on mine, with the sure and certain hope of safety to my country, and glory to myself: and, when this you have done, then, do Thou, whose altar was first founded by the founder of our state—Thou, the establisher of this city, pour out thy vengeance upon this man, and all his adherents! Save us from his fury; our public altars, our sacred temples, our houses and household gods, our liberties, our lives. Pursue, tutelary god! pursue them, these foes to the gods and to goodness—these plunderers of Italy—these assassins of Rome! Erase them out of this life; and in the next let thy vengeance follow them still, insatiable, implacable, immortal!

CICERO.

18.—CÆSAR AND THE CATILINE CONSPIRACY.

Conscript fathers,
In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate or love, anger or pity;
For where the least of these do hinder, there
The mind not easily discerns the truth.
I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
For whom you stand; and to the present cause:
That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Than to your honour. If there could be found
A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
I would devise and help; but if the greatness
Of what they have done exceed all man's invention,
I think it fit to stay where our laws do.
Poor petty states may alter upon humor,
Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
Because they are obscure; their fame and fortune
Is equal and the same; but they that are
Head of the world, and live in that seen height
All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
The greater fortune hath the lesser license.
They must not favour, hate, and least be angry;
A lover of the state and one that would not,
In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
I know too, well, his manners and his modesty;
Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
'Gainst such delinquence what can be too bloody?
But that it is abhorring from our state;
Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'twere vain to think, for fear;
When by the diligence of so worthy a consul,
All is made safe and certain. Is't for punishment?
Why death's the end of evils, and a rest
Rather than torment: it dissolves all griefs;
And beyond that, is neither care nor joy.
You hear my sentence would not have them die.
How then? set free, and increase Catiline's army?
So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave fathers,
I judge them, first, to have their states confiscate;

RACY.

Then, that their persons remain prisoners
 In the free towns, far off from Rome, and sever'd ;
 Where they might neither have relation,
 Hereafter, to the senate or the people,
 Or, if they had, those towns then to be mulcted,
 As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

BEN JONSON.

 RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave, not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame ;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ! lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbour,—there he stands,—
 Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonour—men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common :
 I have known deeper wrongs.

I, that speak to ye

I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy : there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give

To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother, at once, and son ! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance !

Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !
 Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters ? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonoured ; and, if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king ! And once again,—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus !—once again, I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free ; her sons
 Shall yet walk forth as princes !

MISS MITFORD.

20.—GREEK AND LATIN AUTHORS COMPARED.

Dignity and polish are the especial attributes of Latin literature in its happiest age ; it betrays the habitual influence of an aristocracy, wealthy, magnificent, and learned. To borrow a phrase from Persius—its words sweep along as if clothed with the toga. Whether we take the sonorous lines of Virgil, or the swelling periods of Cicero, the easier dignity of Sallust, or the patrician simplicity of Cæsar, we are sensible that we are with a race accustomed to a measured decorum, a majestic self-control, unfamiliar to the more lively impulse of small Greek communities. Even Horace himself, so brilliant and easy, and so conscious of this *monumentum ære perennius*, affects disdain of popular applause, and informs us with a kind of pride that his satires had no vogue in the haunts of the common people.

Every bold school-boy takes at once to Homer, but it is only the experienced man of the world who discovers all the delicate wit, and the exquisite urbanity of sentiment,

that win our affection to Horace in proportion as we advance in life. In short, the Greek writers warm and elevate our emotions as men—the Latin writers temper emotions to the stately reserve of high-born gentlemen. The Greeks fire us more with the inspirations of poetry, or (as in Plato and parts of Demosthenes) to that sublimer prose to which poetry is akin; but the Latin writers are perhaps on the whole, though I say it with hesitation, safer models for that accurate construction and decorous elegance by which classical prose divides itself from the forms of verse. Nor is elegance effeminate, but on the contrary nervous and robust, though, like the statue of Apollo, the strength of the muscle is concealed by the undulation of the curves. But there is this, as a general result from the study of ancient letters, whether Greek or Roman; both are the literature of grand races, of free men and brave hearts; both abound in generous thoughts and high examples; both, whatever their occasional license, inculcate upon the whole the habitual practice of many virtues; both glow with the love of country; both are animated by the desire of fame and honour. Therefore, whatever be our future profession and pursuit, however they may take us from the scholastic closet, and forbid any frequent return to the classic studies of our youth, still we, whose early steps have been led into that land of demi-gods and heroes, will find that its very air has enriched through life the blood of his thoughts, that he quits the soil with a front which the Greek has directed towards the stars and a step which Imperial Rome has disciplined to the march that carried her eagles round the entire world.

LORD LYTTON.

PART IV.—(*Continued.*)

(II. LATIN.)

1.—CÆSARIS ET POMPEII COMPARATIO.

Ex Lucani "Pharsalia." . Lib. I.

Morte tuâ discussa fides ; bellumque movere
 Permissum ducibus : stimulos dedit æmula virtus.
 Tu, nova ne veteres obscurant acta triumphos,
 Et victis cedat piratica laurea Gallis,
 Magne, times : te jam series ususque laborum
 Erigit, impatiensque loci fortuna secundi.
 Nec quemquam jam ferre potest, Cæsarve priorem
 Pompeiusve parem. Quis justius induit arma,
 Scire nefas : magno se judice quisque tuetur :
 Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.
 Nec coiêre pares : alter, vergentibus annis
 In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu,
 Dedidicit jam pace ducem ; famæque petitor,
 Multa dare in vulgus : totus popularibus auris
 Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri :
 Nec reparare novas vires ; multumque priori
 Credere fortunæ. Stat magni nominis umbra.
 Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro,
 Exuvias veteres populi, sacrataque gestans
 Dona ducum ; nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
 Pondere fixa suo est ; nudosque per aëra ramos.
 Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram
 At, quamvis primo nutet casura sub Euro,
 Tot circum silvæ firmo se robore tollant,
 Sola tamen colitur. Sed non in Cæsare tantum
 Nomen erat, nec fama ducis : sed nescia virtus
 Stare loco ; solusque pudor non vincere bello.
 Acer, et indomitus, quo spes, quoque ira vocâsset,
 Ferre manum, et nunquam temerando parcere ferro :
 Successus urgere suos ; instare favori
 Numinis ; impellens quidquid sibi summa petenti
 Obstaret ; gaudensque viam fecisse ruinâ.
 Qualiter expressum ventis per nubila fulmen,
 Ætheris impulsu sonitu, mundique fragore,
 Emicuit, rupitque diem, populosque paventes
 Terruit, obliquâ præstringens lumina flammâ :
 In sua templa furit ; nullâque exire vetante
 Materiâ, magnamque cadens, magnamque revertens,
 Dat stragem late, sparsosque recolligit ignes.

2.—GERMANICI AD MILITES SUOS NUPER REBELLES
ORATIO.*E Taciti "Annal."* Lib. i. cap. 42.

Non mihi uxor aut filius patre et republica cariores sunt : sed illum quidem sua majestas, imperium Romanum ceteri exercitus defendent : conjugem et liberos meos, quas pro gloria vestra libens ad exitium offerrem, nunc procul a furentibus submoveo : ut, quidquid istuc sceleris imminet, meo tantum sanguine piecur ; neve occisus Augusti pronepos, interfecta Tiberii nurus, nocentiores vos faciat. Quid enim per hos dies inausum intemperatumve vobis ? quod nomen huic cætui dabo ? *militēs*ne appellem ? qui filium imperatoris vestri vallo et armis circumsedistis. An *cives* ? Quibus tam projecta senatus auctoritas : hostium quoque jus, et sacra legationis, et fas gentium rupistis. Divus Julius seditionem exercitus verbo uno compescuit, *Quirites* vocando, qui sacramentum ejus detrectabant. Divus Augustus vultu et aspectu Actiacas legiones exterruit : nos, ut nondum eosdem, ita ex illis ortos, si Hispaniæ Syriæve miles aspernaretur, tamen mirum et indignum erat. Primane et vicesima legiones, illa signis a Tiberio acceptis, tu tot præliorum socia, tot premiis aucte, egregiam duci vestro gratiam refertis ! hunc ego nuntium patri, læta omnia aliis e provinciis audienti, feram ? ipsius tirones, ipsius veteranos, non missione, non pecunia satiatos : hic tantum interfici centuriones, ejici tribunos, includi legatos : infecta sanguine castra, flumina : meque precariam animam inter infensos trahere ?

'Cur enim, primo concionis die, ferrum illud, quod pectori meo intigere parabam, detraxistis ? O improvidi amici ! melius et amantius ille, qui gladium offerebat : cecidissem certe, nondum tot flagitiorum exercitui meo conscius : legissetis ducem, qui meam quidem mortem impunitam sineret, Vari tamen et trium legionum ulcisceretur. Neque enim Dii sinant, ut Belgarum, quamquam offerentium, decus istud et claritudo sit, subvenisse Romano nomini, compressisse Germaniæ populos. Tua, dive Auguste, cælo recepta mens ; tua, pater Druse, imago, tui memoria, iisdem istis cum militibus, quos jam pudor et gloria intrat, eluant hanc maculam, irasque civiles in exitium hostibus vertant. Vos quoque, quorum alia nunc ora, alia pectora contueor, si legatos senatui, obsequium imperatori, si mihi conjugem ac filium redditis, discedite a contactu, ac dividite turbidos : id stabile ad poenitentiam, id fidei vinculum erit,'

3.—MORS OMNIBUS COMMUNIS.

T. Lucretius. Lib. III.

Hoc etiam tibi Tute interdum dicere possis :
 Lumina sis oculis etiam bonus Ancu' reliquit,
 Qui melior multis, quàm, Tu, fuit Improbe, rebus.
 Inde alii multi reges, rerumque potentes
 Occiderunt, magnis qui gentibus imperitârunt.

Ille quoque Ipse, viam qui quondam per mare magnum
 Stravit, iterque dedit legionibus ire per altum,
 Ac pedibus salsas docuit super ire lacunas :
 Et contempsit, aquis insultans, murmura ponti,

Lumine ademto, animam moribundo corpore fudit.

Scipiades, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,
 Ossa dedit terræ, proinde ac famul infimus esset.

Adde repertoires doctrinarum, atque leporum,
 Adde Heliconiadum comites ; quorum unus Homerus
 Sceptra potitus, eadem aliis sopitu' quiete 'st :

Denique Democritum postquam matura vetustas
 Admonuit memorem motus languescere Mentis,
 Sponte sua letho caput obviu' obtulit ipse.

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ,
 Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
 Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius Sol.

Tu verò dubitabis, et indignabere obire,
 Mortua quôï vita est prope jam vivo, atque videnti ?
 Qui somno partem majorem conteris ævi ?
 Et vigilans stertis, nec somnia cernere cessas,
 Sollicitamque geris cassa formidine mentem ?
 Nec reperire potes, quid sit tibi sæpe mali, cùm
 Ebrius urgeris multis Miser undique curis,
 Atque animi incerto fluitans errore vagaris ?

Si possent Homines, proinde ac sentire videntur,
 Pondus inesse Animo quod se gravitate fatiget,
 Et quibus id fiat causis cognoscere, et unde
 Tanta mali tanquam moles in pectore constet ;
 Haud ita vitam agerent, ut nunc plerumque videmus.
 Quid sibi quisque velit, nescire, et querere semper,
 Commutare locum, quasi onus deponere possit.

QUIS VERE REX.

4.—*E Senecæ "Thyeste."*

Regem non faciunt opes,
Non vestis Tyriæ color,
Non frontis nota regiæ,
Non auro nitidæ fores.
Rex est, qui posuit metus,
Et diri mala pectoris :
Quem non ambitio impotens,
Et nunquam stabilis favor
Vulgi præcipitis, movet :
Non quidquid fodit Occidens,
Aut unda Tagus aurea
Claro devehit alveo ;
Nonquid quid Libycis terit
Fervens area messibus.
Quem non concutiet cadens
Obliqui via fulminis ;
Non Eurus rapiens mare,
Aut sævo rabidus freto
Ventosi tumor Adriæ ;
Quem non lancea militis,
Non strictus domuit chalybs :
Qui, tuto positus loco,
Infra se videt omnia ;
Occurritque suo libens
Fato, nec queritur mori.
Reges convenient licet,
Qui sparsos agitant Dahas :
Qui rubri vada litoris,
Et gemmis mare lucidum
Late Sanguineum tenent ;
Aut qui Caspia fortibus
Recludunt juga Sarmatis.
Certet, Danubii vadum
Audet qui pedes ingredi ;
Et quocunque loco jacent
Seres vellere nobiles ;
Mens regnum bona possidet.
Nil ullis opus est equis,
Nil armis, et inertibus
Telis, quæ procul ingerit
Parthus, cum simulat fugas :

Admotis nihil est opus
 Urbes sternere machinis,
 Longe saxa rotantibus.
 Rex est, qui metuit nihil,
 Rex est, qui cupiet nihil :
 Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.
 Stet, quicunque volet, potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico ;
 Me dulcis saturet quies.
 Obscuro positus loco,
 Leni perfruar otio ;
 Nullis nota Quiritibus
 Ætas per tacitum fluat.
 Sic cum transierint mei
 Nullo cum strepitu dies,
 Plebeius moriar senex.
 Illi mors gravis incubat,
 Qui, notus nimis omnibus
 Ignotus moritur sibi.

5.—GLORIÆ MILITARIS VANITAS.

Juvenal. Sat. x.

Bellorum exuviæ, truncis affixa tropæis
 Lorica, et fracta de casside buccula pendens,
 Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
 Aplustre, et summo tristis captivus in arcu,
 Humanis majora bonis creduntur. Ad hæc se
 Romanus, Grajusque, ac barbarus induperator
 Erexit : causas discriminis atque laboris
 Inde habuit. Tanto major famæ sitis est quam.
 Virtutis. Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
 Præmia si tollas ? patriam tamen obruit olim
 Gloria paucorum, et laudis titulique cupido
 Hæsuris saxis, cinerum custodibus ; ad quæ
 Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus :
 Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulcris.

Expende Hannibalem : quot libras in duce summo
 Invenies ? Hic est, quem non capit Africa, Mauro
 Percussa Oceano, Niloque admota tepenti,
 Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, altosque Elephantos.
 Additur imperiis Hispania : Pyrenæum
 Transilit. Opposuit natura Alpemque nivemque :

Diducit scopulos, et montem rumpit aceto.
 Jam tenet Italiam; tamen ultra pergere tendit;
 "Actum," inquit, nihil est, nisi Pœno milite portas
 Frangimus, et media vexillum pono Saburra."
 O qualis facies, et quali digna tabella,
 Cum Gætula ducem portaret bellua luscum!
 Exitus ergo quis est? O gloria! vincitur idem
 Nempe, et in exilium præceps fugit, atque ibi, magnus
 Mirandusque cliens, sedet ad prætoria regis,
 Donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.
 Finem animæ, que res humanas miscuit olim,
 Non gladii, non saxa dabunt, non tela; sed ille
 Cannarum vindex, ac tanti sanguinis ultor,
 Annulus. I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
 Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias!
 Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:
 Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
 Ut Gyari clausus scopulis, parvaque Seripho.
 Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,
 Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur,
 Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.—Creditor olim
 Velificatus Athos; et quidquid Græcia mendax
 Audet in historia: constratum classibus isdem,
 Suppositumque rotis solidum mare: credimus altos
 Defecisse amnes, epotaque flumina Medo
 Prandente, et madidis cantat quæ Sostratus alis.
 Ille tamen qualis rediit, Salamine relicta,
 In Corum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis,
 Barbarus, Æolio nunquam hoc in carcere passos;
 Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum?
 Mitius id sane, quam quod vel stigmate dignum
 Credidit. Huic quisquam vellet servire Deorum?
 Sed qualis rediit? nempe, una nave, cruentis
 Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prora.
 Has toties optata exegit gloria pœnas.

6.—FAMA.

OVID. MET. xii. 43.

Fama tenet, summâque domum sibi legit in arce:
 Innumerosque aditus, ac mille foramina tectis
 Addidit, et nullis inclusit limina portis;
 Nocte dieque patent. Tota est ex ære sonanti:

Tota fremit, vocesque refert, iteratque, quod audit.
 Nulla quies intus, nullâque silentia parte.
 Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis:
 Qualia de pelagi, si quis procul audiat, undis
 Esse solent: qualemve sonum, cum Jupiter atras
 Increpuit nubes, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
 Atria turba tenet: veniunt leve vulgus, euntque:
 Mixtaque cum veris passim commenta vagantur
 Millia rumorum, confusaque verba volutant.
 E quibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures:
 Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
 Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
 Illic Credulitas, illic temerarius Error,
 Vanaque Lætitia est, consternatique Timores,
 Seditioque repens, dubioque auctore Susurri.
 Ipsa, quid in cœlo rerum, pelagoque geratur,
 Et tellure, videt totumque inquit in orbem.

7.—SOMNUS.

STATIUS. THEB. x. 84.

Stat super occiduae nebulosa cubilia noctis,
 Æthiopasque alios, nulli penetrabilis astro
 Lucus iners, subterque cavis grave rupibus antrum
 It vacuum in montem, qua desidis atria Somni
 Securumque larem segnis Natura locavit.
 Limen opaca Quies, et pigra Oblivia servant,
 Et nunquam vigili torpens Ignavia vultu.
 Otia vestibulo, pressisque Silentia pennis
 Muta sedent, abiguntque truces a culmine ventos,
 Et ramos errare vetant, et murmura demunt
 Alitibus: non hic pelagi, licit omnia clament
 Littora, non ullus cœli fragor: ipse profundis
 Vallibus effugiens speluncæ proximus amnis
 Saxa inter scopulosque tacet: nigrantia circ
 Armenta, omne solo recubat pecus, et
 Germina, terrarumque inclinat spiritus
 Mille intus simulacra dei cælaverat ardens
 Mulciber: hic hæret lateri redimita Voluptas
 Hic comes in requiem vergens Labor: est ubi Baccho,
 Est ubi Martigenæ socium pulvinar Amori
 Obtinet: interius tectum in penetralibus altis
 Et cum Morte jacet: nullique ea tristis imago.

Ipse autem, vacuus curis, humentia subter
 Antra soporifero stipatus flore tapetas
 Incubat: exhalant vestes, et corpore pigro
 Strata calent, supraque torum niger efflat anhelio
 Ore vapor: manus hæc fusos a tempore lævo
 Sustentat crines, hæc cornu oblita remisit.

8.—DE SOMNO.

OVID. MET. xi. 592.

Est prope Cimmerios longo spelunca recessu,
 Mons cavus, ignavi domus ec penetralia Somni:
 Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediusve, cadensve
 Phœbus adire potest. Nebulæ caligine mixtæ
 Exhalantur humo, dubiæque crepuscula lucis.
 Non vigil ales ibi cristati cantibus oris
 Evocat Auroram: nec voce silentia rumpunt
 Sollicitive canes, canibusve sagacior anser.
 Non fera, non pecudes, non moti flamine rami,
 Humanæve sonum reddunt convicia lingue.
 Muta quies habitat. Saxo tamen exit ab imo
 Rivus aquæ Lethes: per quem cum murmure labens
 Invitat somnos crepitantibus unda lapillis.
 Ante fores antri fecunda papavera florent,
 Innumeræque herbæ: quarum de lacte soporem
 Nox legit, et spargit per opacas humida terras.
 Janua, quæ verso stridorem cardine reddat,
 Nulla domo totâ; custos in limine nullus.
 At medio torus est, ebено sublimis in atrâ,
 Plumeus, unicolor, pullo velamine tectus:
 Quo cubat ipse deus, membris languore solutis.
 Hunc circa passim, varias imitantia formas,
 Somnia vana jacent totidem, quot messis aristas,
 Sylva gerit frondes, ejectas littus arenas.

9.—URBS SYON AUREA.

(JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.)

Laus Patriæ cælestis: Bernard de Clugny.

Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea cive decora,
 Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.
 Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,
 Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis:

Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit.
 O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.
 Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,
 Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serenam :
 Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,
 Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
 Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis ;
 Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;
 Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite
 In Syon ædibus editiorebus Israëlitaë.
 Urbs Syon inelyta, gloria debita glorificandis,
 Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis :
 Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,
 Pectora flammea spe modo, postea sorte lucrantur.
 Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cœlo,
 Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelio :
 Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,
 Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro.
 Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinit ore,
 Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia plena decore ;
 Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, o Syon, o pax,
 Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax ;
 O sine luxibus, o sine luctibus, o sine lite
 Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ !

O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,
 Ad tua nomina sobria lumina collacrimantur :
 Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
 Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
 Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paridisus,
 Non ibi lacrima, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
 Est ibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo :
 Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo ;
 Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus ;
 Est tua fabrica concio cœlia, gemmaque Christus.
 Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,
 Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.
 Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, Sponsa decora,
 Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora :
 Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,
 Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa :
 Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
 Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conjubilare.

10.—ORATIO AD SS. TRINITATEM.

Me receptet Syon illa,
 Syon, David urbs tranquilla,
 Cujus faber Auctor lucis,
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
 Cujus muri Capis vivus,
 Cujus custos Rex festivus.
 In hâc urbe lux solennis,
 Ver æternum, pax perennis :
 In, hâc odor implens cœlos,
 In hâc, semper festum melos ;
 Non est ibi corruptela,
 Non defectus, non querela ;
 Non minuti, non deformes,
 Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
 Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
 Super petram collocata,
 Urbs in portu satis tuto,
 De longinquo te saluto,
 Te saluto, te suspiro,
 Te affecto, te requiro.
 Quantum tui gratulantur,
 Quam festive convivantur,
 Quis affectus eos stringat,
 Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
 Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
 Norunt illi qui sunt intus.
 In plateis hujus urbis,
 Sociatus piis turbis,
 Cum Moyse et Eliâ,
 Pium cantem Alleluya !

HILDEBERT.

11.—DIES IRÆ.

DE NOVISSIMO JUDICIO.—THOMAS DE CALANO.

Dies iræ, dies illa
 Solvet sæclum in favillâ,
 Teste David cum sibyllâ.
 Quantus tremor est futurus,
 Quando Judex est venturus,
 Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

12.—DIES IRÆ.

PARS II.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus,

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpâ rubet vultus meus:
Supplici parco, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne !

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.

PART IV.—(*Continued.*)

(III. GREEK.)

1.—NEPTUNUS AD CASTRA GRÆCORUM PROFICIS- CITUR.

Ex Homeri "Iliade." N.

Οὐ δ' ἄλασσκοπιὴν εἶχε κρείων Ἑρσίσχθων·
Καὶ γὰρ ὁ θαυμάζων ἦστο πτόλεμόν τε μάχην τε
'Υψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης
Θρηϊκίης· ἐνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,
Φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.
'Ενθ' ἄρ' ὅγ' ἐξ ἁλὸς ἔζετ' ἰὼν, ἐλέαιρε δ' Ἀχαιοὺς
Τρωσὶν δαμναμένους, Διὶ δὲ κρατερῶς ἐνεμέσσα.
Αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ ὄρεος κατεβήσατο παιπαλόνετος,
Κραιπνὰ ποσὶ προβιβάς· τρέμε δ' οὔρε' ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Περσεϊδάωνος ἰόντο,
Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον, ἔκετο τέκμωρ,

Αἰγὰς· ἐνθα δέ οἱ κλυτὰ δώματα βένθεσι λίμνης,
 Χρύσεα, μαρμαίροντα τετεύχεται, ἀφθιτα αἰεὶ.
 Ἔνθ' ἐλθὼν, ὑπ' ὀχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππω,
 Ὡκυπέτα, χρυσέησιν ἐθείρησιν κομόωντε.
 Χρυσὸν δ' αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροῖ· γέντο δ' ἰμάσθλην
 Χρυσείην, ἐτύκτον, ἐοῦ δ' ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου·
 Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ἐπὶ κύματ'· ἀταλλε δὲ κήτε ὑπ' αὐτοῦ
 Πάντοθεν ἐκ κευθμῶν, οὐδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἀνακτα·
 Γηθοσύνη δὲ θάλασσα δίστατο· τοὶ δὲ πέτοντο
 ῥίμφα μάλ'· οὐδ' ὑπένερθε διαίνετο χάλκεος ἄξων·
 Τὸν δ' ἐς Ἀχαιῶν νῆας ἐόσκαρθμοι φέρον ἵπποι.
 Ἔστι δὲ τι σπέος εὐρὺ βαθείης βένθεσι λίμνης,
 Μεσσηγὺς Τενέδοιο καὶ Ἰμβρον παιπαλοέσσης·
 Ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων,
 Λύσας ἐξ ὀχέων, παρὰ δ' ἀμβρόσιον βάλεν εἶδαρ
 Ἔδμεναι· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ πέδας ἔβαλε χρυσείας,
 Ἀρρήκτους, ἀλύτους, ὅφρ' ἐμπεδον αἴθι μένοιεν
 Νοστήσαντα ἀνακτα· ὁ δ' ἐς στρατὸν ᾤχετ' Ἀχαιῶν.

2.—DESCRIPTIO NOCTIS SERENÆ.

Ex Homeri "Iliade." Θ.

Οἱ δὲ, μέγα φρονέοντες, ἐπὶ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
 Εἶατο παννύχιοι· πυρὰ δὲ σφισι καίετο πολλά.
 Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
 Φαίνεται ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ,
 Ἐκ τ' ἔφανε πᾶσαι ἀκοπιαὶ, καὶ πρόωνες ἄκροι,
 Καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερῤῥάγη ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,
 Πάντα δὲ τ' εἶδεται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δὲ τε φρένα ποιμήν·
 Τόσσα, μεσηγὺ τῶν ἡδὲ Ξάνθοιο ῥοάων,
 Τρώων καίωντων πυρὰ φαίετο Ἰλιόθι πρό.
 Χίλι' ἄρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίετο· πᾶρ δὲ ἐκάστω
 Εἶατο πεντήποντα, σέλα πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
 Ἴπποι δὲ κρὶ λευκὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας,
 Ἔσταότες παρ' ὀχεσφιν, ἐύθρονον Ἡῶ μίμνον.

3.—VITAM PRIVATAM PRINCIPATU POTIOREM ESSE.

Ex Sophoclis "Œdipo Tyranno.—Creontis Oratio.

Σκέψαι δὲ τοῦτο πρῶτον, εἴ τιν' ἂν δοκεῖς
 ἄρχειν ἐλέσθαι ξὺν φόβοισι μᾶλλον, ἢ
 ἄτρεστον εὐδοντ', εἰ τὰ γ' αὐθ' ἔξει κράτη.
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν οὐτ' αὐτὸς ἱμείρων ἔφην
 τύραννος εἶναι μᾶλλον, ἢ τύραννα δρᾶν,
 οὐτ' ἄλλος ὅστις σωφρονεῖν ἐπίσταται.
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκ σοῦ πάντ' ἄνευ φόβου φέρω
 εἰ δ' αὐτὸς ἤρχον, πολλὰ κὰν ἄκων ἔδρων.
 πῶς δῆτ' ἐμοὶ τυραννὶς ἡδίων ἔχειν
 ἀρχῆς ἀλύπου καὶ δυναστείας ἔφυ;
 οὐπω τοσοῦτον ἠπατημένος κυρῶ,
 ὥστ' ἄλλα χρῆζειν, ἢ τὰ σὺν κέρδει καλά.
 νῦν πᾶσι χαίρω, νῦν με πᾶς ἀσπάζεται·
 νῦν οἱ σέθεν χρῆζοντες ἐκκαλοῦσί με.
 τὸ γὰρ τυχεῖν αὐτοῖς ἅπαντ' ἐνταῦθ' ἐνι.
 πῶς δῆτ' ἐγὼ κεῖν' ἂν λάβοιμ' ἀφείς τάδε;
 οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο νοῦς κακὸς καλῶς φρονῶν.
 ἀλλ' οὐτ' ἐραστῆς τῆσδε τῆς γυνῶνς ἔφην,
 οὐτ' ἂν μετ' ἄλλου δρῶντος ἂν τλαίην ποτέ.
 καὶ τῶνδ' ἔλεγχον, τοῦτο μὲν, Πυθῶδ' ἰὼν
 πείθου τὰ χρησθέντ', εἰ σαφῶς ἠγγειλά σοι
 τοῦτ' ἄλλ', ἐάν με τῷ τερασκόπῳ λάβης
 κοινῇ τι βουλευσάντα, μή μ' ἀπλῇ κτάνης
 ψήφῳ, διπλῇ δέ, τῇ τ' ἐμῇ καὶ σῇ, λαβὼν.
 γνῶμῃ δ' ἀδήλῳ μή με χωρὶς αἰτιῶ.
 οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον οὔτε τοὺς κακοὺς μάτην
 χρηστοὺς νομίζειν, οὔτε τοὺς χρηστοὺς, κακοῦς.
 φίλον γὰρ ἐσθλὸν ἐκβαλεῖν, ἴσον λέγω,
 καὶ τὸν παρ' αὐτῷ βίοντον, ὃν πλείστον φιλεῖ.
 ἀλλ' ἐν χρόνῳ γνώσει τὰδ' ἀσφαλῶς· ἐπεὶ
 χρόνος δίκαιον ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν ἄνθρωπος·
 κακὸν δὲ κὰν ἐν ἡμέρᾳ γνώης μιν.

4.—PATRIÆ AMOR.

E Thucydidis "Historiâ." Lib. II.

Καὶ οἶδε μὲν, προσηκόντως τῇ πόλει, τοιοῖδε ἐγένοντο· τοὺς δὲ λοιποὺς χρὴ ἀσφαλεστέραν μὲν εὔχεσθαι, ἀτολμοτέραν δὲ μηδὲν ἀξιοῦν τὴν ἐς τοὺς πολεμίους διάνοιαν ἔχειν, σκοποῦντας μὴ λόγῳ μόνῳ τὴν ὠφέλειαν, (ἣν ἂν τις πρὸς οὐδὲν χεῖρον αὐτοὺς ὑμᾶς εἰδότας μηκύνει, λέγων ὅσα ἐν τῷ τοὺς πολεμίους ἀμύνεσθαι ἀγαθὰ ἐνεστίν,) ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον τὴν τῆς πόλεως δύναμιν καθ' ἡμέραν ἐργῶ θεωμένους, καὶ ἐραστὰς γιγνομένους αὐτῆς, —καὶ, ὅταν ὑμῖν μεγάλη δόξα εἶναι, ἐνθυμουμένους ὅτι τολμῶντες, καὶ γινώσκοντες τὰ δέοντα, καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἔργοις αἰσχυρόμενοι ἄνδρες αὐτὰ ἐκτίσαντο· καὶ ὁπότε καὶ πείρα του σφαλεῖησαν, οὐκ οὖν καὶ τὴν πόλιν γε τῆς σφέτερας ἀρετῆς ἀξιοῦντες στερίσκειν, κάλλιστον δὲ ἔρανον αὐτῇ ποιεῖμενοι. κοινῇ γὰρ τὰ σώματα διδόντες, ἰδίᾳ τὸν ἀγῆρων ἐπαινοῦν ἐλάμβανον, καὶ τὸν τάφον ἐπισημότατον, οὐκ ἐν ᾧ κεῖνται μᾶλλον, ἀλλ' ἐν ᾧ ἡ δόξα αὐτῶν παρὰ τῷ ἐντυχόντι ἀεὶ καὶ λόγου καὶ ἔργου καιρῷ ἀείμνηστος καταλείπεται. ἀνδρῶν γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἐκάστῳ, τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου, ἐνδαιτύεται. οὗς νῦν ὑμεῖς ζηλώσαντες, καὶ τὸ εὐδαιμον τὸ ἐλεύθερον, τὸ δὲ ἐλεύθερον τὸ εὐψυχον κρίναντες, μὴ περιορᾶσθε τοὺς πολεμικοὺς κινδύνους. οὐ γὰρ οἱ κακοπραγοῦντες δικαιοτέρον ἀφειδοῖεν ἂν τοῦ βίου, οἷς ἐλπίς οὐκ ἔστ' ἀγαθοῦ, ἀλλ' οἷς ἢ ἐναντία μεταβολὴ ἐν τῷ ζῆν ἔτι κινδυνεύεται, καὶ ἐν οἷς μάλιστα μεγάλα τὰ διαφέροντα, ἣν τι πταίσωσιν. ἀλγεινότερα γὰρ ἀνδρὶ γε φρόνημα ἔχοντι ἢ [ἐν τῇ] μετὰ τοῦ μαλακισθῆναι κάκως, ἢ ὁ μετὰ βώμης καὶ κοινῆς ἐλπίδος ἅμα γιγνόμενος ἀναίσθητος θάνατος.

5.—ATHENIENSES PRO GRÆCIA PROPUGNATURI
ITA SPARTANIS RESPONDENT.*E Herodoti "Historiâ." Lib. VIII.*

Τὸ μὲν δεῖσαι Λακεδαιμονίους μὴ ὁμολογήσωμεν τῷ Βαρβάρῳ κάρτα ἀνθρωπῆιον ἦν. ἀτὰρ αἰσχυρῶς γε εἶκατε, ἐξεπιστάμενοι τῶν Ἀθηναίων

τὸ φρόνημα, ἀρρώδησαι· ὅτι οὔτε χρυσὸς ἐστὶ γῆς οὐδαμῶδι τοσοῦτος, οὔτε χώρα κάλλει καὶ ἀρετῇ μέγα ὑπερφέρειν, τὰ ἡμεῖς δεξάμενοι ἐθέλομεν ἂν μηδίσαντες καταδουλώσαι τὴν Ἑλλάδα. Πολλὰ τε γὰρ καὶ μεγάλα ἐστὶ τὰ διακωλύοντα ταῦτα μὴ ποιέειν, μὴδ' ἦν ἐθέλωμεν, πρῶτα μὲν καὶ μέγιστα, τῶν θεῶν τὰ ἀγάλματα καὶ τὰ οἰκήματα ἐμπεπρησμένα τε καὶ συγκεχωσμένα· τοῖσι ἡμέας ἀναγκαίως ἔχει τιμωρέειν ἔς τὰ μέγιστα μᾶλλον ἢ περ ὁμολογέειν τῷ ταῦτα ἐργασαμένῳ. αὐτοῖς δὲ, τὸ Ἑλληνικὸν ἐὶν ὁμαιμόν τε καὶ ὁμόγλωσσον, καὶ θεῶν ἰδρύματά τε κοινὰ καὶ θυσίαι, ἡθεὶς τε ὁμότροπα· τῶν προδότας γενέσθαι Ἀθηναίους οὐκ ἂν εὖ ἔχοι· ἐπίστασθαι τε οὕτω, εἰ μὴ πρότερον ἐτυγχάνετε ἐπιστάμενοι, ἔστ' ἂν καὶ εἰς περιττὴν Ἀθηναίων, μηδαμῶ ὁμολογήσουντας ἡμέας Ξέρξη. Ὑμέων μέντοι ἀγάμεθα τὴν προνοίην τὴν ἐς ἡμέας ἔχουσαν, ὅτι προεΐδετε ἡμέων οἰκοφθορημένων οὕτω, ὥστε ἐπιθρέψαι ἐθέλειν ἡμέων τοὺς οἰκέτας. καὶ ὑμῖν μὲν ἡ χάρις ἐκπεπλήρωται· ἡμέες μέντοι λιπαρήσομεν οὕτω, ὥπως ἂν ἔχωμεν· οὐδὲν λυπέοντες ὑμέας. Νῦν δὲ, ὥς οὕτω ἐχόντων, στρατιὴν ὥς τάχιστα ἐκπέμπετε. ὥς γὰρ ἡμέες εἰκάζομεν, οὐκ ἐκὰς χρόνον παρέσται ὁ Βάρβαρος ἐσβαλὼν ἐς τὴν ἡμετέραν, ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴν τάχιστα πύθηται τὴν ἀγγελίην, ὅτι οὐδὲν ποιήσομεν τῶν ἐκείνος ἡμέων προσεδέετο. πρὶν ὧν παρεῖναι ἐκείνον ἐς τὴν Ἀττικὴν, ἡμέας καιρὸς ἐστὶ προσβῶ-
θῆσαι ἐς τὴν Βοιωτίην.

6.—XERXES DELATUS ABYDUM COPIAS SUAS LUSTRAT.

Ex Herodoti "Historiâ." Lib. vii.

Ἐπεὶ δ' ἐγένοντο ἐν. Ἀβύδῳ, ἡθέλησε Ξέρξης ἰδέσθαι πάντα τὸν στρατόν. καὶ προεπεποίητο γὰρ ἐπὶ κολωνοῦ ἐπίτηδες αὐτῷ ταύτῃ προεξέδρη λίθου λευκοῦ· ἐποίησαν δὲ Ἀβυδηνοὶ, ἐντειλαμένου πρό-
τερον βασιλέως· ἐνθαῦτα ὥς ἵζετο, κατορῶν ἐπὶ τῆς ἡϊόνος ἐθηίτο καὶ τὸν πεζὸν καὶ τὰς νέας· θηούμενος δὲ ἡμέρη τῶν νεῶν ἀμίλλαν γινομένην ἰδέσθαι. ἐπεὶ δ' ἐγένετό τε καὶ ἐνίκων Φοίνικες Σιδώνιοι ἦσθαι τε τῇ ἀμίλλῃ καὶ τῇ στρατιῇ. Ὡς δὲ ὦρα πάντα μὲν τὸν Ἑλλησποντον ὑπὸ τῶν νεῶν ἀποκεκρυμμένοι, πάσας δὲ τὰς ἀκτὰς καὶ τὰ Ἀβυδηνῶν πεδία ἐπίπλεα ἀνθρώπων, ἐνθαῦτα Ξέρξης ἐκινετο

TURI

ω κάρτα
θηναίων

ἐμακάρισε· μετὰ οὐ τοῦτο ἐδάκρυσε. Μαθὼν δέ μιν Ἀρτάβανος ὁ πάτρως, ὃς τὸ πρῶτον γνώμην ἀπεδέξατο ἐλευθέρως οὐ συμβουλευῶν Ξέρξῃ στρατεύεσθαι ἐπὶ τὴν Ἑλλάδα, οὗτος ὤνηρ φρασθεὶς Ξέρξεα δακρύσαντα εἶρετο τάδε· “ὦ βασιλεῦ, ὥς πολὺ ἀλλήλων κεχωρισμένα ἐργάσαο νῦν τε καὶ ὀλίγῳ πρότερον; μακαρίσας γὰρ σεωντὸν δακρύεις.” Ὁ δὲ εἶπε· “Ἐσῆλθε γάρ με λογισάμενον κατοικτεῖραι ὥς βραχὺ εἴη ὁ πᾶς ἀνθρώπινος βίος, εἰ τουτέων γε ἔοντων τοσούτων οὐδεὶς ἐς ἑκατοστὸν ἔτος περιέσται.” Ὁ δὲ ἀμείβετο λέγων· “Ἔτερα τοῦτου παρὰ τὴν ζόην πεπόνθαμεν οἰκτρότερα. ἐν γὰρ οὕτω βραχεὶ βίῳ οὐδεὶς οὕτω ἀνθρώπος ἔδν εὐδαίμων πέφυκε, οὔτε τουτέων, οὔτε τῶν ἄλλων, τῷ οὐ παραστήσεται πολλάκις, καὶ οὐκ ἅπαξ, τεθνάναι βούλεσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ ζῶειν. αἱ τε γὰρ συμφοραὶ προσπίπτουσιν, καὶ οἱ νοῦσοι συνταράσσουσιν, καὶ βραχὺν ἔοντα μακρὸν δοκέειν εἶναι ποιεῖσι τὸν βίον. οὕτῳ ὁ μὲν θάνατος, μοχθηρῆς ἐούσης τῆς ζόης, καταφυγὴ αἰρετωτάτη τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ γέγονε· ὁ δὲ θεὸς γλυκὺν γείσας τὸν αἰῶνα φθονερὸς ἐν αὐτῷ εὐρίσκεται ἑών.”

7.—QUO PACTO OMNIA ITA PERAGI POSSINT, UT DIIS SINT GRATA.

Epicteti Dissert. ab Arriano digest. Lib. I. c. 13.

Πυθομένου δέ τινος, πῶς ἔστιν ἐσθίειν ἀρεστῶς Θεοῖς; Εἰ δὲ οὐκ αἰσῶς ἔστιν, ἔφη, καὶ εὐγνωμένως, καὶ ἰσως, καὶ ἐγκρατῶς, καὶ κοσμίως, οὐκ ἔστι καὶ ἀρεστῶς τοῖς Θεοῖς; Ὅταν δὲ θερμὸν αἰτήσαντός σου, μὴ ὑπακούῃς ὁ παῖς, ἢ ὑπακούσας χλιαρώτερον ἐνέγκῃ, ἢ μὴ εὖρεθῇ ἐν τῇ οἰκίᾳ· τὸ μὴ χαλεπαίνειν, μὴδὲ ῥήγνυσθαι, οὐκ ἔστιν ἀρεστὸν τοῖς Θεοῖς; Πῶς οὖν τις ἀνάσχηται τῶν τοιούτων; Ἀνδράποδον, οὐκ ἀνέξῃ τοῦ ἀδελφοῦ τοῦ σαυτοῦ, ὃς ἔχει τὸν Δία πρόγονον, ὥσπερ υἱὸς ἐκ τῶν αὐτῶν σπερμάτων γέγονε, καὶ τῆς αὐτῆς ἀνωθεν καταβολῆς; Ἀλλ' εἰ ἐν τινι τοιαύτῃ χώρᾳ κατετάγῃς ὑπερεχούσῃ, εὐθὺς τύραννον καταστήσεις σεαυτὸν; οὐ μεμνήσῃ τίς εἰ, καὶ τίνων ἀρχεῖς; ὅτι συγγενῶν, ὅτι ἀδελφῶν φύσει; ὅτι τοῦ Διὸς ἀπογόνων; Ἀλλ' ὡνὴν αὐτῶν ἔχω, ἐκεῖνοι δ' ἐμοῦ οὐκ ἔχουσιν. Ὅρᾳς ποῦ βλέπεις; ὅτι εἰς τὴν γῆν, ὅτι εἰς τὸ βάραθρον, ὅτι εἰς τοὺς ταλαιπώρους τούτους νόμους τούτων τῶν νεκρῶν; εἰς δὲ τοὺς τῶν Θεῶν οὐ βλέπεις.

8.—HOMINES ANIMALIBUS CETERIS LONGE ANTECELLUNT.

Sophocles. Antig. 334.

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν ἀνθρώπον δεινότερον πέλει
 τοῦτο καὶ πολλοῦ πέραν πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ
 χωρεῖ, περιβρυχίοισιν
 περῶν ὑπ' οἰδμασιν,
 θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν, γῆν
 ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν ἀποτρίεται,
 ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος, ἱππεύῳ γένει πολεῦν.
 Κουφονόων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει
 καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη, πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν
 σπείραισι δικτυοκλώστοις,
 περιφραδῆς ἀνήρ.
 κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραύλου
 θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'
 ἵππον ἔξεται ἀμφίλοφον ζυγὸν οὐρειὸν τ' ἀκμῆτα ταῦρον.
 Καὶ φθέγμα καὶ ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα καὶ ἀστυνόμους
 ὀργὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ δυσαύλων
 πάγων αἶθρια καὶ
 δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,
 παντοπόρος·
 ἄπαρος ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
 τὸ μέλλον· "Αἶδα μόνον
 φεύξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται·
 νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων
 φυγὰς ξυμπέφρασται.
 Σοφὸν τι τὸ μηχανόεν τέχνας ὑπερ' ἐλπίδ' ἔχων
 ποτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσθλὸν ἔρπει,
 νόμους παρείρων χθονὸς
 θεῶν τ' ἐνορκον δίκαν
 ὑψίπολις·
 ἀπολις ὅτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν
 ξύνεστι τόλμας χάριν.
 μήτ' ἐμοὶ παρέστιος
 γένοιτο μήτ' ἴσον
 φρονῶν δὲ τὰδ' ἔρδει.

Ἐς δαιμόνιον τέρας ἀμφοῖν
 τόδε, πῶς εἰδὼς ἀντιλογήσω
 τήνδ' οὐκ εἶναι παῖδ' Ἀντιγόνην.
 ὦ δύστηνος
 καὶ δύστηνον πατὴρ Οἰδιπόδα,
 τί ποτ'; οὐδὲν πού σε γ' ἀπιστοῦσαν
 τοῖς βασιλείοις ἀπάγουσι νόμοις
 καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ καθελόντες;

9.—EX MORIBUS FACTISQUE SUIS INGENUI SUNT
 JUDICANDI.

Euripides. Elect. 563.

οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκριβὲς οὐδὲν εἰς εὐανδρίαν
 ἔχουσι γὰρ παραγμὸν αἱ φύσεις βροτῶν.
 ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον ἄνδρα γενναίου πατρός
 τὸ μηδὲν ὄν, χρηστά τ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
 λιμόν τ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς πλουσίου φρονήματι,
 γνώμην τε μεγάλην ἐν πένῃ σωματι.
 πῶς οὖν τις αὐτὰ διαλαβὼν ὀρθῶς κρινεῖ;
 πλοῦτι; πονηρῷ γ' ἄρα χρήσεται κριτῇ·
 ἢ τοῖς ἔχουσι μηδέν; ἀλλ' ἔχει νόσον
 πενία, διδάσκει δ' ἄνδρα τῇ χρεῖα κακόν.
 ἀλλ' εἰς ὅπλ' ἔλθω; τίς δὲ πρὸς λόγχην βλέπων
 μάρτυς γένοιτ' ἂν ὅστις ἔστιν ἀγαθός;
 κράτιστον εἰκῇ ταῦτ' εἶναι ἀφειμένα.
 οὗτος γὰρ ἄνθρωπος οὐτ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέγας
 οὐτ' αὖ δοκῇσι δωμάτων ὠγκωμένος,
 ἐν τοῖς τε πολλοῖς ὢν ἀριστος εὐρέθη.
 οὐ μὴ φρονήσῃ, ὅτ' κενῶν δοξασμάτων
 πλήρεις πλανᾷσθε· τῇ δ' ὁμιλίᾳ βροτοὺς
 κρινεῖτε καὶ τοῖς ἡθεσιν τοὺς εὐγενεῖς.
 οἱ γὰρ τοιοῦδε τὰς πόλεις οἰκοῦσιν εὖ
 καὶ δωμαθ', αἱ δὲ σάρκες οἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν
 ἀγάλματ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν. οὐδὲ γὰρ δόρυ
 μᾶλλον βραχίων σθεναρὸς ἀσθενοῦς μένει·
 ἐν τῇ φύσει δὲ τοῦτο κἂν εὐψυχία.

PART V.

FRENCH PIECES.

1.—O CANADA ! MON PAYS ! MES AMOURS !

Comme le dit un vieil adage :
Rien n'est si beau que son pays ;
Et de le chanter, c'est l'usage ;
Le mien je chante à mes amis. (*bis.*)

L'étranger voit avec un œil d'envie
Du Saint-Laurent le majestueux cours ;
A son aspect le Canadien s'écrie :
O Canada ! mon pays ! mes amours ! } *bis.*
Mon pays, mon pays, mes amours ! (*bis.*)

Maints ruisseaux et maintes rivières
Arrosent nos fertiles champs ;
Et de nos montagnes altières,
De loin on voit les longs penchans.
Vallons, côteaux, forêts, chutes, rapides,
De tant d'objets est-il plus beau concours ?
Qui n'aimerait tes lacs aux eaux limpides ?
O Canada ! mon pays ! mes amours !

Les quatre saisons de l'année
Offrent tour-à-tour leurs attraits.
Le printemps, l'amante enjouée
Revoit ses fleurs, ses verts bosquets.
Le moissonneur, l'été, joyeux s'apprête
A recueillir le fruit de ses labours,
Et tout l'automne et tout l'hiver, on fête.
O Canada ! mon pays ! mes amours !

Le Canadien, comme ses pères,
Aime à chanter, à s'égayer.
Doux, aisé, vif en ses manières,
Poli, galant, hospitalier,

A son pays il ne fut jamais traître,
 A l'esclavage il résista toujours ;
 Et sa maxime est la paix, le bien-être
 Du Canada, son pays, ses amours.

Chaque pays vante ses belles ;
 Je crois bien que l'on ne ment pas ;
 Mais nos Canadiennes comme elles
 Ont des grâces et des appas.
 Chez nous la belle est aimable, sincère ;
 D'une Française elle a tous les atours,
 L'air moins coquet, pourtant assez pour plaire.
 O Canada ! mon pays ! mes amours !

O mon pays ! de la nature
 Vraiment tu fus l'enfant chéri ;
 Mais l'étranger souvent parjure,
 En ton sein, le trouble a nourri.
 Puissent tous tes enfants enfin se joindre,
 Et valeureux voler à ton secours !
 Car le beau jour déjà commence à poindre.
 O Canada ! mon pays ! mes amours !

HON. G. E. CARTIER.

1.—CHANSON PATRIOTIQUE.

Riches cités, gardez votre opulence :
 Mon pays seul a des charmes pour moi :
 Dernier asile où règne l'innocence,
 Quel pays peut se comparer à toi ?
 Dans ma douce patrie,
 Je veux finir ma vie ;
 Si je quittais ces lieux chers à mon cœur,
 Je m'écritrais : j'ai perdu le bonheur !

Combien de fois, à l'aspect de nos belles,
 L'Européen demeure extasié !
 Si par malheur il les trouve cruelles,
 Leur souvenir est bien tard oublié.
 Dans ma douce patrie,
 Je veux finir ma vie ;
 Si je quittais ces lieux chers à mon cœur,
 Je m'écritrais : j'ai perdu le bonheur !

Si les hivers couvrent nos champs de glaces
 L'été les change en limpides courants,
 Et nos bosquets fréquentés par les grâces
 Servent encor de retraite aux amants.

Dans ma douce patrie,
 Je veux finir ma vie ;
 Si je quittais ces lieux chers à mon cœur,
 Je m'écrierais : j'ai perdu le bonheur !

Oh ! mon pays, vois comme l'Angleterre
 Fait respecter partout ses léopards ;
 Tu peux braver les fureurs de la guerre,
 La liberté veille sur nos remparts.

Dans ma douce patrie,
 Je veux finir ma vie ;
 Si je quittais ces lieux chers à mon cœur,
 Je m'écrierais : j'ai perdu le bonheur !

HON. A. N. MORIN.

3.—CHANSON DU BATELIER CANADIEN.

(The Canadian Boat Song.)

Doucement, doucement, comme tintent les douces cloches
 du soir, que nos voix gardent l'accord et nos rames la ca-
 dence. Bientôt, l'ombre des bois noircissant sur la rive,
 nous chanterons à Sainte-Anne notre hymne de départ.
 Ramez, frères, ramez ; le courant se précipite, les Rapides
 sont proches, et le jour va pâlir !

Pourquoi nous faudrait-il déployer notre voile, quand
 pas une brise ne fait onduler la vague bleue ! mais quand
 le vent soufflera du rivage, alors doucement nous laisserons
 reposer nos rames fatiguées. Soufflez, brises, soufflez ; le
 courant se précipite, les Rapides sont proches, et le jour a
 pâli !

Flot d'Outaouais ! cette lune tremblante bientôt nous
 verra flotter sur ta lame écumeuse ; Sainte de l'île Verte,
 écoute nos prières : accorde-nous des cieux sereins et des
 vents favorables ! Soufflez, brises, soufflez ! le courant se
 précipite, les Rapides sont proches, et le jour s'est éteint.

THOMAS MOORE.

4.—LA VALLÉE D'OVOCA, OU LA RENCONTRE DES EAUX.

(The Vale of Ovoca.)

Il n'est pas dans ce vaste monde de vallée aussi délicieuse que la vallée au sein de laquelle ces eaux brillantes se réunissent. Oh! les derniers rayons de sentiment et de vie s'effaceront de mon cœur avant qu'il perde le souvenir de cette contrée fleurie!

Cependant ce n'était point parce que la nature avait répandu avec profusion sous ces frais ombrages son cristal le plus pur, sa verdure la plus fraîche; ce n'était pas la douce magie du ruisseau ou de la colline; oh! non, c'était quelque chose de plus ravissant encore!

C'était parce que les bien-aimés de mon âme étaient proches que ces lieux enchantés me devenaient si chers. Oh! qui n'a senti ce que les charmes de la nature gagnent à être réfléchis dans les regards de ce qu'on aime!

Douce vallée d'Ovoca, que j'aimerais à reposer, avec les amis que je chéris le plus, dans ton sein ombragé! là expireraient les orages qui nous assiègent en ce monde glacé! là nos cœurs se mêleraient, comme tes ondes, dans un suave repos!

THOMAS MOORE.

5.—LA HARPE DE TARA.

(“The Harp that once through Tara's Hall.”)

La harpe qui jadis versait l'harmonie dans la salle de Tara, aujourd'hui pend muette à ses murailles, comme si son âme avait fui: ainsi sommeille l'orgueil des anciens jours, ainsi le tressaillement de la gloire est passé, et les cœurs que faisait palpiter la louange ne battent plus pour elle.

La harpe de Tara ne retentit plus pour les chefs et les brillantes dames. La corde qui se rompt dans le silence de la nuit raconte seule cette histoire de ruine. Ainsi la liberté ne s'éveille plus que rarement, et le dernier sanglot d'un noble cœur qui se brise est le seul signe de vie qu'elle donne encore!

6.—L'ISOLEMENT.

(*"Oft in the Stilly Night."*)

Souvent, pendant le calme de la nuit, avant que le sommeil ait enchaîné mes sens, la mémoire ramène autour de moi la lumière des jours passés, les sourires, les pleurs de l'adolescence, les mots d'amour, si chers alors, les yeux qui brillaient, maintenant ternis ou fermés, les cœurs joyeux qui ne palpitent plus!

Ainsi, pendant la nuit paisible, avant que le sommeil ait enchaîné mes sens, le triste souvenir évoque les clartés des jours écoulés.

Quand je me rappelle tous les amis que j'ai vus tomber autour de moi, comme les feuilles dans le brouillard d'automne, il me semble parcourir seul la salle déserte des banquetts : les flambeaux sont éteints, les guirlandes sont flétries, tous les convives ont disparu, tous, excepté moi seul!

Ainsi, pendant la nuit paisible, avant que le sommeil se soit appesanti sur moi, le triste souvenir évoque les pâles lueurs des jours qui ne sont plus!

THOMAS MOORE.

7.—ORIGINE DE LA LANGUE FRANCAISE.

Quand les Romains conquièrent la Gaule, leur séjour et leurs lois y donnèrent d'abord la prééminence à la langue latine; et quand les Francs leur succédèrent, la religion chrétienne, qui jetait ses fondements dans ceux de la monarchie, confirma cette prééminence. On parla latin à la cour, dans les cloîtres, dans les tribunaux et dans les écoles; mais les jargons que parlait le peuple corrompirent peu à peu cette latinité, et en firent corrompus à leur tour. De ce mélange naquit cette multitude de patois qui vivent encore dans nos provinces. L'un d'eux devait un jour être la langue française.

Il serait difficile d'assigner le moment où ces différents dialectes se dégagèrent du celtique, du latin et de l'allemand: on voit seulement qu'ils ont dû se disputer la souveraineté dans un royaume que le système féodal avait divisé en tant de petits royaumes. Il suffira de dire que la France, naturellement partagée par la Loire, eut deux patois auxquels

on peut rapporter tous les autres, le *picard* et le *provençal*. Des princes s'exercèrent dans l'un et l'autre, et c'est aussi dans l'un et l'autre que furent d'abord écrits les romans de chevalerie et les petits poèmes du temps. Du côté du midi florissaient les *Troubadours*, et du côté du nord les *Trouveurs*. Ces deux mots, qui au fond n'en font qu'un, expriment assez bien la physionomie des deux langues.

Si le *provençal*, qui n'a que des sons pleins, eût prévalu, il aurait donné au français l'éclat de l'espagnol et de l'italien ; mais le midi de la France, toujours sans capital et sans roi, ne put contenir la concurrence du nord, et l'influence du patois *picard* s'accrut avec l'influence de la couronne. C'est donc le génie clair et méthodique de ce jargon, et sa prononciation un peu sourde, qui dominent aujourd'hui dans la langue française.

Mais quoique cette nouvelle langue eût été adoptée par la cour et la nation, et que dès l'an 1260 un auteur italien lui eût trouvé assez de charmes pour la préférer à la sienne, cependant l'église, l'université et les parlements la repoussèrent encore, et ce ne fut que dans le seizième siècle qu'on lui accorda solennellement les honneurs dûs à une langue légitimée.

RIVAROL.

8.—L'HISTOIRE.

Le sort des nations, comme une mer profonde,
A ses écueils cachés et ses gouffres mouvants.
Aveugle qui ne voit, dans les destins du monde,
Que le combat des flots sous la lutte des vents.

Un souffle immense et fort domine ces tempêtes.
Un rayon du ciel plonge à travers cette nuit.
Quand l'homme aux cris de mort mêle le cri des fêtes,
Une secrète voix parle dans ce vain bruit.

Les siècles tour-à-tour, ces gigantesques frères,
Différents par leur sort, semblables dans leurs vœux,
Trouvent un but pareil par des routes contraires,
Et leurs fanaux divers brillent des mêmes feux.

Muse ! il n'est point de temps que tes regards n'embrassent ;
Tu suis dans l'avenir leur cercle solennel ;
Car les jours, et les ans, et les siècles ne tracent
Qu'un sillon passager dans le fleuve éternel.

Bourreaux, n'en doutez pas, n'en doutez pas, victimes !
 Elle porte en tous lieux son immortel flambeau,
 Plane au sommet des monts, plonge au fond des abîmes,
 Et souvent fonde un temple où manquait un tombeau.

Elle apporte leur palme aux héros qui succombent,
 Du char des conquérants brise le frère essieu,
 Marche en rêvant au bruit des empires qui tombent,
 Et dans tous les chemins montre le pas de Dieu !

Du vieux palais des temps elle pose le faite ;
 Les siècles à sa voix viennent se réunir ;
 Sa main, comme un captif honteux de sa défaite,
 Traîne tout le passé jusque dans l'avenir.

Recueillant les débris du monde en ses naufrages,
 Son œil de mers en mers suit le vaste vaisseau,
 Et sait voir tout ensemble, aux deux bornes des âges,
 Et la première tombe et le dernier berceau !

VICTOR HUGO.

9. —ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.

Adieu, charmant pays de France
 Que je dois tant chérir !
 Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
 Adieu ! te quitter, c'est mourir !

Toi que j'adoptai pour patrie,
 Et d'où je crois me voir bannir,
 Entends les adieux de Marie,
 France, et garde son souvenir.
 Le vent souffle, on quitte la plage,
 Et, peu touché de mes sanglots,
 Dieu, pour me rendre à ton rivage,
 Dieu n'a point soulevé les flots !

Lorsqu'aux yeux du peuple que j'aime
 Je ceignis les lis éclatants,
 Il applaudit au rang suprême
 Moins qu'aux charmes de mon printemps.
 En vain la grandeur souveraine
 M'attend chez le sombre Ecossais ;
 Je n'ai désiré d'être reine
 Que pour régner sur des Français.

L'amour, la gloire, le génie
 Ont trop enivré mes beaux jours ;
 Dans l'inculte Calédonie
 De mon sort va changer le cours.
 Hélas ! un présage terrible
 A livré mon cœur à l'effroi :
 J'ai cru voir, dans un songe horrible,
 Un échafaud dressé pour moi !

France, du milieu des alarmes,
 La noble fille des Stuarts,
 Comme en ce jour qui voit ses larmes,
 Vers toi tournera ses regards.
 Mais, las ! le vaisseau trop rapide
 Déjà vogue sous d'autres cieux,
 Et la nuit, dans son voile humide,
 Dérobe tes bords à mes yeux !

Adieu ! charmant pays de France
 Que je dois tant chérir !
 Berceau de mon heureuse enfance,
 Adieu ! te quitter, c'est mourir !

BERANGER.

10.—MONARCHIE ET GOUVERNEMENT POPULAIRE.

Corneille, Cinna, II. I.

Si l'amour du pays doit ici prévaloir,
 C'est son bien seulement que vous devez vouloir ;
 Et cette liberté, qui lui semble si chère,
 N'est pour Rome, seigneur, qu'un bien imaginaire,
 Plus nuisible qu'utile, et qui n'approche pas
 De celui qu'un bon prince apporte à ses états :
 Avec ordre et raison les honneurs il dispense,
 Avec discernement punit et récompense,
 Et dispose de tout en juste possesseur,
 Sans rien précipiter de peur d'un successeur.
 Mais quand le peuple est maître, on n'agit qu'en tumulte ;
 La voix de la raison jamais ne se consulte ;
 Les honneurs sont vendus aux plus ambitieux,
 L'autorité livrée aux plus séditeux.

Ces petits souverains qu'il fait pour une année,
 Voyant d'un temps si court leur puissance bornée
 Des plus heureux desseins font avorter le fruit,
 De peur de le laisser à celui que les suit ;
 Comme ils ont peu de part aux biens dont ils ordonnent,
 Dans le champ du public largement ils moissonnent,
 Assurés que chacun leur pardonne aisément,
 Espérant à son tour un pareil traitement.

11.—MENTIR EST UN ODIEUX VICE.

Montaigne, Essais, I. 9.

En vérité le mentir est un maudict vice : nous ne sommes hommes, et ne nous tenons les uns aux autres que par la parole. Si nous en cognoissons l'horreur et le poids, nous le poursuivrions à feu plus justement que d'autres crimes. Je trouve qu'on s'amuse ordinairement à chastier aux enfants des erreurs innocentes, très mal à propos, et qu'on les tourmente pour des actions téméraires qui n'ont ny impression ny suite. La menterie seule et, un peu au dessous, l'opiniastreté, me semble estre celles desquelles on devroit à toute instance combattre la naissance et le progrès ; elles croissent quand et eulx : et depuis qu'on a donné ce faulx train à la langue, c'est merveille combien il est impossible de l'en retirer : par où il advient que nous voyons des honnestes hommes d'ailleurs, y estre subjects et asservis. Si, comme la vérité, le mensonge n'avoit qu'un visage, nous serions en meilleurs termes ; car nous prendrions pour certain l'opposé de ce que diroit le menteur ; mais le revers de la vérité a cent mille figures et un champ indéfiny.

12.—LES DEUX PEDANTS.

MOLIERE (Les Femmes Savantes, act. III, sc. 5.)

TRISSOTIN, VADIUS, PHILAMINTE (*c'est chez Philaminte, femme bel-esprit, que se sont rencontrés les deux Pédants.*)

Triss. Vos vers ont des beautés que n'ont point tous les autres.

Vad. Les Grâces et Vénus règnent dans tous les vôtres.

Triss. Vous avez le tour libre et le beau choix des mots.

Vad. On voit partout chez vous l'*ithos* et le *pathos*.

Triss. Nous avons vu de vous des églogues d'un style
Qui passe en doux attraits Théocrite et Virgile.

Vad. Vos odes ont un air noble, galant et doux,
Qui laisse de bien loin votre Horace après vous.

Triss. Est-il rien d'amoureux comme vos chansonnettes ?

Vad. Peut-on voir rien d'égal aux sonnets que vous faites ?

Triss. Rien qui soit plus charmant que vos petits rondeaux ?

Vad. Rien de si plein d'esprit que tous vos madrigaux ?

Triss. Aux ballades surtout vous êtes admirable.

Vad. Et dans les bouts-rimés je vous trouve adorable.

Triss. Si la France pouvait connaître votre prix,

Vad. Si le siècle rendait justice aux beaux esprits,

Triss. En carosse doré vous iriez par les rues.

Vad. On verrait le public vous dresser des statues.

(*A Triss.*) Hom ! c'est une ballade, et je veux que tout net
Vous m'en. . .

Triss. à Vad. Avez-vous vu certain petit sonnet
Sur la fièvre qui tient la princesse Uranie ?

Vad. Oui. Hier il me fut lu dans une compagnie.

Triss. Vous en savez l'auteur ?

Vad. Non ; mais je sais fort bien
Qu'à ne le point flatter, son sonnet ne vaut rien.

Triss. Beaucoup de gens pourtant le trouvent admirable.

Vad. Cela n'empêche pas qu'il ne soit misérable ;
Et, si vous l'avez vu, vous serez de mon goût.

Triss. Je sais que là-dessus je n'en suis point du tout,
Et que d'un tel sonnet peu de gens sont capables.

Vad. Me préserve le ciel d'en faire de semblables !

Triss. Je soutiens qu'on ne peut en faire de meilleur ;
Et ma grande raison, c'est que j'en suis l'auteur.

Vad. Vous ? *Triss.* Moi.

Vad. Je ne sais donc comment se fit l'affaire.

Triss. C'est qu'on fut malheureux de ne pouvoir vous plaire.

Vad. Il faut qu'en écoutant j'aie eu l'esprit distrait,
Ou bien que le lecteur m'ait gâté le sonnet.
Mais laissons ce discours, et voyons ma ballade.

Triss. La ballade, à mon goût, est une chose fade :
Ce n'en est plus la mode ; elle sent son vieux temps.

Vad. La ballade pourtant charme beaucoup de gens.

Triss. Cela n'empêche pas qu'elle ne me déplaie.

Vad. Elle n'en reste pas pour cela plus mauvaise.

Triss. Elle a pour les pédants de merveilleux appas.

Vad. Cependant nous voyons qu'elle ne vous plaît pas.

Triss. Vous donnez sottement vos qualités aux autres.

(*Ils se lèvent.*)

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Philam.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad.

Triss.

Vad. Fort impertinemment vous me jetez les vôtres.

Triss. Allez, petit grimaud, barbouilleur de papier.

Vad. Allez, rimeur de balle, opprobre du métier.

Triss. Allez, fripier d'écrits, impudent plagiaire.

Vad. Allez, cuistre....

Philaminte. Hé ! messieurs, que prétendez-vous faire ?

Triss. à Vad. Va, va restituer tous les honteux larcins
Que réclament sur toi les Grecs et les Latins.

Vad. Va, va-t-en faire amende honorable au Parnasse
D'avoir fait à tes vers estropier Horace.

Triss. Souviens-toi de ton livre et de son peu de bruit.

Vad. Et toi, de ton libraire à l'hôpital réduit.

Triss. Ma gloire est établie, en vain tu la déchires.

Vad. Oui, Oui, je te renvoie à l'auteur des satires.

Triss. Je t'y renvoie aussi.

Vad. J'ai le contentement

Qu'on voit qu'il m'a traité plus honorablement.

Il me donne en passant une atteinte légère

Parmi plusieurs auteurs qu'au palais on révère ;

Mais jamais dans ses vers il ne te laisse en paix,

Et l'on t'y voit partout être en butte à ses traits.

Triss. C'est par là que j'y tiens un rang plus honorable :

Il te met dans la foule, ainsi qu'un misérable ;

Il croit que c'est assez d'un coup pour t'accabler :

Et ne t'a jamais fait l'honneur de redoubler :

Mais il m'attaque à part comme un noble adversaire

Sur qui tout son effort lui semble nécessaire ;

Et ses coups, contre moi redoublés en tous lieux,

Montrent qu'il ne se croit jamais victorieux.

Vad. Ma plume t'apprendra quel homme je puis être.

Triss. Et la mienne saura te faire voir ton maître.

Vad. Je te défie en vers, prose, grec et latin.

Triss. Hé bien ! nous nous verrons seul à seul chez Barbin.

PART VI.

DIALOGUES.

1.—HAMLET'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

CHARACTERS:—HAMLET AND THE PLAYERS.

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for out-doing Termagant; it out herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Players. I warrant your honor.

Hamlet. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature: to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, overweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have

so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous: and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

2.—SHYLOCK LENDING HIS DUCATS.

CHARACTERS :—SHYLOCK, BASSANIO, AND ANTONIO.

Bass. Canst thou lend three thousand ducats Jew?

Shy. THREE thousand ducats,—well!

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound. He is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no. My meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards; sailors but men. There be land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient :—three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork and eat it! Ba! I will buy

with you, sell with you, talk with you, and walk with you ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto ?

[*Enter Antonio.*—Who is he comes here ?

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !

I hate him, for he is a Christian ;

But more, for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,

Even there where merchants most do congregate,

On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,

Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe

If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating on my present store ;

And, by the near guess of my memory,

I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats : what of that ?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me.

To Antonio. Rest you fair, good signior ;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom.

Shy. Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage.

Ant. I never do it.

Bass. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,

On the Rialto, you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances :

Still have I born it with a patient shrug ;

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gabardine ;

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well, then, it now appears you need my help :

Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say,

“ Shylock, we would have moneys : ” you say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 "Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
 Shall I bend low, and, in a bondsman's key,
 With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this:—

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day; another time
 You called me dog; and for these courtesies,
 I'll lend you this much moneys?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends—
 But lend it rather to thine enemy;
 Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
 Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit
 Of usance for my moneys; and you'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show:—
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and, in a merry sport.
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are
 Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for a equal pound
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith;
 And say, there is much kindness in the Jew!

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me.
 I'd rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

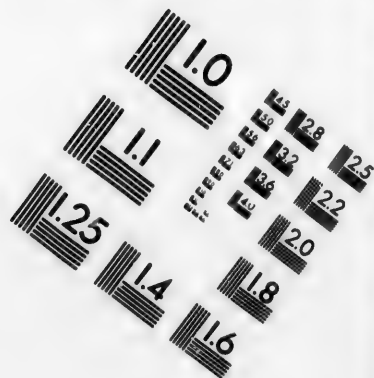
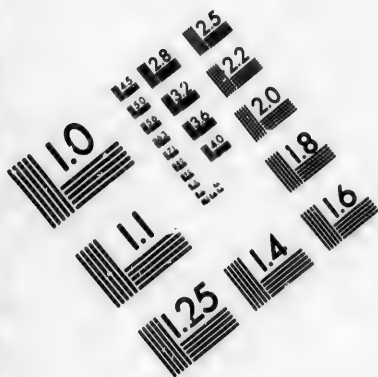
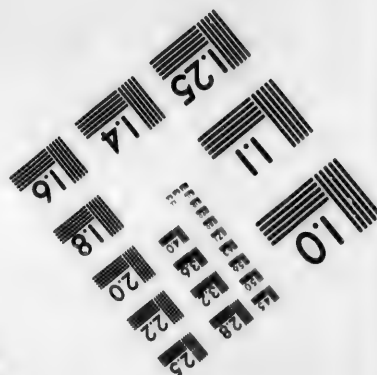
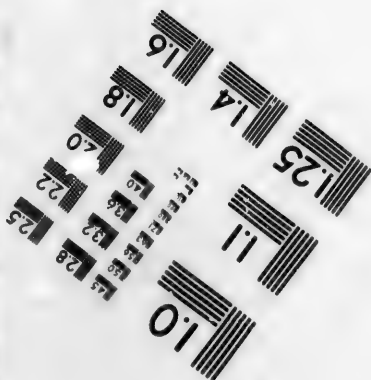
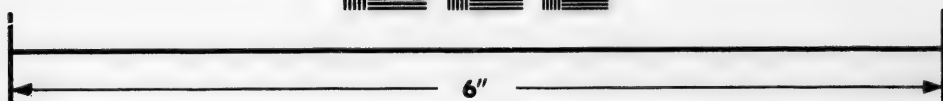
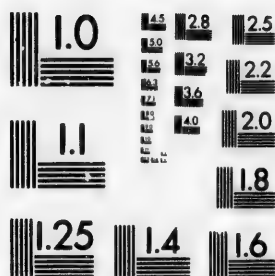


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Shy. O father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect
The thoughts of others!—'Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
And presently I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.— [*Exit Shylock.*]
In this there can be no dismay:
My ships come home a month before the day.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice.*

3.—SHYLOCK DEMANDING HIS BOND.

CHARACTERS:—THE DUKE, SHYLOCK, BASSANIO, SALARNIO,
AND ANTONIO.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an unhuman wretch, incapable of pity,
Void and empty from any dram of mercy.
Go one and call the Jew into the Court.

Salarnio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter.—SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face,—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
 But, touched with human gentleness, and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal,
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late brought down such ruin on him,
 Enough to press a royal merchant down;
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom—
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that,
 But say, it is my humour? Is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it bared? What are you answer'd yet?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf,
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb,
 As try to melt his Jewish heart to kindness.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here are six.

Shy. I fev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none:

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
 Is dearly bought: 'tis mine; and I will have it.

Salar. But surely thou wilt not take his flesh? What's
 that good for?

Shy. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.
 He had disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million!
 laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my
 nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my
 enemies! And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not
 a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions,
 senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same

food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why revenge? The villainy, you teach me I will execute; and it will go hard but I will better the instruction you give me!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*.

4.—CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE TO KING HENRY V.

Chief Justice. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland, *
 To have a son set your decrees at naught;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person:
 Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your workings in a second body. †
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son:
 Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power soft silencing your son.

Henry V. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore, still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
 So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son:
 And not less happy, having such a son,

* i.e. the crown. † That is, would you be satisfied for your representative in the state to be rudely treated?

That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice." You did commit me ;
 For which, I do commit into thy hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

5.—WOLSEY HEARING OF HIS DOWNFALL.

CHARACTERS:—CARDINAL WOLSEY AND SIR THOMAS CROMWELL.

Wolsey. I am able now, methinks,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
 But he's a learned man. May he continue
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
 For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
 What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
 Whom the king had in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Crom-
 [well,

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
 (That sun, I pray, may never set !) I have told him
 What, and how true thou art ; he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thy own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble and so true a master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord,—
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry VIII.*

6.—WOLSEY'S DEATH AND CHARACTER.

CHARACTERS :—A NOBLE AND GRIFFITH.

Noble. Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me
 That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

Griffith. I did, but yet I think your grace,
 Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to it.

Nob. Prythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
 If *well*, he slept before me, happily,
 For my example.

Griff. *Well*, as the voice goes, truly ;
 For after the stout earl of Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted *) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

* *Tainted*—Attainted.

Nob. Alas, poor man !

Griff. At last, with easy roads he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot
With all his convent, honourably received him ;
To whom he gave these words : " O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! "
So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace,

Nob. So may he rest, his faults lie buried with him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity ; he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes : one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law. ' I th ' presence
He would say untruths ; and he ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to ruin), pitiful :
His promises were, as he *then* was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he *now* is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness,
To hear me speak his good now ?

Nob. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Griff. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And, though he was unsatisfied in *getting*,
(Which was a sin,) yet in *bestowing*, truly,
He was most princely ; ever witness for him

Those twins in learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it ;
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heaped happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt *himself* ;
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Nob. After my death I wish no other herald
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep my honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,—
 With thy religious truth and modesty,—
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VIII.*

7.—DAVID'S INTERVIEW WITH KING SAUL.

CHARACTERS :—SAUL (*diminifed and distrustful*), ABNER, DAVID
 (*meek and earnest*.)

David. Hail, mighty King !

Abner. Behold your champion here !

Saul. Art thou the youth, whose high heroic zeal
 Aspires to meet this giant son of Anak ?

David. If so the king permit.

Saul. Impossible !

Why, what experience has thy youth of arms ?
 Where, stripling, didst thou learn the trade of war ?
 Beneath what hoary veteran hast thou served ?
 What feats hast thou achieved—what daring deeds ?
 Hast thou e'er scaled the city's rampart wall,
 Or hurled the missile dart, or learned to poise
 The warrior's dreadful spear ? The use of targe,
 Of helm and buckler, is to thee unknown.

David. Arms I have seldom seen. I little know
 Of war's proud discipline. The trumpet's clang,
 The shock of charging hosts, the embattled wall,
 The serried phalanx, and the warrior's spear,

With use of targe and helm, to me is new :
 My zeal for God, my patriot love of Israel,
 My reverence for my King—these are my claims.

Saul. But, gentle youth, thou hast no fame in arms ?

David. True, mighty King ! I am indeed, alike
 Unblessed by Fortune, and to Fame unknown ;
 A lowly shepherd-swain of Judah's tribe :
 But thou, O King ! thyself wast once unknown,
 Till fair occasion brought thy worth to light.
 Far higher views now warm my youthful heart
 Than human praise : I seek to vindicate
 The insulted honour of the God I serve.

Abner. 'Tis nobly said.

Saul. I love thy spirit, youth,
 But dare not trust thy inexperienced arm
 Against a giant's might. The sight of blood
 Will pale thy burning cheek.

David. Not so, O King !

This youthful arm has been imbrued in blood,
 Though yet no blood of *man* has ever stained it.
 Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd.
 With jealous care I watched my father's flock ;
 A brindled lion and a furious bear,
 Forth from the thicket rushed upon the fold,
 Seized a young lamb and tore their bleating spoil :
 Urged with compassion for my helpless charge,
 I felt a new-born vigour nerve my arm,
 And eager on the foaming monsters rushed ;
 The famished lion, by his grisly beard,
 Enraged I caught, and smote him to the ground ;
 The panting monster, struggling in my gripe,
 Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lashed
 His gory sides ; fiercely he ground
 His gnashing teeth, and rolled his starting eyes
 Bloodshot with agony ; then with a groan,
 That roused the echoes of the mountain, died.
 Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm ;
 Thy servant slew the lion and the bear ;
 I killed them both, and bore their shaggy spoils
 In triumph home ; and shall I fear to meet
 This rude uncircumcised Philistine ? No !
 The God who saved me from the lion's fang
 And jaw of hungry bear, will save me, too,
 From this idolater.

Saul. He will, he will !
 Go, noble youth ! be valiant and be blessed :
 The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the fight,
 And nerve thy arm with more than human strength.
 Farewell, my son ! the God of Jacob guard thee.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

8.—ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER.

CHARACTERS:—ALEXANDER (*haughty*), ROBBER (*scornful*).

Alex. What ! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much ?

Rob. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier !—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin, the pest of the country ! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Rob. What have I done, of which *you* can complain ?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects ?

Rob. Alexander, I am your captive ; I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered ; and, if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Rob. I must then answer your question by another. How have *you* passed your life ?

Alex. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest ; among sovereigns the noblest ; among conquerors the mightiest.

Rob. And does not Fame speak of *me*, too ? was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band ? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Rob. Still, what are you but a robber—a base dishonest robber ?

Rob. And what is a conqueror ? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable

lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Rob. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for the mischiefs we have done it.

Alex. Leave me! Take off his chains and use him well. (*Aside.*) Are we, then, so much alike? Alexander the Robber?—Let me reflect.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

9.—CÆSAR'S MESSAGE TO CATO.

CHARACTERS:—DECIVS AND CATO.

Decius. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees

The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.

Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.

Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato

Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;

Her generals and her consuls are no more,

Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours:
Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more;
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions.
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate;
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more,—though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people,

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and—crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and profered friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

ADDISON.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.*

CHARACTERS:—DYONYSIUS (*the Tyrant of 'Syracuse,*) DAMON,
PYTHIAS, PROCLES AND CALANTHE.

Enter DAMON, guarded by PROCLES.

Damon. A moment's pause here, Procles.
We discours'd together
Of an old friend of mine, who in all likelihood
Would question thee concerning my last thoughts,
While leaving this vain world. I do entreat thee,
When thou shalt see that man, commend me to him.

Enter PYTHIAS.

O, Damon ! Damon !

Damon. I wish'd for this, but fear'd it, Pythias.

Pyth. Is there no hope, Damon ?

Is everything impossible ?

Damon. With Dionysius, everything. I craved
But six hours' respite that those dear to me might come
And see me—

Pyth. And he would not ?

Damon. Not an hour—

Pyth. The cold villain !

Damon. Well,

All that is o'er now, and this talk superfluous.
Ere you came up, my friend, I was about
To leave a greeting for you with the officer.
In such a time
As this—so sudden, hopeless, and unlook'd for,
The eye will water, and the heart grow cowardly
At thoughts of home, and things we love.

* A remarkable case of self-sacrifice for personal friendship.

Pyth. Tears have a quality of manhood in them,
When shed for what we love.

Damon. I bade him say,
That half my fear for her, and my young boy,
As to their future fate, was banished,
In the full certainty I felt of all
The care and kindness thou wilt have of them.

Pyth. That was a true thought, Damon.

Damon. I know it, Pythias—

Pyth. Didst thou not say
It was thy desire to look upon
Thy wife and child.

Damon. Oh, yes, good Pythias.

Pyth. Good Procles,
Lead me at once to Dionysius—

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Behold me, Dionysius, at thy feet!
As thou dost love thy wife, and thy sweet children—
Let Damon go and see his wife and child
Before he dies—for four hours respite him—
Put me in chains—plunge me into his dungeon,
As pledge for his return. Do this—but this—
And may the gods themselves build up thy greatness
As high as their own heaven.

Dion. What wonder's this?
Is he thy brother?

Damon. No, not quite my brother.
Not—yes, he is—he is my brother in the heart!

Dion. [*To DAMON.*] Did'st urge him on
To this?

Pyth. By the gods, no!

Dion. And should I grant
Thy friend's request, leaving thee free to go,
Art thou quite sure that thou wilt come and ransom him,
At the imminent time?

Damon. Sure of it? Hearest thou, Heaven?
The emptiest things reverberate most sound,
And hollow hearts have words of boisterous promise.
I can say only—I am sure!

Dion. 'Tis granted.
How far abides thy wife from hence?

Damon. Four leagues.

Dion. For six hours we defer thy death.
And the sixth hour

See that stand'st not far from him. Away!

Damon. Farewell, Pythias!

Pyth. And farewell, Damon! Not a word upon it.
Speed thee. What, tears? Forbear.

Damon. I did not think
To shed one tear—but friendship like to thine—

Pyth. Farewell! Come, officer.

Damon. I pray thee, Procles,
Give me the testament thou had'st of me.

[PROCLES gives it him.]

Pythias, thy hand again. Pythias, farewell!

Pyth. Farewell!

[Exit DAMON, PYTHIAS and PROCLES.]

Dion. O, by the wide world,
I did not think the heart of man was moulded
To such a purpose.

I'll visit Pythias in his dungeon, and get me
A deep disguise.

If they should triumph, crowns are nothingness,
Glory is sound—and grandeur, poverty!

[Exit.]

A Prison—The door of Pythias' dungeon.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. My lord Pythias!

Pyth. (within) How now? Who calls me?

Dion. A friend, Pythias. The time is precious—haste,
And follow me.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Where do you lead me?

Dion. I come
To serve and succour thee.

Pyth. And who art thou,
And how can'st succour me?

Dion. I dwell beneath the tyrant's roof, and learn'd by
accident

This fell determination—he hath resolved—

Pyth. My Life!—

Dion. Thy Life!—

Ere this, he hath despatch'd some twenty men
To intercept thy friend, on his approach
To meet and ransom thee.

Pyth. Oh, Damon.

Dion. He not arriving at the appointed hour,
Thy life is forfeited.

Pyth. Oh! Damon I had hop'd
That one or other of us could have liv'd.
No matter.

Dion. Pythias, I am come to save thee.

Pyth. What dost thou mean?

Dion. Urg'd by my pity for such noble friends,
So trusting and betray'd—

I have provided in the port of Syracuse
A good quick-sailing ship—yonder she lies,
Her sails already spread before the breeze.

Pyth. Hold.

By all the gods,
In awful reverence sworn, I would not cheat
My honour!

Dion. How?

Pyth. Dost thou not know the tyrant spar'd his life,
On the security I gave for him:
Stand I not here his pledge?

Dion. (*Aside.*) 'Tis wonderful!

His brow is fix'd; his eye is resolute.
[To *Pyth.*] Dost thou know
The Tyrant doth break faith with thee.
And Damon cannot come to be thy ransom.

Pyth. I have heard it.

But having heard it,
I still may hold it false.
No slight contingency
Should push us a mere point from any pledge
Of manliness and honour. Yet would I live,
But not dishonour'd—Still, he may return!
May! may!—That word ends all!—Death looks but grimly,
And the deep grave is cheerless—yet I do—
I do prefer the certainty of death
Unto the possibility of dishonour!

Dion. Behold! behold! (*Pointing towards the window.*)
The good ship hath her streaming signal out!
O look at freedom, Pythias, look at it!

How beautiful it is upon the sea!
See, they approach! dost hesitate?

Pyth. No! no! so help me heaven!—'Tis hard!
It plucks my heart up—but, no! no!

A public place in Syracuse—A Scaffold with steps ascending to it.

Calanthe. (Affianced to Pythias.) (*Without.*) There's no power
Shall stay me back! I must behold him die,
Then follow him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, still in disguise.

Ha! are you come?
That Damon would not come.—The selfish traitor!
The traitor Damon!

Dion. Hark thee, Calanthe!
It was an idle tale I told to thee!

Cal. I do not ask thee why thy tale was fram'd—
Fram'd in thy cold deliberate cruelty—
But only this—one question:—May he yet—
May Damon yet return?

Dion. He may—he is
As free to come, or stay, as are the winds.

Cal. And Dionysius withholds him not?

Dion. He does not.

Cal. And yet he comes not!

PROCLEs enters with PYTHIAS.

Cal. O, my Pythias,
He yet may come!

Pyth. Calanthe, no!—Remember
That Dionysius hath prevented it.

Cal. That was an idle tale of this old man,
And he may yet return.

Pyth. May yet return?

Speak!—How is this? Return?—O life how strong
Thy love is in the hearts of dying men!
But did'st say the tyrant would prevent
His coming back to Syracuse?

Dion. I wrong'd him.

Pyth. Ha! were it possible?—may he yet come?

Cal. Into the sinews of the horse that bears him
Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrace and shame
The galloping of clouds upon the storm!
Pythias, O Pythias!

Pyth. I could have borne to die,
Unmov'd by Dionysius—but to be torn
Green from existence by the friend I lov'd,—
No, no! I wrong thee Damon, by that half thought—
Shame on the foul suspicion!
Heaven has flung some obstacle in his way
To keep him back, and lets me die who am
Less worthy, and the fitter.

Proc. *Pythias advance!*

Cal. No, no! why should he yet? The time is not yet—

Dion. Your duty, officer.

Pyth. Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes!—

[*A shout is heard. PYTHIAS leaps up on the scaffold.*]

What do I see!

A horse, and horseman! Far upon the hill
They wave their hats, and he returns it—ye!
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch!
O, life, I scarcely dare to wish for thee,
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me—
No!—let it not be Damon!—he has a wife
And child! Gods! keep him back!

Damon. [*Without.*] Where is he?

[*He rushes in, and stands for a moment, looking round.*]

Ha!

He is alive! untouched!

Pyth. The gods do know I could have died for him,
And yet I dared to doubt—
But he faints!

Damon, my dear friend!

Damon. Where am I? Have I fallen from my horse?
That I am stunn'd,
For mercy's sake,
Stay me not back—he is about to die!

*Pythias, my friend! Unloose me, villain, or
You will find the might of madness in mine arm!*

[*Sees PYTHIAS.*] Speak to me—let me hear thy voice—

Pyth. My friend!

Damon. It pierc'd my brain, and rush'd into my heart—
There's lightning in it! That's the scaffold—there
The block—the axe—the executioner!
And here he lives—I have him in my soul!

Pyth. Oh Damon!

Damon. Oh Pythias, let me grasp thy manly hand—
It is an honest one, and so is mine—
They are fit to clasp each other!

Pyth. Would that my death could have preserv'd thee!

Damon. Pythias,
Even in the very crisis to have come—
To have hit the very forehead of old Time!
Had I arriv'd an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy,
This triumph over Dionysius!
But tell me, slaves,
Where is your tyrant! Let me see him now.
Why stand he hence aloof? Where is your master?
What is become of Dionysius?
I would behold, and laugh at him.

[DIONYSIUS advances between DAMON and PYTHIAS, (DAMON being on the scaffold) and throws off his disguise.

Dion. Behold me!

Damon and Pyth. How?

Dion. Stay your admiration for a while,
Till I have spoken my commandment here.
Go, Procles, and bid a herald cry
Wide through the city, from the eastern gate
Unto the most remote extremity,
That Dionysius, tyrant as he is,
Gives back his life to Damon.

[Exit PROCLIES.

Pyth. How, Dionysius?
Speak that again.

Dion. I pardon him.

Pyth. O, Gods!
You give his life to Damon?

Dion. Life and freedom. [DAMON remains mute with astonishment upon the scaffold.

Pyth. O, Dionysius! O, my sovereign! Life
And freedom! Let me fall down at your feet
And open all the sluices of my heart,
In one wild gush of weeping gratitude!
O, Damon.

[DAMON still continues motionless.

Dion. Almighty virtue,
Now do I own and worship thee!
How, Damon, is it with thee? Come, descend,
Let me conduct thee from this place of death,
Into the bosom of your friend.

Pyth. O, Damon!

Damon. Pythias—good Dionysius—no, I cannot—
Lend me your hand, good Pythias—I could weep. [*They*
take each other's hands, and remain looking at each other.]

Dion. Pythias, 'twas I that visited your dungeon,
To put your faith unto the test.
But here is
The loveliest face that ever yet was worn
By consolation!

Enter CALANTHE.

Cal. O my Pythias.

Pyth. Thou hast heard all?

Cal. Yes—through the city a loud voice goes forth
Of love, and life, and holy gratitude,
And piety, and exultation.

Damon. I did not yet,
In the wild wonder of recover'd life,
Appreciate the blessing, but it rushes
Now, full and deep, in one wide gush of joy.

Dion. Damon and Pythias,
You have rewarded me. I now begin
To taste of pleasures never touch'd before—
Perfect the work you have begun—
And I myself, by the continued light
Of your example, may at last essay
To tread such wondrous ways of virtue with you!

SHIEL AND BAINIM'S *Damon and Pythias.*

11.—A SCENE FROM PIZARRO.

CHARACTERS:—ALONZO, ROLLA, SENTINEL AND SOLDIERS.

ALONZO in chains. A Sentinel walking near.

Enter a Soldier—shows a passport to the Sentinel, who
withdraws.

Alonzo to Soldier. What bear you there?

Soldier. These refreshments I was ordered to leave n
your dungeon.

Al. By whom ordered?

Sol. By the lady Elvira. She will be here herself before the dawn.

Al. Bear back to her my humblest thanks; and take thou the refreshments, friend. I need them not.

Sol. I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying, my heart pities you. [*Exit.*

Al. In Pizarro's camp, to pity the unfortunate no doubt requires forgiveness. (*Looking out.*) I will not watch the coming dawn; but in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, power supreme! shall be for my wife and child! [*Exit. A rapping is heard.*]

Sen. Who's there? Answer quickly! Who's there?

Rolla. A friar come to visit your prisoner.

(*Enter Rolla, disguised as a monk.*) Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sen. He is.

Rol. I must speak with him.

Sen. You must not.

Rol. He is my friend.

Sen. Not if he were your brother.

Rol. What is to be his fate?

Sen. He dies at sunrise.

Rol. Ha! then I am come in time.

Sen. Just—to witness his death.

Rol. Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sen. Back? back! it is impossible.

Rol. I do entreat you, but for one moment.

Sen. You entreat in vain. My orders are most strict.

Rol. Even now, I saw a messenger go hence.

Sen. He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

Rol. Look on this wedge of massive gold; look on these precious gems. In thy own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope and wish. Take them; they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

Sen. Away! Wouldst thou corrupt me? me! an old Castilian! I know my duty better.

Rol. Soldier! hast thou a wife?

Sen. I have.

Rol. Hast thou children?

Sen. Four: honest, living boys.

Rol. Where didst thou leave them?

Sen. In my native village; even in the cot where myself was born.

Rol. Dost thou love thy children and thy wife!

Sen. Do I love them! God knows my heart, I do.

Rol. Soldier! imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land; what would be thy last request?

Sen. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rol. Oh! but if that comrade were at thy prison gate, and should there be told—thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sen. How?

Rol. Alonzo has a wife and child. I am come but to receive for her, and for her babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sen. Go in.

[Retires.

Rol.—Alonzo! my friend! Ha! in gentle sleep! Alonzo, —rise!

Al. How! is my hour elapsed? Well I am ready.

Rol. Alonzo! know me.

Al. What voice is that?

Rol. 'Tis Rolla's.

Al. Rolla! my friend! (*Embraces him.*) How couldst thou pass the guard? Did this habit——?

Rol. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon, now take it thou, and fly.

Al. And Rolla's——

Rol. Will remain here in thy place.

Al. And die for me? No; never!

Rol. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rollo's; Go! go! Alonzo! Go, to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child!

Al. Urge me not thus, my friend. I had prepared to die in peace.

Rol. To die in peace! devoting her you've sworn to live for to misery, and death! For be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

Al. Oh, Rolla! you distract me!

Rol. A moment's further pause and all is lost. The dawn approaches. Fear not for me. I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission. I shall gain time, doubt

not; while thou, with a chosen band, passing the secret way, may'st at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes, hasten, dear Alonzo. Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee. Haste! haste! haste!

Al. Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

Rol. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend.

Al. Oh, my preserver! (*Embracing him.*)

Rol. I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek. Go; I am rewarded. (*Throws the friar's garment over Alonzo.*) There, conceal thy face; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now, God be with thee!

Al. At night we meet again. Then, so aid me heaven! I return to save or perish with thee! [*Exit.*]

Rol. He has passed the outer porch—he is safe! He will soon embrace his wife and child! Now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me? This is the first time, throughout my life, I ever deceived man. Forgive me, God of truth! if I am wrong Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again! Yes, there! (*lifting his hands to heaven*) assuredly we shall meet again; there possess in peace the joys of everlasting love and friendship; on earth, imperfect and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines. [*Exit.*]

SHERIDAN'S *Pizarro*.

12.—DOING WHAT OTHERS DO.

CHARACTERS:—HENRY (*an elder boy*), CHARLES, JOHN, AND WILLIAM.

Henry. Now, Charles, what is that I heard you say?

Charles. What do you mean, Henry?

Henry. O, you need not make strange of it. I heard you plainly enough.

Charles. Heard me? What did you hear?

Henry. Why I heard you calling poor old Jemmy names. That was rather a mean business, Charles.

Charles. Were you not mistaken? Are you sure you heard me?

Henry. Very sure, Charles, very sure. Don't you suppose I know your voice? Why, I could tell it among the voices of all the boys in town.

Charles. Well,—I did,—for there's no use in denying it. But what of all that?

Henry. What of it? Why, it's mean; and I am ashamed of you for it. What harm has Jemmy ever done you? and why do you wish to ridicule him? Supposing you were in his situation, would you like it?

Charles. No; but you are very grave about it. I have no desire to abuse old Jemmy; why do you think I have?

Henry. If you did not intend to insult him, why did you use such language? Just tell us that.

Charles. Why, I heard John Warner calling after him, and so I joined in.

Henry. Aha! You joined in with John, then; and why did John do it?

Charles. Well, you can ask him; here he comes.

Enter JOHN.

John. Well boys? What's going on? Who called my name?

Henry. Charles and I. We are speaking of Jemmy, and of the insult offered to him by the boys. I had been asking Charles why he called out after him in the streets; and what do you suppose his answer was?

John. Really, I could n't tell; except that he liked the sport of it!

Henry. No; he denies that. He says he did so because you did! a great reason, to be sure! Now, will you tell us why you did it?

John. You seem to be very inquisitive. Do you think there is any harm in having a little fun with old Jemmy?

Henry. John, if you were old Jemmy, would you like it? Come, now, "own it," and be honest.

John. Well, I will answer that question. I should n't have thought about calling after Jemmy, if William Simpson had n't put me up to it.

Henry. Indeed; so here is another confession. Well, now, I should like to ask William,—and here he is, coming fresh from the scene, I suppose,—yes—I'll ask him who coaxed him on.

John. Come here, William, and give us your evidence; we have a court here.

Enter WILLIAM.

William. A court? Well don't try me hard. But what's the case now?

denying it.

am ashamed
done you?
ing you were

I have no
have?
why did you

after him,

; and why

es.

my name?
emmy, and
been asking
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lence; we

but what's

John. Henry wants to ask you a question.

William. Well, what is it?

Henry. O, a very simple one, William. We were speaking of the insults offered by the boys to poor Jemmy. I was asking Charles here, why he called out after him. He says it was because John did it. I asked John his reason, and he says you put him up to it. Now, will you tell me why you did it?

William. O, I've no particular reason to give. The other boys cry out after him, and so do I, now and then.

Henry. There! now we have the reason of the whole matter. To do it because others do it; not stopping to ask whether it is right or wrong. Is n't that it?

William. Yes, I suppose so. But why do you speak as if it were of so much importance? Do you suppose I wish to injure old Jemmy?

Henry. Oh no, William; I don't think that; but you don't believe that such treatment of the unfortunate old man is really right, do you?

William. No, I do not.

Henry. Well, now let us see if we cannot learn a lesson here. I remember what our schoolmaster said to Henry Stocker, the other day, when he threw stones, and Henry told him he did so because Joseph White did. "Supposing Joseph White should tell you to jump overboard, would you do it?" I thought this a good hit. But that is not all. Many of our bad habits are kept up in this way. One does mischief because another does. One swears because another does. One drinks, or gambles, or lies, or defrauds, or steals, because another does. You remember the story about the rumseller, who said if he did not sell liquor to make people drunk, somebody else would. So because others sinned, he must. This is a wicked pretence; and we ought to know it and feel it. We should learn to do a thing because it is right, or not to do it because it is wrong; no matter what others do, or what they do not. What say you, William, is n't this right?

William. I think so.

John and Charles. (Both.) And so do I.

Henry. Well, just to be winding up our talk, I will recite to you a few verses from Cowper. They present the matter, I think, in a ludicrous light.

(All three.) Let's hear them.

Henry.

"A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test ;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

"He was shocked much indeed, and he answered, 'O no !
What ! rob our good neighbour ! I pray you don't go :
Besides the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

" 'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have ;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share ;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

"They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will go ;
Poor man ! what a pity to injure him so !
Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind here will do him no good.

" 'If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree ;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too ;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

"His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades, the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan—
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man !"

William. That's a good hit, as you said of your school master. I shall think more of this matter, in time to come.

Henry. I trust you will ; and that Charles and John, and all of us, will be wise enough in future, just to ask ourselves, when we are prompted to do any thing wrong—not whether others do it—nor whether it is a custom or a fashion—nor whether the many or the few approve it ; but whether it is really just and right in itself. When I hear of any better course than this, I will tell you of it ; and when you do, just send me word.

William. I certainly will, Henry ; and I hope we shall all be the better of this talk.

ANONYMOUS.

13.—THE SEASONS.

BY FIVE BOYS, OR GIRLS.

First boy, or girl. If every steed,
 (Now bridled to quaternion weather,)
 That by gradation brings the varying year,
 Should by thy choice be yoked together
 And one unaltering Season lead,
 Which should it be? Winter, or Spring,
 Or Summer fanned by Zephyr's wing,
 Or Autumn fair?—
 Should it be Spring?

Second. Oh who could bear
 Crude infancy from year to year;
 To see the milky embryo-shoot
 Ne'er swell and mellow into fruit;
 But dwindle in the germ at last,
 Despite of care and labours past?
 Who'd live a constant school-boy's life,
 For ever ripening, never ripe?
 Oh! who of mortal fire could bear,
 Green infant Spring to rule the year?

First. Should it be Summer?

Third. Who would be
 To Dog-star rays in slavery;
 See Nature languishing for breath,
 Like a young lion chased to death?
 The streams are dry, the evening air
 Earth laps in vain, no dews are there;
 Entombed, if e'en a Zephyr hies,
 In her own atoms Nature lies;
 If such be Summer, surely none
 Would bondsmen be to Summer's sun.

First. Should it be Autumn?

Fourth. Who would choose
 Perpetual blights and sickening dews,
 To see the leafy country fade,
 And Nature deepening shade by shade?
 Where'er you move or chance to stray,
 Some falling leaf to cross your way?
 Or glorious harvests all around,
 Cropped from their stalks desert the ground?
 Beset with sickness, storms, and death,
 Who'd give to *her* perpetual breath?

First. Hoar Winter comes to close the train,
 Shivering with cold, or drenched with rain,
 Or cramped with frost, or hid with snow,
 While piping winds around him blow.
 The sun withdraws,—Storms urge on storm,
 And Nature's visage quite transform :—
 If neither Summer, Autumn, Spring,
 Shall Winter be perpetual king ?

Fifth. All fair in their appropriate place,
 Old age destroys their maiden grace :
 May each, in happy turn, be mine !
 When Spring revolts, may Summer shine ;
 May she the rule to Autumn yield,
 Crowned with the honours of the field,
 And Winter leave behind his bier,
 The Phoenix ashes of the year.

REV. DR. BREWER.

14.—THE NOBLEST HERO.

CHARACTERS :—MR. MANLY, (*the School-Master,*) and four pupils.

Mr. M. Now boys, I promised you a new study for Monday, and, as it is Friday, I will give you the subject now. It is—"What constitutes a True Hero;" and you may, if you choose, give an example of the noblest hero of whom you have ever read.

Frank. May we ask our friends about it, or must we find it out for ourselves ?

Mr. M. I prefer that you should find out for yourselves.

Henry. We may look into books, mayn't we ?

Mr. M. Certainly. Any books which you can find to give you any light upon the subject. [*Exit Mr. M.*]

William. Who under the sun is the greatest hero ? I can't guess.

John. You're not expected to guess, you're to think.

Henry. That's not very hard. I think I know mine already.

Frank. I should know mine if I thought Mr. Manly meant what we are thinking of. But I suspect he means more than we think he does.

William. Well, come home ; we can talk it over afterwards. [*Exeunt all.*]

Enter AN ELDER BOY AND FRANK.

Frank. Well, Uncle!

Uncle. Well, Frank! what is it?

Frank. Our teacher gave us such a queer subject for our lesson next Monday morning.

Uncle. Well, what was it, Frank?

Frank. It was, "What constitutes a True Hero;" and I cannot make up my mind; and we are not permitted to ask anybody.

Uncle, [smiling]. Well, Frank, then I am afraid I cannot help you.

Frank, [leans in an attitude of thought; but at length exclaims.] I have it! I have it! [*Exit*]

Uncle. I am sure I hope he has. [*Exit*].

Enter HENRY AND JOHN.

Henry. Well, John, have you your hero?

John. Yes, indeed, Henry. It did not take me long to think who I should have.

Henry. Well! where are the others? It seems to me they'll be late if they don't hurry.

Enter FRANK AND WILLIAM.

John, Here they are!—good day boys!

William. Got your hero, John?

John, [slapping his jacket.] Yes, all right; safe here in my pocket.

Henry. He must be a precious small hero if he is in that pocket.

John. He may turn out bigger than yours; who knows? though he is in such a small place.

Frank. Yes, John is right; good goods are often done up in small parcels.

Enter MR. M.

Henry. Well, here is Mr. Manly.

Mr. M. Good morning, boys!

All. Good morning, sir.

Mr. M. I hope your heroes are all chosen.

All. Yes, sir; we are all ready.

Mr. M. Well, boys, I'll call upon each in turn for his idea of what constitutes a hero, and for your chosen one. Well, William, you may speak first.

William. I think, sir, that heroes should have great talents, and should never be afraid of anyone; but should conquer all their enemies.

Mr. M. Well, certainly, you are quite right as far as you go; but have you not forgotten something?

William. I could not think of any other quality, sir.

Mr. M. Well! we will hear what the others say; but who is your hero?

William. Alexander the Great.

Mr. M. Truly you have chosen a great conqueror; but I am afraid he lacks some qualities which I should wish my hero to have. Now, John, tell us your definition.

John. I think, sir, that a hero should be generous and forgiving; but, at the same time, firm and undaunted, and should love his country more than his life. And I have chosen Wellington.

Mr. M. Very well, indeed, John, your definition is good, and your choice is a noble one. Now, let us hear Henry.

Henry. I, sir, have chosen Cromwell; but I fear he is not the right kind of hero, as I think he fought for himself quite as much as for liberty.

Mr. M. I believe you are right, Henry, though it is a disputed point to settle whether he did all for himself or not. Now, Frank, tell us your thoughts, we have heard all the rest.

Frank. I, sir, thought for a long time over all the heroes of ancient and modern time, but none suited me; they all wanted something. Then I thought of the Bible verse: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." I took that as my definition, and I add to it generosity, self-devotion, and, self-sacrifice.

Mr. M. Truly, Frank, you are right. For [turning to the audience],

"The noblest Hero of the whole
Is he who can himself control."

ANONYMOUS

15.—NECESSITY OF LEARNING SOMETHING DAILY.

CHARACTERS :—THE TEACHER ; THOMAS, FRANK *and two other boys.*

Thomas. Well ! there's that sober-face boy, Frank, as sure as I'm alive. Reading, too ! He always has a book in his hand. Hallo, Frank, I say ! Come and play with us. We are going to have a game of ball down in the meadow. Hurrah, boys ! come along ! (*Catches Frank by the arm.*) Come, Frank, down with your book, and let's be off to play.

Frank. I should like to play with you very much, but I have not time. I must finish my book this afternoon, for I want to help father to-morrow.

Thomas. O nonsense ! you can come with us. Who'd ever think of sitting down to read, such a glorious day as this ? What difference will it make whether you read it or not ?

Frank. Much difference. What I learn to-day, I shall not to have learn another day ; and, if I use this time, I shall have so much more for learning something else. Why, I am almost fourteen years old, and I do not know how many more years I shall live ; so I want to learn all I can while I have a chance.

Thomas. Pooh ! nonsense ! You're getting to be as wise as a judge, and twice as sober. 'Twon't be a year before you'll be putting on a coat and stand-up collar, and a beaver on your head ; and then, I suppose, you'll cut our acquaintance. For my part, I'm glad to be out of the sight and hearing of books, for once in my life ; and you won't catch me moping away my time in vacation, reading. No, not I.

Boys together. Nor I, nor I, nor I either.

Frank. Well, boys, you can do as you please, and so can I. I love to play too, as well as the best of you ; but I love to study better.

Thomas. O dear ! Well, I can learn enough if I only study in school, without bothering myself with books in vacation. Why, I can say my geography all by heart ; I can cipher pretty well, for a boy of my size ; and that's more'n Jack Dolittle can do, though he is the biggest boy in school, and has the most money to spend, and nothing to do at home.

Frank. That is nothing, to beat Jack Dolittle. Every body knows that he is lazy. I hope you do not mean to measure your learning by his, do you ?

Thomas. No, indeed, I don't. But I've got time enough to learn all I want, and I can have a great many games of ball besides. I expect to finish my education by the time I'm twenty.

Frank. Finish your education! Why, if I should live to be as old as Methuselah, I should expect to keep learning something every day.

Thomas. Nonsense! Now, Frank, you don't mean to say that you intend to study when you are a man grown, do you? Why, you'll "learn out" before that time.

Frank. When I have learned all that is worth studying, I shall stop. But when do you think that will be?

Thomas. Well, I suppose in about eight or ten years, likely by the time you are twenty-three or four. That will be time enough in all reason, for you to learn all that can be of any manner of use to you. Then I think you'll stop, won't you?

Frank. No, I expect to keep studying as long as I live.

Thomas. Well, you are going to be a wise man, hey? A judge, or minister, or some other great fellow, I suppose. I always thought you were cut out for a minister, or deacon. Come on, boys. Let's go to play, if he won't, and leave him to dig out his sermon.

(They turn to go, but see their teacher, Mr. Wise, who has come up without being noticed.)

Boys. (To each other in a low tone.) Here's the master. Here's Mr. Wise.

Mr. Wise. How, now, boys? What's this? Did I understand you to say, Thomas, that Frank is going to preach?

Frank. Oh, he's only trying to make fun of me because I'd rather stay here and read than to play. He says I shall "learn out" before I'm a man grown.

Mr. W. Learn out! That is a new idea. Why, here I have been living in the world these thirty-five years, and like the great Newton, I have only just begun to learn.

Thomas. You, sir?

Mr. W. Yes. Every day I find new wonders around me, and a great many new things to learn. See here, boys! Look at this leaf (*picking up one.*) Is there not something wonderful in it?

Thomas. Why, no, sir, it's only a little leaf. I see hundreds of them every day, sir. I don't think there's anything wonderful about that.

Mr. W. Do you not? Then let me ask you a few questions

about it, and see if you can answer them. In the first place, how does it grow?

Thomas. Why, I suppose God makes it grow. He can do anything, you know, sir.

Mr. W. Yes; but how does it grow?

Thomas. You might watch it a whole day, and you could not see it grow.

Mr. W. And yet it does grow. How is it? In what way does it manage to take in its food, and keep itself alive?

Thomas. How funny! You talk just as if the leaf could eat, drink or sleep, like a cat or dog.

Mr. W. Why, how funny! I thought you knew all about it. But I find there is something yet, even in this little leaf, for you to learn. Now this leaf has the power of drinking in moisture, which is a part of its real food, and keeps it alive and green.

Thomas. How can that be, sir?

Mr. W. Do you see these little ribs or veins branching out all over the leaf? These are hollow tubes or pipes, so perfectly constructed that they carry moisture to its very extremity. There are the roots, and these have veins that draw up such substances, as are best suited to their tastes. And what is remarkable, they do not take everything that offers itself; but they choose only what will give the plant health and strength. So should it be with boys who read or study. They should single out and remember the good, letting the bad alone.

Frank. But we cannot always tell which is good, and which is bad.

Mr. W. Very true. And there you may see the wonderful instinct of the plant, which has the power of choosing between the two. If you place a plant in soil containing none of the articles that it likes, it will go without food, and soon die. So your immortal souls will perish, my boy, if not supplied with the right kind of mental food.

Frank. But, can you tell us, sir, something more about the leaf?

Mr. W. This leaf is one of the lungs of the plant.

Thomas. The lungs of the plant, sir!

Mr. W. Yes, the leaves are the plant's organs of breathing.

Thomas. A plant breathe! You talk as if it were a real live animal. Do plants really breathe?

Mr. W. Yes, That may seem strange to you; yet it is

true. If a plant be excluded from the air it will die, even if it has plenty of water to drink.

Thomas. That is wonderful! I never thought of such a thing before.

Mr. W. But, Thomas, supposing that there were but one or two new things to learn about everything that surrounds you, how long, think you, would it take you to learn them?

Thomas, (looking confused). I don't know, indeed, sir.

Mr. W. There are many other things you will want to know something about, and it will take years of hard study to learn them.

Thomas. O dear! I am afraid I never shall know much. I did not dream there was so much to learn.

Mr. W. Oh! there are hundreds of things you should know something about, if you would ever be a really learned man. And you should earnestly study the Bible if you would wish to be a good and wise man.

Thomas. After all, then, it was I who was foolish, though I did really think that it was nonsense of Frank to study in vacation. But I do not think so now. I mean to learn something every day, and be so much the wiser when I am grown up.

Mr. W. That is right. That is the true spirit, my lad. Try to learn for the pleasure of learning. Try to be something. Be not discouraged by small things; and, if at any time, you need help, come to me, and I will gladly show you—any of you.

Boys (together). Thank you, sir, thank you.

ANONYMOUS.

16.—THE PERFECT MERCHANT.

CHARACTERS:—MR. PERKINS AND HIS SONS, JOHN, FRANK, ROBERT, DAVID AND HENRY. (*senior boys.*)

Mr. P. Well, boys, you all intend to be merchants one of these days, I believe, and I should like to know what you think will make you good men of business, as merchants.

John. I know what it is, father. No merchant can be anything without enterprise. When I am a merchant I shall cut a dash, I tell you.

Mr. P. Those who cut a dash usually fail.

John. O, I don't mean that kind of dash. I mean to find

out new places for trade, and make business. My ships shall be better than others, and nobody shall know where they have been till they come home full of valuable cargoes.

Mr. P. Very well, John, this is all very well, but let us hear what Frank has to say.

Frank. I shall not attempt to cut a dash, but shall modestly carry on a small and safe business. My rents and my other expenses shall not eat up all my profits, and by saving and taking care of small matters, I shall be sure to grow rich by strict economy.

Mr. P. It is probably true, that more get rich by saving than by any other way. But let us hear what Robert has to say.

Robert. I think, father, I should depend upon my industry.

John. Well, I mean to be industrious too.

Rob. Yes, but you mean to do business on a large scale, and to run great risks. I shall run no risks, but shall make the very bees blush, I shall be so much more busy than the busiest of them.

Frank. What will you be so busy about, if you have no business to do.

Rob. I will make business.

John. Yes, as Mr. Fussy does. His apprentice tells me that, when no customer is in, they make believe they wait upon customers; and, when they are tired of that, Mr. Fussy strews dirt on the floor and sets him to clean it up, or throws goods on the counters for him to put up on the shelves.

Rob. When I have customers, I shall be very attentive to them. When I have no person in, I shall put the shop in order, buy goods, and prepare for business. If no customers come, then I shall try to find some. If the honey does not come to the hive, the bee must go out after it.

Mr. P. You stand your ground well, Robert. But, David, let us hear how you intend to manage. What do you think the most important quality to insure success in business?

David. Honesty, father. The old proverb says, "Honesty is the best policy," and I shall try it.

John. Well, you don't suppose we mean to be dishonest, do you? A man can be enterprising and be honest too.

Frank. Economical people are generally the most honest.

Rob. Industrious people need not be cheats.

David. That is all very well. But very enterprising men cannot be very punctual men, they depend so much on others. Economical people are often so close that they slide into meanness, and then into unfair dealing, while the industrious, or bustling, seldom keep correct accounts. Every man, who deals with me, shall feel that he can trust me; that my word is better than my bond; that he can never lose by me.

Mr. P. Very well, David, stick to your plan, and you will deserve success, whether you obtain it or not. But, Henry, we must hear what you have to say.

Hen. Well, father, I don't see why all these qualities may not be united in a successful merchant. I mean to be enterprising as John, economical as Frank, busy as Robert, and honest as David. But, besides this, there is one other thing I mean to be.

Mr. P. What is that? You fix your standard high.

Hen. I mean to be a liberal Christian merchant. No man I deal with shall ever say I am mean in my dealings. No man in my employ shall ever say he is not well paid for his labour. No good cause shall ever fail while I can help it on. They shall not say on my tombstone, "He died like a Prince," but, they shall say, "He lived like a true Christian man."

Mr. P. Well done, Henry! That is the true merchant, he who works not for himself, but for others, and who never forgets that it profiteth nothing for "a man to gain the whole world," if, in doing this, "he loses his own soul," or even contracts and belittles it.

ANONYMOUS.

PART VII.

HUMOROUS PIECES.

(DIALOGUES.)

1.—EVIDENCE OF SAM. WELLER IN THE TRIAL OF BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

CHARACTERS —JUDGE, SAM. WELLER AND COUNSELLOR BUZFUZ.

Judge. CALL Samuel Weller. What's your name, sir?

Samuel. Sam Weller, my lord.

Judge. Do you spell it with a "v" or with a "w"?

Sam. That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord; I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a "v".

Voice. Quite right too, Samivel, quite right; put it down a "we," my lord, put it down a "we."

Judge. Who is that that dares to address the Court?

Usher.

Usher. Yes, my lord.

Judge. Bring that person here instantly?

Usher. Yes my lord.

Judge. to *Sam.* Do you know who that was, sir?

Sam. I rayther suspect it wur my father, my lord.

Judge. Do you see him here now?

Sam. No, I don't, my lord, (looking straight up into the gas).

Judge. If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

Counsellor Buzfuz. Now, Mr. Weller.

Sam. Now, sir, (bowing).

Buz. I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

Sam. I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service of that ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is.

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ANONYMOUS.

Buz. Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose.

Sam. O quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said, ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

Judge. You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said; it is not evidence.

Sam. Wery good, my lord.

Buz. Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh! Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I do, sir.

Buz. Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

Sam. I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that ere morning, gen'l'men o' the jury, and that wur a wery partic'lar and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

Judge. You had better be careful, sir.

Sam. So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord; and I wur wery careful o' that ere suit of clothes, wery careful indeed, my lord.

Buz. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller—eh—do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?

Sam. Certainly not. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

Buz. Now attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?

Sam. Yes, I have a pair of *eyes*, and that's just it. If they wur a pair of patent, double, million, magnifyin' gas mircoscopes o' hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see thro' a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only *eyes*, you see, my wision's limited.

Buz. Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

Sam. If you please, sir.

Buz. Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house in November last?

Sam. O yes, wery well.

Buz. O you *do* remember *that* Mr. Weller; well I thought we should bring you to something at last.

Sam. I rayther thought that too, sir.

Buz. Well, I suppose you went up to have a talk about the trial—eh Mr. Weller.

Sam. I went up to pay the rent, but we *did* get a talking about the trial.

Buz. O! you did get a talking about the trial. Now what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us Mr. Weller?

Sam. With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females, as has been examined here to-day, the ladies get into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg, them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now.

Buz. The attorneys for the plaintiff,—well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?

Sam. Yes; they said wot a wery gen'rous thing it wur o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out' o' Mr. Pickwick.

Buz. to Judge. You are quite right, my lord. It is perfectly useless attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking any more questions. Get down, sir (to *Sam.*)

Sam. Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anything? If not, I'll retire. *Exit.*

DICKENS.

2.—A FRENCH PRISONER AND THE FISHING TACKLE.

CHARACTERS:—A FRENCH PRISONER, A SHOPKEEPER AND SHOP BOY; A CONSTABLE AND MAGISTRATE.

French Prisoner. Vell, I am de prisoner; but I sall look for some de jolie [zho-lee.] Ici ma pole; mais I vant deux fly to trap de poisson [p'woy-sonz]—de feeche.

Enter SHOP KEEPER and SHOP BOY.

French P. Ah, Monsieur anglaise, [mus-u ang-lay] comment vous, portez-vous? [com-ay vou, pore-tay vou?]

Shop Keeper. That's French, eh, not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean.

French P. Bon, bon, ver good; den, saire, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly.

Shop K. I dare say you do, Mounseer, and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true born Briton, and can never consent to help the enemies of my country to leave it, particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.

French P. Ah, monsieur, you no comprehend; I sall repeate, I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater.

Shop K. Oh! indeed, you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I'll not assist you; for we live, at least, a hundred miles from the sea coast, and you cannot sail on our canal for above ten or twelve miles from here.

French P. Vell sare, you are un stup of de block. I sall tell you seven times over again. I vant deux fly on de top of the vater, to dingle dangle at the end of de long pole.

Shop K. Ay, ay! you only want to fly, Mounseer, by land or water; and if they catch you, won't they dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole!

French P. Vat you mean by that, you jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are effronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, saire, that I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole, to la trap poisson.

Shop K. What's that you say, you wicked Mounseer?—You'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't help you to escape? Why, the like was never heard! Here, Tom, go for the constable. *Exit Tom.*

Enter CONSTABLE AND TOM.

Constable. What's all this? This boy has been telling me, that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family? Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent.

French P. No, saire, I sall not go to de prison; take me before de—what you call it—de ting that nibble de grass?

Const. Oh, you mean the cow.

French P. No, sare, not de cow; you stup Johnny bœuf—I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [*Imitating*] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha.

Const. Oh, now I know, you mean a horse.

French P. No, saire, I mean de horse's vife.

Const. What, the mare.

French P. Oui bon, yes, saire, take me to de mayor.

Enter MAYOR at the other end of the platform. The others advance to meet him.

Const. This furriner, your worship, threatens to poison this good man and his whole family because he won't help him to fly the country over the water.

French P. No, saire, your vorship, I vant deux fly to dingle dangle at de end of a long pole, to trap de poisson.

Mayor. Oh! yes, I understand (*To Constable and Shop K.*) My good people, you have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman; he did not want to fly the country but to go a fishing, and for that purpose he wants to purchase two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap de poisson. [*P'woy-son*"] Poisson, in French, is fish.

Shop K. Why, aye, that may be true—you are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poison in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef!

ANONYMOUS.

3.—SLANDER—HOW TO RAISE IT.

CHARACTERS:—MR. JONES (friend of MR. BROWN); MR. BROWN AND MR. SMITH (his slanderer).

Mr. Smith. It is perfectly natural of you and Mr. Brown. "Birds of a feather flock together, you know."

Mr. Jones. What did you say, sir?

Mr. Smith. Merely that you, sir, being an intimate friend of Mr. Brown, can justify acts of his which would, to less partial minds, appear in a very dubious light.

Mr. Jones. You may say what you please, sir. Mr. Brown is an estimable man, and enjoys the respect of the community in which he lives.

Mr. Smith. I know of nothing to the contrary; and shall say naught against him, only that he is the pink of parsimony—as the villagers have it; he is as tight as a mackerel barrel.

Mr. Jones. Sir, as the friend of Mr. Brown, I take it upon me to defend his name from your calumny.

Mr. Smith. I might, perhaps, mention an incident which would cause you to change your opinion of him you now so warmly defend.

Mr. Jones. Impossible! But I will hear what slander has to say, that I may vindicate my friend. Proceed.

Mr. Smith. As you wish it, I will. Having been delayed by business one night to a late hour—say eleven or twelve o'clock—I was returning home, and on my way passed neighbour Brown's door. I had not gone far past it, when suddenly there broke forth the most piercing and agonizing screams I had ever heard.

Mr. Jones. You alarm me! Did you ever find out the cause?

Mr. Smith. Patience, Mr. Jones! I rushed to the house, and dashed myself against the bolted door. It gave way with a crash, and there he stood, Brown, your friend, scarcely regarding my sudden entry, so intent was he on the accomplishment of his purpose. In one hand he clutched a sharp-pointed rusty file, while with the long and bony fingers of the other he held, with the grasp of a vice, his victim, whence came such despairing and heart-rending screams.

Mr. Jones. Oh, terrible! Could you render no assistance?

Mr. Smith. None, whatever.

Mr. Jones. And did the old fiend accomplish the foul purpose?

Mr. Smith. Fully. It was not his first essay at the business either; he was an adept at it.

Mr. Jones. Mercy! And he is still at large! Are there no means to get rid of such a neighbour? We are not safe. Are there no laws to protect the innocent? No chains for the guilty? But, who, pray tell me, was the victim?

Mr. Smith. Are you prepared for the worst?

Mr. Jones. Be assured, my dear sir, I am.

Mr. Smith. Can you keep a secret?

Mr. Jones. Aye, till the end of time, if need be.

Mr. Smith. Still, there is so much deceit and treachery in the world, you must pardon me if I doubt.

Mr. Jones. I pledge you my word.

Mr. Smith. Well, sir, the victim was—yet I fear to expose your friend.

Mr. Jones. My friend! rather say the knave! the hypocrite! aye, if it must out—the murderer!

Mr. Smith. Be calm, I entreat you. Excitement will avail nothing. True, misplaced affection and friendship, unworthily bestowed, may well make the heart sick. But we should seek to forget the sad cause of our mind's unrest.

Mr. Jones. Yet I would fain know all. The law would require of you to tell what you know of the affair.

Mr. Smith. Indeed!

Mr. Jones. Then do not, I pray you, keep me any longer in suspense.

Mr. Smith. I have perhaps said too much. But I will yield to your impatience. Once more—are you prepared for the worst?

Mr. Jones. Yes, yes! entirely so!

Mr. Smith. Then, sir, the victim was a FLINT, and the old chap was endeavouring to SKIN it with a file. Hence its fearful outcries. Good evening, sir. Ha! ha! ha!

ANONYMOUS.

4.—THE KNOW NOTHING.

CHARACTERS:—JUDGE, COUNSEL, SHERIFF, WILKINS, *a witness.*

Counsel. Sheriff, please to call in John Wilkins.

Sheriff. Here comes Mr. Wilkins into court. [*He enters.*]

Counsel. Mr. Wilkins, did you attend the sale of the property of John Johnston?

Wilkins. I think I did.

Counsel. Did you keep the minutes of that sale?

Wilkins. Don't know, sir, but I did. Don't recollect whether I kept the minutes, or the sheriff, or nobody. I think it was one of us.

Counsel. Well, sir, will you tell me what articles were sold on that occasion?

Wilkins. (*Hesitating.*) Well, sir, I can't say. I remember there were a good many things sold, but can't say exactly what.

Counsel. Did you on that occasion sell a threshing machine?

Wilkins. Yes, I think we did.

Counsel. I wish you to be positive. Are you sure of it.

Wilkins. Can't say that I am sure of it; and, when I come to think of it, I don't know as we did—think we didn't.

Counsel. Will you swear, then, that you did not sell one?

Wilkins. No, sir, don't think I would; for I can't say whether we did or didn't.

Counsel. Did you sell a horse-power?

Wilkins. Horse-power?

Counsel. Yes, horse-power.

Wilkins. Horse-power! Well, it seems to me we did.

And then, it seems to me we didn't. I don't know now as I can recollect whether I remember there was any horse power there. I can't say whether we sold it or not. But I don't think we did. Though it may be, perhaps, that we did, after all. It's some time ago, and I don't like to say certainly.

Counsel. Well, perhaps you can tell me this: Did you sell a fanning-mill?

Wilkins. Yes, sir, we sold a fanning-mill. I guess I am sure of that.

Counsel. Well, you swear to that, do you? that one thing, (*pointing to the paper*) though I don't see it on the list. (*Looking at the paper.*)

Wilkins. Why, I may be mistaken about it—perhaps I am. It may be it was somebody else's fanning-mill at some other time—not sure.

Counsel. (*Addressing the Judge.*) I should like to know, may it please the court, what this witness does know, and what he is sure of.

Wilkins. (*To Counsel.*) Well, sir, I know one thing, that I'm sure of; and that is, that on that sale we sold either a threshing-machine, or a horse power, or a fanning-mill, or one, or all, or neither of them; but I don't know which!

ANONYMOUS.

5.—PEDANTRY—A LESSON ON LANGUAGE.

CHARACTERS :—DR. PANGLOSS, AND MR. SHODDYMAN.

Shod. Good morning, Doctor,—I wish you a *bon repos*! Take a chair, Doctor.

Pang. Pardon me, my friend; I am not inclined to be sedentary. I wish, with permission, "*erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*"—*Ovid.* Hem!

Shod. *Tollory vultures!* I suppose that *that* means you had rather stand?

Pang. Oh, no! this is a locomotive morning with me. I have just come from the Society of Arts; whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me." Shakspeare. Hem!

Shod. And what has put your honours to the blush this morning, Doctor?

Pang. To the blush! A ludicrous perversion of the au-

thor's meaning—he, he, he! Hem! You shall hear now. “Lend me your ears.” Shakspeare again. Hem! 'tis not unknown to the literary world, that the University not long since dubb'd me with a degree from sheer considerations of my celebrity.

Shod. Oh! wasn't it for money?

Pang. For money, no! I don't think it was altogether, the “*auri sacra fames*,”—Virgil. Hem! But this very day, the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits—he, he, he! my *merits*, have admitted me as an unworthy member of that great assembly of *Savans*.

Shod. And I make no doubt, Doctor, but you have richly deserved it.

Pang.—Decidedly, yes, I am now *artium societatis socius*. My two last publications did that business. “*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*.”—Horace. Hem!

Shod.—And what might them there two books be about, Doctor?

Pang.—The first was a plan to lull the restless to sleep by an infusion of opiated drugs into their ears.

Shod.—I wonder it wa'nt hit upon before by the doctors.

Pang.—Oh! they put their patients asleep in another manner. He, he, he! “To die—to sleep; no more.”—Shakspeare. Hem!—My second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove cotes, on a new principle, tending to promote the increase of pigeons. “*Nec gemere cessabit turtur*.”—Virgil. But now, my friend, let us to your lesson for the day.

Shod.—Now for it, doctor. Sit down. (They both sit at a table, opening a book.)

Pang.—The process which we are now upon is to eradicate that blemish in your daily language, which the learned denominate *cacology*, and which the vulgar call *slip-slop*.

Shod.—I'm afraid, doctor, my *cakelology* will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

Pang.—“*Nil desperandum*.”—Horace. Hem! Well, well, begin in the old way. Talk on, and when you stumble, I check. Where were you yesterday evening?

Shod.—At a consort.

Pang.—Umph! a tête-à-tête with your wife, I suppose?

Shod.—Tate-a-tate I should say, with five hundred people, hearing of music.

Pang.—Oh! you mean a concert. Mark the distinction.

A concert, is an entertainment visited by lovers of harmony. Now a consort is a wife.

Shod.—Umph! After all, Doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

Pang.—Your knowledge of our native, or *vernacular* language, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular is an epithet never applied to tongues, it applies to another species of natural history.

Shod.—Very likely, Doctor, but I've a bit of a proposal to make to you, concerning my own family.

Pang.—Disclose it, my friend.

Shod.—Why, you must know, I expect my son in town, to-morrow. Now, Doctor, if you would but mend his cakology, mayhap it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

Pang.—"As you like it;" as Shakspeare says. Where is he now?

Shod. Oh at the Attorney's, where he has been drawing up briefs for him and pocket money from me.

Pang.—Till no doubt like Macduff, Shakspeare, hem! you cried out "hold, enough"! "money makes the man," Bulwer, hem! What is he like?

Shod.—Oh he is a little bit wild, and as rough as a rock. But if you take him in hand, doctor, you will soften him a bit I fancy.

Pang.—"To soften rocks," Congreve, hem! But I'll hit him hard. "I can no more," hem! Where shall I see him?

Shod.—Here to-morrow. Come at ten.

Pang.—*Verbum sat.*—Horace, hem! Good bye till then.

Shod.—Good bye, doctor.

Altered from G. COLMAN, JR.

6.—GOING TO BE AN ORATOR.

CHARACTERS:—TWO BOYS; *one carrying a large dictionary.*

Harry. Halloo, John! where are you going with that big book?

John. I'm going to return it to the person I borrowed it from.

Harry. What is it?

John. A great vocabulary of the English language.

Harry. What in the world have you been doing with it?

John. Why, you see, I intend to be a public orator, and I wish to learn some great words, so as to make my oration sound more grand and eloquent.

Harry. Grandiloquent, you mean. I hope you will let me know when you deliver your first speech, for I wouldn't miss it, for a good deal.

John. I see you are making fun of me, Harry. But you shall hear my speech, and be made to acknowledge its greatness.

Harry. I hope so, John; but how long have you been searching the dictionary for big words?

John. Oh, about three weeks; and I assure you I have a fine catalogue of them all cut and dried, ready for my speech.

Harry. They may prove a stumbling-block to eloquence rather than a help; but now although you have been studying big words for three weeks, I believe I can use as many as you can, after all.

John. Well, I'll try you, my boy! Now, when I say some big word, you see if you can get one to match it, will you?

Harry. Yes; go ahead!

John.

Harry.

Demagogue,

Pedagogue.

Exaggerate,

Refrigerate.

Navigation,

Amalgamation.

Aristocratical,

Epigramatical.

Antagonism,

Anachronism.

Ecclesiastical,

Enthusiastical.

Latitudinarian,

Uniformitarian.

Uncharacteristically,

Ineffectually.

Indiscrimination,

Individualization.

Transubstantiate,

Pulmonibranciate.

British Institutions,

Voluntary contributions.

Evangelical denominations, Multitudinous associations.

John. The ebon opaqueness of the nocturnal hour.

Harry. The concentrated quintessence of every thing sour.

John [looks puzzled, and apparently tries to think of other examples.]—Why, Harry, you, have, indeed, been picking big words out of the dictionary, too. Are you preparing yourself for an orator?

Harry. Not at all; my ideas run in a different direction. But do you intend to give yourself up to speechifying?

John. To be sure I do.

Harry. Well, may I ask about what subject do you intend to speechify?

John. Oh! I shall not tie myself down to any thing in particular, but take up whatever is most popular, and drop it just as soon as I find something that will bring me more applause. I have made up my mind to create a sensation in the world, and I am determined to do it. I shall yet see the day that my praises will be in every man's mouth.

Harry. Well, that would be very pleasant, to be sure, provided you merit it.

John. [interrupting him]. Of course I shall merit it. I shall study eloquence until I become perfectly irresistible.

Harry. But what is your chief object, John? You surely have some better motive than applause?

John. Why—I don't well know that I understand what you mean. What do you think should be my chief object, as you call it?

Harry. I think the first object in the life of every person should be to *do good*.

John. Pshaw, Harry! you know as well as I do, that the world is full of persons who are forever doing good, as you call it; and I should have to give up forever my grand idea of becoming an orator, if I attempt to play the philanthropist.

Harry. By no means, John; you could combine the orator and the philanthropist so to form a most useful character, instead of pursuing the selfish plan you propose.

John. Convince me of that if you can.

Harry. Well, then, let your first object be to benefit others; next, remember that every subject has two sides; and instead of advocating the most popular side and running after strange gods, and still stranger whims, study carefully which side is *right*, and then bring all your eloquence against the opposing side; battle bravely for the right; and you will not be undeserving of the praise that will surely attend you.

John. Why Harry, you are really growing eloquent yourself, and I am half inclined to agree with you, and try to live for something better than I said.

Harry. If you should, John, the world might be both wiser and better for your having lived in it.

John. Well, Harry, I will think of it, and tell you my decision when we meet again. Good-morning!

Harry. Good-morning, John.

ANONYMOUS.

7.—THE SCHOOL REHEARSAL.

CHARACTERS :—ALFRED AND JOHN.

[Enter ALFRED, with a book : closes it and begins.]

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do—*[pauses]* they do—

[Looks in the book]. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault.

[Pauses again and looks in the book.]

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral?

[Stops again, JOHN enters.]

John. Alfred, you wait now and let me speak. You see you have forgotten your speech.

[Alfred goes to back of stage and John commences.]

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honour, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire. Where is her splendour, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished for ever.—*[Comes to a stop and after thinking a moment repeats]*: Extinguished for ever.—*[Stops again.]*

Alfred. Ah, ha! you're extinguished, I think! You don't seem to remember your speech much better than I did mine! We will both have to study better, or we shall not get on very well at the examination.

John. So we must; but these pieces are so hard to learn.

Alfred. It would be too bad if we should come to a standstill at the examination, and forget our speeches.

John. But you know we will have a prompter who will help us if we stop.

Alfred. I know that, but I do not want to trust to a prompter. I want to have my speech off so well, that I can speak it off without help.

John. I really don't see any use in these recitations and speeches. I think our teacher might have us better employed in some other way that would be of more use to us.

Alfred. I can't agree with you. His idea is to enable us to speak in public. Before I commenced to learn to speak in this way, I could'nt say a word in public. Now I pride myself on being able to get up before an audience and say a few words "off hand" as you call it,

John. Pooh! it is nothing to get up before a few friends, or at the school, and say a few words; but it would be entirely different, if you were in a strange place and before strange people.

Alfred. Yes, I think it would be harder to speak before strangers than it would be to speak to persons you know; but with practice, we can do it. But, John, don't you know that the Superintendent will be here at the examination?

John. Really! will he? How did you hear that?

Alfred. I saw Mr.—(*the teacher*), as I was coming here, and he told me.

John. Well, if he is coming we will have to do our best. I must say that I'd as soon he'd stay away. I shall feel somewhat afraid, if he is present.

Alfred. The Trustees will be here, too. Will you not feel afraid to speak before them?

John. No, not so much; I have seen them often, and do not feel afraid of them. I know they are kind and friendly men, and they are not so strange to us as the Superintendent.

Alfred. Well, will you try your "Cæsar's Funeral" again?

John. Oh, no! Suppose you step out, now, and give us an extemporary speech.

Alfred. Well—really—I don't know what to say.

John. Well, suppose you say a few words to me.

Alfred. I'll tell you what I'll do. If I am asked for an off-hand speech at the examination, I will say something now that will bear repeating.

John. Well, go ahead!

Alfred. Ladies and gentlemen, you know I am no speech-maker. I am only a school-boy at present. But why may we not have some of the great orators and great statesmen of the future in this school? I believe there are clever boys here. [*Pause.*]

John. Stuck, are you?

Alfred. No, I'm waiting for a cheer.

John. Well, here it is, Alf.—[*cheers by clapping his hands.*]

Alfred. [*continues*]. And that we are a great people in this country.

John. Ha! ha! ha! oh! that's ridiculous, Alf.

Alfred. I mean that there are a *great* many people in this country, and why may we not have some great men of the future, in this school?

John. That's what I want to know too!

Alfred. Don't interrupt me, and I'll say something grand after a while. Now I'll begin !—Ladies and gentlemen—My name is Norval—

John. Hold on, there ! I'm sick of that. We want something original.

Alfred. Well, I'll begin again : We are but a band of small boys ; not very small either—but I feel sure the time will come when we will be big boys, and great boys ! [*Alfred applauds tremendously.*] And the time will come when, yes, —ladies and gentlemen—the time will come when the little girls of our school will be great boys—girls, I mean.—[*Alfred applauds and shouts "good, good !"*] Somebody says that the world moves, and I believe it does. The people in the world keep moving too. One man goes up like a rocket, and creates a noise in the world, and makes a flash, then he goes out and all is in darkness. But they don't all go up like a rocket and then die out. Some shine on, and shine on, and shine on, and the longer they shine the brighter they shine. That's the way the boys of this school intend to shine. [*Alfred applauds and shouts "that's so !"*]—Ladies and gentlemen, haven't I made a pretty long speech ? I didn't know what I would say when I got up, but I was determined to say something. You all know it isn't right for a boy to have too much brass in his face, but I think you will all agree with me that he ought to have enough to attempt to make a speech, when called upon. And, now, having said my say, I make my last bow and retire.

John. [*Applauds.*] Instead of giving us ten words, you have given us quite a long speech. You have done right well, Alfred, and if you do as well to-morrow, the Superintendent will open his eyes in astonishment.

Alfred. Thank you, John. But come, let us be off and prepare our dialogue.

John. All right—come ahead !

ANONYMOUS.

8.—PLAYING SCHOOL.

CHARACTERS :—JOHN, JAMES, HENRY AND GEORGE.

James. Come, John, let's play school. You be master, and Henry and I will be scholars.

John. You mean you will be pupils, I don't believe you will ever become scholars.

James. Not under you, I fear.

John. Well, Tom—

James. My name is Thomas, sir.

John. All right; no master should call his pupils by nick names. Master Thomas, take your arithmetic and do the first sum in the fifth section, and bring it to me.

James. I will, sir. (*He takes slate and book and goes to work.*)

John. Henry, come here! (*Henry stands up very stiffly.*)
What have you studied, Henry?

Henry. Grammar, sir.

John. What is grammar, Henry?

Henry. I don't know, sir.

John. How can you study it then?

Henry. By the book, sir. All the words are there just as you have to say them.

John. But words are not ideas.

Henry. Grammar treats of words, sir, and has nothing to do with ideas.

John. O, very well, go and learn six pages word for word; for, if the words contain any ideas, and you contain the words, you must have the ideas also. Have you done your problem, James?

James. Yes, sir.

John. Well, what is it? Read it.

James. (*Reading from his slate.*) If three tons of straw cost thirty dollars, what will four tons cost?

John. Well, what is the answer?

James. Forty dollars, sir.

John. Wrong, entirely wrong.

James. I have done it three or four times, sir; will you please look it over?

John. Ah, you troublesome fellow! Let me see. (*He compares the book and slate and then says.*) Here, you careless fellow, see here, you have written it, "If three tons of straw cost thirty dollars," and in the book it reads: "If three tons of oat-straw cost thirty dollars,"—Go and copy it correctly and do it over again.

James. Master, that won't affect the answer.

John. Hold your tongue, sir. Go, and do as I bid you. Come here, Henry. What is a Substantive, Henry?

Henry. A Substantive Noun is the name of anything that has a notion; as, man,—virtue,—Canada.

John. Well, mention some noun to show that you understand the definition.

Henry. I can't do it, sir; there's nothing on earth or under the earth like man—virtue—Canada. I have no idea of what it means, sir.

John. It may be good grammar without any meaning. James, how comes on the straw?

James. None the better for being oat or wheat straw, sir. I see no error.

John. Nor I either. I only wished to make you more precise. It is always necessary in studying arithmetic. Here George, you do a sum.

George (With a slate and pencil). If there is anything I hate, John, it is arithmetic.

John. Hate is a hard word, George. Pray tell me what has happened to make you hate what I so dearly love?

George. I can't make head or tail of this sum, and I believe it is put wrong on purpose to bother me.

John. Read it, and let me see if I can help you.

George. (Reads) "If a leg of veal weighs fifteen pounds, what will it come to at twelve cents a pound if a large portion of it is fat?" There, was there ever anything so absurd?

John. Why, what is the trouble? what is the difficulty? It seems simple enough.

George. I could manage the leg well enough, if it was not for the fat.

John. Why does the fat trouble you more than the lean?

George. Why, don't you see? It does not say how much fat there was. I guess you are as dull as I am.

John. It is no matter about the fat, George.

George. Why, you goose, don't you see that a large portion of the leg was fat, and who can tell how many pounds a large portion is?

John. Let us get at it by trying another question. If a turkey weighs twenty pounds, how much will he come to at five cents a pound?

George. Why, to five times twenty, or a hundred cents. That's plain enough.

John. Well, now, if part of the turkey is bone, will that alter the cost of it?

George. No—but then you see this is fat and not bone.

John. Well, suppose the turkey is made up partly of bone and partly of flesh, and the whole turkey weighs twenty pounds.

George. Yes, but don't you see, this is not bone or flesh, but fat. You are duller than I am.

John. Suppose, then, that the turkey consists of bone, and flesh, and fat, and weighs twenty pounds, how much would he come to at five cents a pound?

George. Why, that is just like the leg of veal; who can tell how much bone, or lean, or fat there is?

John. George, you must study algebra.

George. What for?

John. That deals in unknown quantities and may help you.

George. I would rather study anything else than arithmetic.

John. Let us bring the question home. How much would you weigh, George, if you weighed just fifty pounds, and a large portion of you were fat?

George. How is that, John? Ask me that again, will you?

John. (Slowly). How—much—would—you—weigh—if—you—weighed—fifty—pounds, —and—a—large—portion—of—you—were—fat?

George. Why, just the same! But then, if I were sold as the veal was, how much would the fat come to?

John. If you were sold in the lump at five cents a pound, what odds would it make whether a large or small portion of you were fat or lean, meat or bone?

George. (He thinks a minute, drops his head, looks confused and says,) It was not fair to put that sum in a way to bother a fellow so. But, John,—

John. What?

George. Don't tell any body of the mess I made of it, will you?

John. I will not tell, if you will promise me not to hate arithmetic any more.

George. Done! for any one who should hear of my leg of veal, would naturally set me down for a—calf!

ALTERED FROM ANONYMOUS.

PART VII.—(*Continued.*)

HUMOROUS PIECES.

(SINGLE RECITATIONS.)

1.—THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see;
Not a leaf on a tree;

“O! what will become,” says the Cricket, “of me?”
At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to miserly Ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant

Him shelter from rain,—
A mouthful of grain,
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow.

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, “I'm your servant and friend!
But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend.

But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?” Said the Cricket, “Not I,

My heart was so light,
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay.”

“You sang, sir, you say?”

Go then,” says the Ant, “and dance winter away.”
Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.

Though this is a fable, the *moral* is good;—
If you live without *work*, you must go without *food*.

ANONYMOUS.

2.—SPIDER GRIM AND MISS FLY.

Fresh was the breath of morn ; the busy breeze,
 As poets tell us, whispered through the trees,
 And swept the dew-clad blooms with wings so light ;
 Phœbus got up and made a blazing fire,
 That gilded every country-house and spire,
 And, smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn a spider, who had set,
 To catch a breakfast, his old waving net
 With curious art upon a spangled thorn ;
 At length, with gravely-squinting, longing eye,
 Near him beheld a pretty, plump, young fly,
 Humming her little orisons to morn.

“ Good morrow, dear Miss Fly ! ” (quoth gallant Grim :)
 “ Good morrow, Sir ! ” (replied Miss Fly to him :)
 “ Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I’m about : ”
 “ I’m much obliged to you, Sir, (Miss Fly rejoined,)
 My eyes are both so very good, I find
 That I can plainly see the whole without.”

“ Fine weather, Miss,”
 “ Yes, very, very fine,
 (Quoth Miss,) prodigious fine, indeed ! ”
 “ But why so coy, (quoth Grim, that you decline
 To put within my bower your pretty head ? ”
 “ ‘Tis simply this,
 (Quoth cautious Miss,)
 I fear you’d like my pretty head so well,
 You’d keep it for yourself, Sir,—who can tell ? ”

“ Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
 And prove that all your fears are foolish, vain.”
 “ I’ve a sore finger, Sir ; nay more, I fear
 You really would not let it go again.”

“ Poh ! poh ! child ! pray dismiss your idle dread.
 I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head :
 Well then, with one kind kiss of friendship meet me ; ”—
 “ Ah ! Sir, (quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,)
 I fear our salutation would be long :
 So loving, too, I fear that you would eat me ? ”
 So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
 To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

3.—THE GREAT MUSICAL CRITIC.

Once on a time, the Nightingale, whose singing
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear.

Of course, her friends all flocked to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake!

She sang as only nightingales can sing;

And when she'd ended,

There was a general cry of "Bravo! splendid!"

While she, poor thing,

Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.

The Turkeys gobbled their delight; the Geese,

Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,

Gave this one no denial:

It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But, 'mong the critics on the ground,

An Ass was present, pompous and profound,

Who said, "My friends, I'll not dispute the honour,

That you would do our little prima donna.

Although her upper notes are very shrill,

And she defies all method in her trill,

She has some talent, and, upon the whole,

With study, may some cleverness attain.

Then, her friends tell me, she 's a virtuous soul;

But—but—"

"But," growled the Lion, "by my mane,

I never knew an Ass who did not strain

To qualify a good thing with a but!"

"Nay," said the Goose, approaching, with a strut,

"Don't interrupt him, sire; pray let it pass;

The Ass is honest, if he is an Ass!"

"I was about," said Long Ear, "to remark,

That there is something lacking in her whistle;—

Something magnetic,—

To waken chords and feeling sympathetic

And kindle in the breast a spark

Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle."

The assembly tittered, but the Fox, with gravity,

Said, at the Lion winking,

"Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,

Has given his opinion, without shrinking.

But, to do justice to the Nightingale,
 He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
 What sort of music 'tis that does not fail
 His sensibilities to rouse and thrill."

"Why," said the critic, with a look potential,
 And pricking up his ears, delighted much
 At Reynard's tone and manner deferential,—
 "Why, Sir, there 's nothing can so deeply touch
My feelings, and so carry *me* away.
 As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray."

"I thought so," said the Fox, without a pause;
 "As far as you 're concerned, your judgment's true—
 You do not like the Nightingale, because
 The Nightingale is not an Ass like you!"

ANONYMOUS.

4.—THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Our tale will raise the question, I suppose,
 What can the meaning be of three black crows?
 It is a London story, you must know,
 And happened, as they say, some time ago.
 The meaning of it custom would suppress
 Till at the end—but come, nevertheless,
 Tho' it may vary from the use of old,
 To tell the moral till the tale be told,
 We'll give a hint, for once, how to apply
 The meaning first, and hang the tale thereby.

People full oft are put into a pother,
 For want of understanding one another:
 And strange, amusing stories creep about,
 That come to nothing if you trace them out;
 Lies of the day, the month, perhaps, or year,
 That serve their purpose, and then disappear;
 From which, meanwhile, disputes of every size,
 That is to say, misunderstandings, rise;
 The springs of ill from bickering up to battle,
 From wars and tumults down to tittle-tattle.
 Such as, for instance—for we need not roam
 Far off to find them, but come nearer home—

Such as befall by sudden mis liv'ning.
 On cuts, on coals, on boxes, and on signing,
 It may, at least it should, correct a zeal
 That hurts the public or the private weal,
 By eager giving of too rash assent,
 To note how meanings, that were never meant,
 Will fly about, like so many black crows,
 Of that same breed of which the story goes.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand ;
 'Hark ye,' said he, ' 'tis an odd story this
 About the crows ! ' ' I don't know what it is,'
 Replied his friend. ' No ! I'm surprised at that,—
 Where I come from, it is the common chat :
 But you shall hear ; an odd affair indeed !
 And that it happened they are all agreed :
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.'
 'Impossible ! ' ' Nay, but it's really true ;
 I have it from good hands, and so may you.'
 'From whose, I pray ? ' So, having named the man,
 Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
 'Sir, did you tell'—(relating the affair)
 'Yes, sir, I did : and if it's worth the care,
 Ask Mr. Such a-one, he told it me ;
 But, by the bye, 'twas two black crows, not three.'
 Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event,
 Quick to the third the virtuoso went.
 'Sir,'—and so forth—' Why, yes ; the thing is fact,
 Tho' in regard to number, not exact ;
 It was not two black crows, 'twas only one ;
 The truth of that you may depend upon ;
 The gentleman himself told me the case.
 'Where may I find him ? ' 'Why in such a place.'
 Away goes he, and having found him out,
 'Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.'
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know if true what he had heard.
 'Did you, sir, throw up a black crow ? ' 'Not I !'
 'Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one ;
 And here, I find, all comes at last to none.

Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?'
 'Crow—crow, perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over.'—And pray, sir, what was't !'
 'Why, I was horrid sick, and at last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow !'

BYROM.

5.—MODERN LOGIC.

An Eton stripling training for the Law,
 A Dunce at Syntax, but a dab at law,
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's,"
 Inquiries of old friends, and College news,
 "Well, Tom—the road, what saw you worth discerning,
 And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning ?"
 "Oh, Logic, Sir, but not the worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools !
 'Tis wit and wranglers' Logic—thus, d'ye see,
 I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it,
 Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed !"—"Let's try it.
 An eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Well—agreed."
 "A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Proceed."
 "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done,
 For every John-pie is a Pi-ge-on !"
 "Bravo !" Sir Peter cries, "Logic for ever !
 It beats my grandmother—and she was clever !
 But, zounds, my boy—it surely would be hard,
 That wit and learning should have no reward !
 To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
 And then I'll give you"—"What ?"—"My chesnut-horse."
 "A horse !" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces,
 Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races !"—
 He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
 To think the night must pass before the morrow ;
 Dreamed of his boots, his cap, his spurs and leather breeches,
 Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches ;
 Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
 Dragg'd his old uncle fasting through the park :—

Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
 To find out something like a chesnut-horse;
 But no such animal the meadows cropp'd:
 At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd;
 Took a bough—shook it—and down fell—
 A fine horse-chesnut in its prickly shell.—
 "There, Tom—take that."—"Well, Sir, and what beside?"
 "Why, since you're booted—saddle it, and ride!"
 "Ride what?—A chesnut!" "Ay, come get across.
 I tell you, Tom, the chesnut is a horse,
 And all the horse you'll get—for I can show,
 As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
 Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
 All maxims!—but the wranglers' I disown,
 And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.
 Since you have proved to me, I don't deny
 That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!
 What follows, then, but as a thing of course,
 That a horse-chesnut is a chesnut horse?"

ANONYMOUS.

6.—THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish to lend, thus lose,
 their books,
 Are snared by anglers,—folks that fish with literary Hooks,—
 Who call and take some favourite tome, but never read it
 through;—
 They thus complete their set at home, by making one at
 you.

I, of my "Spenser" quite bereft, last winter sore was shaken;
 Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left, nor could I save my
 "Bacon:"

And then I saw my "Crabbe," at last, like Hamlet, back-
 ward g-;
 And, as the tide was ebbing fast, of course I lost my "Rowe."

My "Mallet" served to knock me down, which makes me
 thus a talker;
 And once, when I was out of town, my "Johnson" proved a
 "Walker."

While studying, o'er the fire, one day, my "Hobbes," amidst
the smoke,
They bore my "Colman" clean away, and carried off my
"Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more than Bramah's
patent worth,
And now my losses I deplore, without a "Home" on earth.
If once a book you let them lift, another they conceal,
For though I caught them stealing "Swift," as swiftly went
my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf, where late he stood
elated;
But what is strange, my "Pope" himself is excommunicated.
My little "Suckling" in the grave is sunk to swell the
ravage;
And what was Crusoe's fate to save, 't was mine to lose,—a
"Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put my frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my "Foote," my "Bunyan" has
been gone.
My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went oppressed; my "Taylor,"
too, must fail;
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest, in vain I offered
"Bayle."

"Prior" sought, but could not see the "Hood" so late in
front;
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee," O! where was my
"Leigh Hunt?"
I tried to laugh, old care to tickle, yet could not "Tickle"
touch;
And then, alack! I missed my "Mickle,"—and surely
Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed, my sorrows to excuse,
To think I cannot read my "Reid," nor even use my
"Hughes;"

My classics would not quiet lie, a thing so fondly hoped;
Like Dr. Primrose, I may cry, my "Livy" has eloped.

My life is ebbing fast away; I suffer from these shocks,
And though I fixed a lock on "Gray," there's gray upon my
locks;

I'm far from "Young," am growing pale, I see my "Eutler"
fly;
And when they ask about my ail, 'tis "Burton" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns, and thus my griefs divide ;

For O ! they cured me of my "Burns," and eased my "Aken-side."

But all I think I shall not say, nor let my anger burn,
For, as they never found me "Gay," they have not left me
"Sterne."

THOMAS HOOD.

7.—EXERCISES IN PUNNING.

"My comrades all, who learn to read, pray early learn to
shun

That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun,
Read *Entick's* rules, and 'twill be found how simple an
offence

It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may
kill,

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.
Or, if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus, one might say, when to a treat, good friends accept
our greeting,

'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat*
when meeting.

Brown on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar*
prepared,

Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be declared.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they,
And actors still the harder slave the oftener they play ;
So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening
seek the *news*.

The dyer who by dyeing lives, a dire life maintains ;
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his panes ;
By gardeners thyme is tied, 'tis true, when Spring is in its
prime,

But time or tide won't wait for you, if you are tied for
time.

HOOK.

8.—TRAGICAL HISTORY OF MAJOR BROWN.

If any man, in any age,
In any town or city,
Was ever valiant, courteous, sage,
Experienced, wise or witty.

That man was Major Brown by name :
The fact you cannot doubt,
For he himself would say the same,
Ten times a-day about.

The Major in the foreign wars
Indifferently had fared ;
For he was covered o'er with *scars*,
Though he was never *scared*.

But war had now retired to rest,
And piping peace returned ;
Yet still within his ardent breast,
The Major's spirit burned.

When suddenly he heard of one,
Who, in an air balloon
Had gone—I can't tell where he'd gone—
Almost into the moon.

"Let me, let me," the Major cries,
"Let me, like him, ascend ;
And if it *fall* that I should *rise*,
Who knows where it may end ?"

Now many yards of silk were bought,
And many iron nails,
And many drugs of many a sort,
And placed in many pails.

And now the whole appears complete—
With wonder most profound,
Admiring crowds together meet
From every village round.

While some the chequered bag admire,
And some prefer the car—
Behold ! with head some inches higher,
In steps the man of war.

YN.
The cords are cut—a mighty shout !—
The globe ascends on high ;
And, like a ball from gun shot out,
The Major mounts the sky ;

Or *would* have done, but cruel chance
Forbade it so to be ;
And bade the Major not advance—
Caught in a chestnut tree.

But soon the awkward branch gives way,
He smooths his angry brow,
Shoots upward, rescued from delay,
And makes the branch a *bow*.

Till, mounting furlongs now some dozens,
And pressing down, he pants
To see his mother, sisters, cousins,
And uncles, look like *ants*.

That Brown looked blue I will not say—
His uniform was red ;—
But he thought that if his car gave way
He should probably be dead.

He gave his manly breast a slap
And loudly shouted “courage !”
And waved above his head the cap
In which he used to forage.

And up he went, and looked around
To see what there might be,
And felt convinced that on the ground,
Were better things to see.

“I wish that you would please to drop,”
Quoth Brown to his balloon ;—
He might as well have spoken to
The man that’s in the moon.

He saw no more the pigmy crowd
That dwelt upon earth’s ball ;
For why ?—he’d got into a cloud,
And could not see at all.

Though nearer to the sun, ’twas queer,
He found it wondrous cold ;
And the Major now began to fear
That he had been too bold.

And now the heavens begin to lower,
And thunder loud to roll ;
And winds and rains to blow and pour
That would daunt a *general's* soul.

Such a hurricane to Major Brown
Must most unpleasant be ;
And he said, " If I cannot get *down*,
'Twill be all *up* with me !"

From his pocket, then, a knife he took—
In Birmingham 'twas made—
The handle was of handsome look,
Of tempered steel the blade.

Says he, " the acquaintance of a balloon
I certainly shall cut ;"
So in the silken bag, full soon
His penknife blade he put.

Out rushed the gas imprisoned there,—
The balloon began to sink ;
" I shall surely soon get out of the air,"
Said Major Brown, " I think."

Alas ! how shall I write it down,
What now I have to tell ?
Misfortune fell to Major Brown,
Who to misfortune fell.

Alas ! for Brown, balloon and car,
The gas went out too fast ;
The car went upside down, and far
Poor Major Brown was cast.

Long time head over heels he tum-
bled, till unto the ground,
As I suppose, he must have come ;
But he was never found.

The car went down to London town ;
The bag to Oxford flew ;
But what became of Major Brown,
No mortal ever knew.

9.—THE BRENTFORD DUEL.

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who strongly fancied Lucy Bell,
And so did Mister Clay.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
“You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell; but through your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

“Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love:—
I, who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

“So, pray, before you further go,
Consider what you do:
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,—
I will pop at you.”

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
“Your threats I do explode;—
One who has been a volunteer
Knows how to prime and load.”

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they found a friend apiece.
This pleasant thought to give—
That when they both were dead, they'd have
Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long
The seconds next forbore;
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
Against the deadly strife;
By putting in the prime of death,
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes;
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so, they found
 There both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.
 "Here one of us may fall,
 And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
 Be doomed to have a ball.

"I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name!
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree;—
 But think of honour's courts,—
 If we go off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

"But look! the morning now is bright
 Though cloudy it begun;
 Why can't we aim above, as if
 We had called out the sun?"

So up into the harmless air
 Their bullets they did send;
 —And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end!

HOOD.

10.—THE MISS NOMERS.

1. Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
 Miss White is as red as a be
 Miss Black has a grey
 Miss Graves is a girl
 Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
 Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,
 Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
 And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!
2. Miss Mildman's a terrible scold,
 Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary,
 Miss Young is now grown very old,
 And Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy;

Miss Short is at least six feet tall
 Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
 Miss Love has a hatred toward all,
 Whi'e Miss Still is for ever in action.

3. Miss Green is a regular blue,
 Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
 Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
 And Miss Wiseman thanks every one silly!
 Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
 Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
 Miss Mee's not at all like *Myself*;
 Miss Carpenter no one can rule.
4. Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
 While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
 Miss Killmore can't look on a corse,
 And Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun;
 Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
 Miss Heartwell is ever complaining,
 Miss Dance ne'er has been at a ball,
 Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning*!
5. Miss Wright, she is constantly wrong,
 Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
 Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
 And, alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
 Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
 To purchase a beau to her liking,
 Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth,
 Miss B.xer we never find *striking*!
6. Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
 Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
 Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
 And Miss Charity's never "at home"
 Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
 The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
 Miss Prettyman's beau is not pretty,
 Miss Faithful her friend has forsaken!
7. Miss Porter despises all froth,
 Miss Scales they'll make *wait* I am thinking,
 Miss Meekley is apt to be wroth,
 Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;

Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
 Miss Last at a party is first;
 Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat
 And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

8. Miss Knight is now changed into Day.
 And Miss Day is changed into Knight,
 Miss Prudence has just run away,
 And Miss Steady assisted her flight.
 But success to the fair—one and all!
 No mis-apprehensions be making:—
 Though wrong the dear ones to Mis-call,
 There's no harm, I should hope, in Miss-Taking.

MRS. B. WILSON.

11.—THE CLOWN AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing and maltreating
 Women or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by Fate,
 For being quizzed and played upon.
 So having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.
 "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go the calves at York?"
 "Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs instead of two."
 "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do, pray, keep silence down below there.
 Now, look at me, clown, and attend,

Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?"
 "Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish, quite laconic,"
 The Counsel cried, with grin sardonic;—
 "I wish I'd known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I,
 On circuit, was at York residing.
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever
 In the West Riding ?"

"Why, no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there."

HORACE SMITH.

12.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

1. A philosopher once in the depth of his lore
 Resolved various schemes in his mind o'er and o'er
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
 But whether by skill or by alchemy's powers,
 We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.
2. Perhaps, it was only by patience and care,
 At last, that he brought his inventions to bear;
 In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
 And ere 't was complete, he was wrinkled and gray;
 But success is secure, unless energy fails;
 And, at length, he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.
3. "What were they?" you ask; you shall presently see;
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
 O no; for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh:
 Together with articles small or immense,
 From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.
4. Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
 And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay,
 And naught so reluctant, but in it must go:
 All which some examples more clearly will show.
5. The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
 Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;

- As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
 When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
 That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.
6. One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
 With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
 And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
 The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
 7. A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
 By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
 Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
 By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest;
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
 And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce
 8. By further experiments (no matter how),
 He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow;
 A sword with gilt-trapping rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
 9. A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
 Ten counsellor's wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
 10. Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
 When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
 When the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

JANE TAYLOR.

13.—THE AUCTION.

Will you walk into the auction, for the sale is just begun,
 And bid and buy, my masters all, before the lots are done?
 Such wondrous curiosities were ne'er exposed to view,
 So I pray you pay attention while I read th' invent'ry through.
 Will you walk into the auction?

Will you, &c.

Will you, &c.

And it has not felt the weight of food for six months and a day.

Will you, &c.

And it creaks, when 'tis sat upon, just like a living thing!

Will you, &c.

Which have served for bed and pillows just five years and a half:

Will you, &c.

And a dirty, empty meal-bag, where two mice are lying dead,

Will you, &c.

Lot VII.—One old bottle neck, bedaub'd with grease so thick,
Which form'd when they'd a candle, a convenient candlestick :

Also, an old tin kettle, without handle or a spout,
And a pan, of which a neighbour's child has drumm'd the bottom out.

Will you, &c.

Lot VIII.—A het'rogenous heap of bits of odds and ends,
Which you may purchase very cheap as presents for your friends ;

Also, some Locomotive Rags, which move with perfect ease,
Like the little coach we read of, that was drawn by little fleas.

Will you, &c.

Come, walk into the Auction, for my catalogue is through,
Yet I have just one word to say, before I bid adieu !
These lots are all produced by *Drink*—which you'll do well to shun,

Before *your* health and substance too, are “going, going—
GONE.”

Will you, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

14.—THE BLACKSMITHS' REMOVAL.

A nervous old gentleman, tired of trade,—
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,—
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate ;
But, alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;
For in each dwelt a smith ;—a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk.
“These fellows,” he cried, “such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep.”

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—
 No sound but the anvil the whole of the day;
 His afternoon's nap and his daughter's new song
 Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop;
 But, no! they were stubborn, determined to stop:
 At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
 He cried, "I'll give each fifty guineas to move."

"Agreed!" said the pair; "that will make us amends."
 "Then come to my house, and let us part friends:
 You shall dine; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
 That each may live long in his new habitation."

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale;
 He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale;
 So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
 Would take from him noise, and restore him to rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move?
 I hope to some spot where your trade will improve."
 "Why, sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,
 "Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

ANONYMOUS.

15.—SPEECH OF ORATOR CLIMAX.

(*A Literary Burlesque.*)

MR. PRESIDENT,—Happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighbouring top of a far-distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President,—and—Mr. President, the crow looks at him; and, Sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped the cause of it. Cannot the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while thrill-

ing transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of nature, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremendous roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightnings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres. Sometimes, Sir, seated in some lovely retreat, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, at whose vernal foot flows some limping stagnant steam, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self-sufficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage. He there endeavours to distill into their young, youthful minds useless lessons to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality. There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axletrees, in the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable ocean, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy through the boundless regions of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is lost for ever in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius !

ANONYMOUS.

16.—SPEECH AGAINST FOREIGN PRINCIPLES.

(A Political Burlesque.)

Unused, Sir, I am, and even more than unacquainted with public speaking, yet, I rise, Sir, in consequence of my having caught the eye cast upon me, to express with the

utmost dislike my truly ennobling ideas on the foreign matter those who have no right to differ from me have brought before us.

I will, therefore, not be too bold to affirm, though I am free to declare, that I by no means apologize for the outrageous foreign ideas of our opponents here. I will not, however, go twice over the same grounds of argument, nor undertake to run down a foreign principle, without a total confederation of its laws and basis. I certainly shall not blink the question much by distorting its parts; nor am I inclined to meet my enemy half-way; because, at the first blush, I am determined to scout all his ideas in toto.

And if, Sir, the disorders of uncivilized society and its tranquillity is the first duty of man to destroy, I cannot hesitate to pronounce my indignation at the general arguments so feebly agitated by our best friend. No, Sir, he cannot hide them from me, for it is well known I smell a rat in every breeze; I see him, vampire-like, floating in the air; but, Sir, and I repeat it, I shall nip him in the bud so that he shall never bloom again upon this earth, no, never! But, Sir, and I confess it with pride, not a single idea attaches to me in this matter; and when my opponent professes to lay open all his principles without knowing it, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to clean the stables of those wretched foreigners, the Augeans of old, which Hercules himself would scorn to do. No, Sir, I am again free to assert, though I am by no means able or willing to prove too much by saying, that if gentlemen under these trying times, do not labour against foreign principles, in our inglorious constitution, framed years and years ago with more than all the wisdom of the forerunners of our common ancestors,—this constitution may I repeat it, fall to the ground, Sir, under the weight of its own accumulated strength.

But on this head, Sir, we are opened up to conviction; and I trust the gentleman, for whose worth, integrity, perspicuity, and want of firmness, I have not the slightest specimen of respect, may yet preserve this great and growing nation from the lawless banishment of acquitted felons, who, not having suffered a sufficient penalty in their own country from an outrageous law, insult us daily with their want of common sense. And they too, Sir, do not hesitate to prefer the foreign tea of barbarous China to our own better infusions of camomile tea, beaf tea, tansy tea and other useful herb teas of the more precious soil of this country; and who would still further seek to insult our

growing nationality by choosing the coffee of the heathenish Mochas and Javas of distant foreigners to our own more dry and sweet specimens of native peas and oats and wheat.

But, Sir, not to trespass too long on your patience, or even discernment, I shall conclude by expressing my approval of the efforts I have now made, as well as my lasting thanks to this kind and thoughtless audience in the touching words of our own great Latin poet, who says—

“ Quid dico finis est, carpe diem—Vale !”

ANONYMOUS.

17.—CONVERSATION NOT A COLLOQUIAL DUEL.

Ye powers, who rule the tongue,—if such there are,—
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate—
A duel in the form of a debate.

Vociferated logic kills me quite;
A noisy man is always in the right;
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—“To be sure—no doubt!”

Dubious is such a scrupulous, good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can,
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering, at last, in having none at all.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:

A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
 May furnish illustration, well applied;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most assinine employ on earth,
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations, dull and dry,
 Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I,"
 At every interview their route the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame:—
 We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
 And, in the saddest part, cry, "Droll indeed!"

COWPER.

18.—THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A supercilious nabob of the East,
 Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,
 A Governor, or General, at least,
 (I have forgotten which,)
 Had in his family an humble youth,
 Who went to India in his patron's suite;
 An unassuming body—and, in truth,
 A lad of decent parts and good repute.

One day, his Honor drinking wine
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," said he, "by what art, craft, or trade,
 Did your good father earn his livelihood?"
 "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
 "And in his line was reckoned good."
 "A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 And pray why, sir, didn't your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"
 Each parasite, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length, Modestus, bowing low,
 Said, craving pardon, if too free be made,
 "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

"My father's trade? Why, that's too bad,
My father's trade! Why, blockhead, art thou mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low;

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know!"

"Excuse the liberty," Modestus said, "I take,"

With archness in his brow,

"Pray, sir, why did not then your father make

A gentleman of you?"

ANONYMOUS.

19.—MADAME TALLEYRAND AND THE TRAVELLER.

The famous Talleyrand, who knew
The secret of avoiding execution,
And kept his head upon his shoulders through
All the convulsions of the Revolution,
When heads were cropp'd by the prevailing powers,
Like cauliflowers,
Till they themselves endured the keen
Infliction to the guillotine,
And made way for another faction
To undergo the same reaction:—
This Talleyrand possessed a wife,
Selected in his humbler life,—
A rich bourgeoisie of homely breeding,
Neither *bas bleu*, nor *femme savante*,
But rather, as I freely grant,
Deficient in her general reading.

One day—'twas when he stood elate,
Napoleon's minister of state,—
Having invited to his house
Some literati to confer
With a great foreign traveller,
The husband thus addressed his spouse:—
"My dear, at dinner you will meet
A foreigner, a man of note;
These authors like that you should quote
From their own works; therefore, to greet
Our guest, suppose you learn by rote
A sentence here and there, that when
He prates, like other travelled men,
Of his exploits on land and ocean,
You may not be completely gravell'd,
But have at least some little notion

Of how, and when, and where he travelled;
 Take down his book, you'll find it yonder;
 Its dull contents you need not ponder;
 Read but the headings of the chapters,
 Refer to them with praise and wonder,
 And our vain guest will be in raptures."

Madame resolved to play her part
 So as to win the stranger's heart,
 Studied the book; but far from dull,
 She found it quite delightful,—full
 Of marvellous adventures, fraught
 With perilous escapes, wrought
 So deep an interest in her mind,
 She really was surprised to find,
 As to the dining-room she tripp'd,
 How rapidly the time had slipp'd.

The more to flatter and delight her,
 When at the board she took her place,
 The famous traveller and writer
 Was seated by her side; the grace
 Was hardly said, or soup sent round,
 Ere with a shrug and a grimace,
 Eager to show her lore profound,
A la Française, she raised her eyes,
 And hands, and voice, in ecstasies,—
"Eh, Monsieur Robinson, ma bleu,
Voilà un conte merveilleux !
Ah, par exemple ! it appals
 The mind to think of your attacks
 On those terrific cannibals,—
 Those horrid savages and blacks,
 Who, if they once had gained the upper
 Hand, had eaten you for supper,
 And so prevented your proceeding
 With that sweet book I've just been reading.
Mais, quel bonheur ! to liberate
 Poor Friday from the murderous crew,
 And gain in your deserted state,
 So lonely and disconsolate,
 A servant and companion too !"
 The visitors were all astounded;
 The stranger stared aghast, dumb-founded ;

Poor Talleyrand blushed red as flame,
 Till having catechized the dame,
 The mystery was quickly cleared:
 The simple woman, it appeared,
 Instead of the intended book,
 In which she had been urged to look,
 From the same shelf contrived to take
Robinson Crusoe by mistake!

HORACE SMITH.

20.—QUEER PEOPLE.

It has been often said that this is a queer world. But this is a mistake! 'Tis the people that are queer. Yes; there are, indeed, a great many queer people in this world of ours.

But, of all the queer people here below, the croaking, growling, grumbling, gossiping, snarling, snapping, sour, sulky, fidgety, fretful, fault-finding, tattling, back-biting species, are the queerest. And they are queer; or else I don't understand the word.

They think everybody wrong but themselves; and I'm sure that's queer! 'Tis queer they can't see that the best people in the world are the most candid, open-hearted, affable, kind, charitable, free, and unsuspecting; but then they wouldn't be queer, if they saw it; and, as they love to be queer, they won't see it.

It is queer they don't know that people who deserve the most censure themselves, are most apt to be always blaming and scolding their neighbours.

It is queer they never found out that those who are so keen-sighted as to see only other people's faults, are stone-blind in seeing their own. Yes; 'tis queer; but then, if all this wasn't queer, they wouldn't be queer; and then they'd fight with themselves; or, like the Kilkenny cats, eat themselves for being like other people. And so they go through life, fretting at everything that isn't as themselves.

A fretting man or woman is something like a wasp; (however, to the honour of the wasp be it said, he won't sting you unless you disturb him;) but a fault-finding, fretful, peevish, dissatisfied mortal goes through life, buzzing and stinging without provocation.

Ah, my friends, never get queer! It is useless. It makes nothing come out right. It sets no broken bones; it stops

no leaks; it gathers no spilt milk; it mends no smashed pitchers; it fattens no pigs; it cures no spoilt hay; it saves no damaged grain; it changes no east wind; it makes nobody love you; it only makes people laugh; for they know that barking dogs never bite.

ANONYMOUS.

21.—DON'T RUN INTO DEBT.

Good friends, let me urge you not to run into debt!

If the chairs and the sofas are old,

They will fit your back better than any new set,

Unless they are paid for in gold. [gether,

Though your house may be small, and you sit close to-

Keep it warm with a hearty good will;

A large one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,

Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Oh! don't run in debt, let your friends if they can,

Have fine houses, and feathers and flowers;

But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man

Than to envy their sunshiny hours.

There's no comfort at all in walking the street

In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,

And feel that, perchance, you some tradesman may meet,

Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet."

Kind *husbands*, don't run in debt any more,

'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow,

To know that your neighbours may call at your door,

With a bill you can't settle to-morrow.

If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say,

Spend your cash in whatever you please;

But, mind you, the man who a note has to pay,

Is the man who is seldom at ease.

Don't run in debt, sirs, what need you to mind

If your clothes are old, faded, and torn;

Mend them up, make them do, it is better by far,

Than to have the heart weary and worn.

Who'll love you the more for the gloss of your hat,

Or your coat, or the tie of your shoe,

The shape of your vest, or your boots or cravat,

If they know you're *in debt for the new?*

ANONYMOUS.

22.—SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.

A certain artist—I've forgot his name—
 Had got for making spectacles a fame,
 Or "helps to read," as, when they first were sold,
 Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,
 His were allowed by readers to surpass.
 There came a man into his shop one day—
 "Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
 "Yes, sir," said he, "I can in that affair
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."—
 "Can you? pray do then." So, at first, he chose
 To place a yorngish pair upon his nose;
 And book produced, to see how they would fit:
 Asked how he liked 'em?—"Like 'em? not a bit."—
 "Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye."—
 "No, but they don't."—"Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
 Now, sir?"—"Why, now—I'm not a bit the better."
 "No? here, take these that magnify still more;
 How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before."
 In short, they tried a whole assortment through;
 But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
 The operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind!
 "What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he.—
 "Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see."—
 "Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
 Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all?"
 "No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need
 Of paying you for any 'helps to read?'"
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

BYRON.

23.—DISPUTE OF THE FEATURES.

That mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,
 My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes;
 For the features composing the visage one day,
 Most cruelly fell to abusing the Nose.

First, the Lips took it up, and their reason was this:
 That the nose was a bane both to beauty and love:
 And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,
 For that horrid protuberance jutting above.

Then Eyes, not behind in the matter to be,
 With a sparkle began, as I've often times seen 'em,
 And avowed, it was perfectly shocking to see
 Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em.
 The Cheeks, with a blush, "said the frightfullest shade,
 By the Nose o'er their bloom and their beauty was
 thrown,"
 And Ears couldn't bear that loud trumpeting noise,
 Whenever that troublesome member was blown!

So 'twas moved and agreed, without asking the head,
 To thrust the intruder, at once from the face.
 But Nose, hearing this, most indignantly said,
 "By the breath of his nostrils he'd stick to his place."
 Then, addressing the eyes, he went learnedly through
 His defence, and inquired, "when their vigour was gone
 Pray what would their worships for spectacles do,
 If the face had no nose, to hang spectacles on?"

Mankind, he observed, loved their scent as their sight;
 Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles or roses?
 And the charge of the Lips was as frivolous quite;
 For if Lips fancied kissing, pray, why mightn't Noses?
 As for Ears—and, speaking, Nose scornfully curled,—
 "Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing,
 And not all the Ears, Eyes, or Lips in the world, [zing.
 Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from snee-

"To the Cheeks, he contended, "he acted as screen.
 And guarded them oft from the wind and the weather;
 And, but that he stood like a land-mark between,
 The face had been nothing but cheeks altogether!"
 With eloquence thus he repelled their abuse,
 With logical clearness defining the case;
 And from thence came the saying, so frequent in use
 That an argument's plain "as the nose on your face!"

ANONYMOUS.

24.—RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Dear me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the rail!

Men of different stations,
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same;
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level,
Travelling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights
With a loos-ish mien;
Gentlemen in grey,
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the seven sleepers.

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says its his opinion,
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting *vis-à-vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Mother looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says its tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman, careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot,
Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling under bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Dear me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

SAXE.

25.—A SONG OF THE RAILROAD.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,

O'er the bleak and dreary moor,
On we hie with screech and roar!
 Splashing! flashing!
 Crashing! dashing!
Over ridges,
Gullies, bridges!
By the bubbling rill,
 And mill—
Highways,
Byways,
 Hollow hill—
Jumping— bumping—
Rocking— roaring
 Like forty thousand giants snoring!

By the lonely hut and mansion,
By the ocean's wide expansion—
Where the factory chimneys smoke,
Where the foundry bellows croak—
 Dash along!
 Slash along!
 Crash along!
 Flash along!
 On! on! with a jump,
 And a bump,
 And a roll!
Hies the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

O'er the aqueduct and bog,
On we fly with ceaseless jog;
Every instant something new,
Every instant lost to view;
 Now a tavern—now a steeple—
 Now a crowd of gaping people—
 Now a hollow—now a ridge—
 Now a crossway—now a bridge—
Grumble—stumble—
Rumble—tumble—
Fretting—getting in a stew!
Church and steeple, gaping people,
Quick as thought are lost to view!
Everything that eye can survey,
Turns hurly-burly, topsy-turvey!
Each passenger is thumped and shaken
As physic is when to be taken.

By the foundry, past the forge,
Through the plain and mountain gorge,
Where the cathedral rears its head,
Where repose the silent dead,
Monuments amid the grass,
Flit like spectres as you pass!
If to hail a friend inclined—
Whish! whirr! ka-swash! he's left behind!
Rumble, tumble, all the day,
Thus we pass the hours away.

C. F. WOLFE.

26.—THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

O! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick, quick, to bed,—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else you know
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly.
"Tick, tick," it said; "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up *soon* in the morning."

CHARLES SWAIN.

27.—THE VICTIM OF REFORM.

A Monkey, once (named Jack), which had been led to list
To all the rancorous spouting and contention
Of a convention for every one's emancipation
From every thing and body in creation,
Determined in the good work to assist.
So, with some curious notions in his noddle,
And conning portions of the precious twaddle,
Which, in the form of resolutions,
Had struck at all existing institutions,
He strode forth with a step that seemed designed
To represent the mighty march of mind.
Not far he'd wandered, when his indignation
Was roused to see a great menagerie,
Where birds and beasts of every race and station,
All free-born animals, were kept confined,
Caged and locked up in *durance vile* !
It was a sight to waken all his bile.

The window of the building stood ajar ;
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb ;
The hour was verging on the dinner time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile, Jack scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the hunger-telling din.
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
Zounds ! how it made him chafe,
To look around upon this brute Bastile,
And see the King of creatures in—a safe !
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Enduring all oppression's bitterest ills ;
A bear in bars, unbearable ; and then,
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprisoned in a pen !
A tiger limited to four feet ten ;
And, still worse lot, a leopard to one spot !
Jack went above, a solitary mounter,—
Up gloomy stairs, and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls, cranes, vultures, owls,—
In fact, it was a sort of poultry-counter,
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop :
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,

Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
 And there, aloof,
 A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
 With other samples of the bird creation,
 All caged against their wills,
 And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
 Were plainly bills of least accommodation;—
 In truth it was a scene more foul than fair.

His temper little mended,
 Jack from his bird-cage walk at last descended
 Unto the lion and the elephant,
 His bosom in a pant
 To see all Nature's free list thus suspended,
 And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
 They could not even prey in their own way,—
 A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
 Thus he revolved, and finally resolved
 To give them freedom, civil and religious;
 And first, with stealthy paw, Jack hastened to withdraw
 The bolt that kept the King of brutes within.
 "Now, Monarch of the forest, thou shalt win
 Precious enfranchisement,—thy bolts are undone;
 Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
 But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
 Free to search all the jungles about London."
 —Alas for Freedom, and for Freedom's hero!
 Alas for liberty of life and limb!
 For Jack had only half unbolted Nero,
 When Nero bolted him!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

28.—THE MAGPIE AND THE MONKEY.

"Dear Madam, I pray," quoth a Magpie, one day,
 To a Monkey, who happened to come in her way,—
 "If you'll but come with me
 To my snug little home in the trunk of a tree,
 I'll show you such treasures of art and *vertu*,
 Such articles, old, mediæval and new,
 As a lady of taste and discernment like you,
 Will be equally pleased and astonished to view;—
 In an oak-tree hard by I have stowed all these rarities;
 And if you'll come with me, I'll soon show you where it is,"

The Monkey agreed at once to proceed,
 And, hopping along at the top of her speed,
 To keep up with the guide, who flew by her side,
 As eager to show as the other to see,
 Presently came to the old oak-tree;
 When, from a hole in its mighty bole,
 In which she had cunningly hidden the whole,
 One by one, the Magpie drew,
 And displayed her hoard to the Monkey's view :
 A buckle of brass, some bits of glass,
 A ribbon dropped by a gypsy lass ;
 A tattered handkerchief edged with lace,
 The haft of a knife, and a tooth-pick case ;
 An inch or so of Cordelier's rope,
 A very small cake of Castilian soap,
 And a medal, a string and a bit of a rope ;
 Half a cigar, the neck of a jar,
 A couple of pegs from a cracked guitar ;
 Beads, buttons and rings, and other odd things,
 And such as my hearers would think me an ass, if I
 Tried to enumerate fully or classify.

At last, having gone, one by one, through the whole,
 And carefully packed them again in the hole,
 Alarmed at the pause, and not without cause,
 The Magpie looked anxiously down for applause.
 The Monkey, meanwhile, with a shrug and a smile,
 Having silently eyed the contents of the pile,
 And found them, in fact, one and all, very vile,
 Resolved to depart ; and was making a start,
 When, observing the movement with rage and dismay,
 The Magpie addressed her, and pressed her to stay :
 " What, sister, I pray, have you nothing to say,
 In return for the sight that I've shown you to-day ?
 Not a syllable ?—hey ? I'm surprised !—well I may,—
 That so fine a collection, with nothing to pay,
 Should be treated in such a contemptuous way.
 I looked for applause, as a matter of right,
 And certainly thought that you'd prove more polite."

At length, when the Magpie had ceased to revile,
 The Monkey replied, with a cynical smile :
 " Well, Ma'am, since my silence offends you," said she,
 " I'll frankly confess that such trifles possess,
 Though much to your taste, no attraction for me ;

For though like yourself a collector of pelf,
 Such trash, ere I'd touch it, might rot on a shelf;
 And I'd not, I'd warrant you, out of my way go,
 A moment to pick up so vile a farrago.
 To the digging of roots, and the picking of fruits,
 I strictly confine my industrial pursuits;
 And whenever I happen to find or to fish
 More than will serve for a moderate dish,—
 For my appetite's small and I don't eat a deal,—
 In the pouches or craws which hang from my jaws,
 And which I contract or distend at my pleasure,
 I safely deposit the rest of my treasure,
 And carry it home, to be eaten at leisure.
 In short, Ma'am, while you collect rubbish and rags,—
 A mass of chifferie not worth possessing,—
 I gather for use, and replenish my bags
 With things that are really a comfort and blessing,
 A reserve, if I need them, for future subsistence,
 Adapted to lengthen and sweeten existence."

The Monkey's reply—for I must, if I'm able
 Elicit some practical hint from the fable—
 Suited the Magpie, and suits just as well any
 Who spend all their time in picking up a miscellany
 Of odds and ends here which are often a hash,
 Oddly compounded, of all kinds of trash,
 That I wonder, whenever I chance to inspect them,
 How people can have the bad taste to select them.

A much graver lesson we may also be able
 To learn from the satire expressed in this fable:
 'Tis a picture of those who all the day labour
 For the rubbish of earth,—each one jostling his neighbour;
 Who here and there pick up some glittering prize,
 And, forgetful of that world beyond the bright skies,
 Join house on to house, and bank roll to bank roll;
 They gain the whole world, but lose their own soul!

Altered from YRIARTE.

29.—THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE.

"By the street of By-and-Bye, one arrives at the house of 'Never.'"—
Old Saying.

O! shun the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware;
 Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly breathes the air;

Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling, great and
high,
Who once began to linger in the street of By-and-Bye.

How varied are the images arising to my sight,
Of those who wished to shun the wrong, who loved and
prized the right;
Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the street of By-and-
Bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill;
What dimmed his bright intelligence—what quelled his
earnest will?
Why did the object of his quest still mock his wistful eye?
Too long, alas! he tarried in the street of By-and-Bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when doubled
is my store,
How freely shall my ready gold be showered among the
poor!"
Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the mourner's tear
to dry;
He never journeyed onward from the street of By-and-Bye.

"Forgive thy erring brother, he had wept and suffered long,"
I said to one, who answered—"he hath done me grievous
wrong;
Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him, ere I die;"
Alas! Death shortly found him in the street of By-and-Bye.

The wearied worldling muses upon lost and wasted days,
Resolved to turn hereafter from the error of his ways,
To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth, and fix them on
the sky;
Why does he linger fondly in the street of By-and-Bye?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends; work on, while
yet you may;
Let not old age o'ertake you as you slothfully delay,
Lest you should gaze around you, and discover with a sigh,
You have reached the house of "Never," by the street of
By-and-Bye!

ANONYMOUS.

PART VIII.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESSES, &c.

1.—INTRODUCTORY, OR SALUTORY PIECE.

By a Boy or a Girl, at the close of School.

KIND FRIENDS—

Within our school-room walls we gladly see you meeting,
And haste to bid you welcome; pray receive our heart-felt
greeting.

You've come to listen to our songs, our lessons and discourses;

Pray look not for *broad rivers*, friends, *so near their tiny sources*.

We'll gladly do our best for you, and kindly you'll remember

The *April* of our lives can't yield the rich fruits of *September*;
But if our offering you'll accept—the early fruits of *Spring*—
We'll make no more apologies, but will read, recite, and
sing.

We school-boys, honoured friends, are like a hive of busy
bees,

As they, their waxen cells do store, so we store our memories.

As they enjoy the bright sunshine, and oft wing their way
aloft,

So love we well the summer shine, and we wish for wings
full oft!

They sip the honey from the flowers; we have what's no
less sweet,

For candy of molasses made, doth yield us many a treat!
Troubles they have, and so have we some troubles of our
own;

And great ones have they that won't work—for we some-
times have a drone.

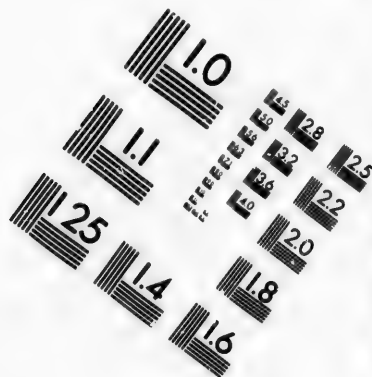
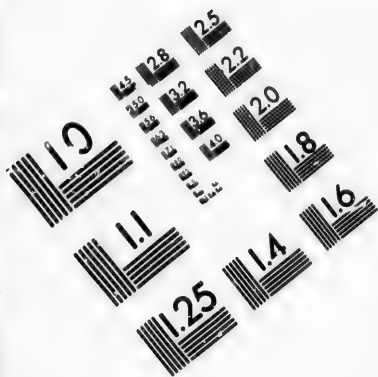
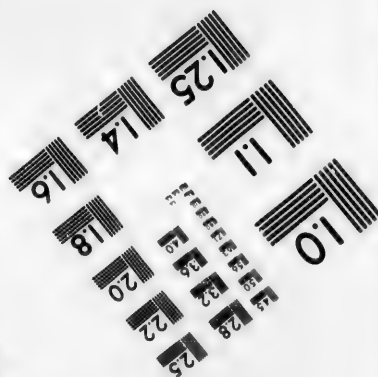
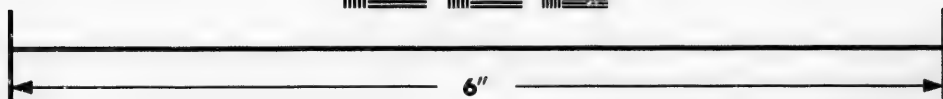
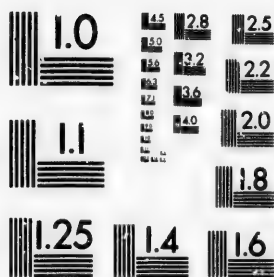


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Yet differ we in some respects, for we must obey our rule ;
They buzz at work ; but, though 'tis hard ! we must not buzz
in school.

They have a queen, and hard they work to win her appro-
bation.

We too've a queen, and teachers kind, and love their com-
mendation.

And happy are the hours, dear friends, we've spent within
these walls,

Attentive to Instruction's voice, obedient to her calls,
And to our God we raise our hearts in loving, grateful
praise,

That in this land of Public Schools, we spend our youthful
days.

Where knowledge free as sunshine is, and as plentiful as
dew ;

Where learning's precious stores abound, like flowers of
varied hue !

And while we girls and boys enjoy these means of edu-
cation,

We pray that long the blessing will endure while we're a
nation.

Altered from ANONYMOUS.

2.—APOLOGY ON EXAMINATION DAY.

Examination day ! How many little hearts
Within these walls, have shuddered at that word ;
And do you wonder much, that even boys,
And timid misses, such as these you see,
Should shrink from being singled out
Before so many strangers, to sing, declaim,
And answer all the questions, plain and right,
The teachers wish to ask, though it require
To ransack their own knowledge-box, from top
To bottom, ere they find the answers clear,
And all these people looking on, to see
If we should chance to fail.

I wonder what these kind, wise Trustee-men
Would think, if they were yearly marshalled out,
And made to stand up here, like us, and tell
This audience all they knew about the world,

Its countries and their products,—all they knew
 About the people and their modes of life,
 And then to tell us about this "house we live in,"
 Its bones and muscles, veins and brains, and nerves,
 (No doubt they'd really find that they *had nerves*.)

And then to think of all those puzzling sums
 In our Arithmetic, and the harder work
 Of abstruse Algebra. How would they like
 To stand up here, with chalk in hand, and add,
 Subtract, divide, and multiply in fractions,
 Simple, compound, proper, and improper?
 (Indeed, I think they're all improper.)

And then I'd like to know how you would feel,
 To stand up in this place and bear your part
 In dialogue, or declamation, while
 Each eye and ear intent on you—
 Was watching every word and motion,
 And you, poor soul, a trembling in your shoes.
 I think you'd say, as did the mouse of old,
 To pussy-cat. "This may be fun to you,
 But it is death to me." * * *

Say, then, do you not pity us? I know
 The ladies do. I see it in their eyes:
 Our wise trustees, too, look kindly on us,
 And from our very hearts we thank you all.

ANONYMOUS.

3.—VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

(By a little boy or girl at the close of a school examination.)

Our examination is over now,
 I, therefore, at its close, would make my bow,
 To thank you, friends, who so kind have been,
 To list with patience to our simple scene.
 We're pleased to see before us such a crowd
 Of friends and visitors, to hear our song;

And while we're tried to interest you all,
We know in knowledge we are very small;
But we are all determined we will try,
To climb the hill of science very high;
And since we've had your presence here to-day,
We think 'twill cheer us far along our way.

And now, kind friends, just let me say to you,
Our exercises are now all through;
And hoping that we have not wearied you,
We bid you all a kind—a warm adieu.

Teachers, [*turning to them,*] our thanks to you let me
express,
For all your care and unweariedness;
And when we're parted may you ne'er forget,
This happy band whom you so oft have met.

Dear schoolmates; [*turning to them*] when to-morrow's
rising sun

Another day his journey has begun,
And when the chiming bell strikes on our ear,
Think you we all shall be assembled here?
Ah no! vacation days have surely come—
To-morrow's sun will find us all at home.
And a soft voice is whispering—"Though we part,
Affection's wreath is twined around each heart;"
And until memory's brightest sun has set,
These happy hours we will ne'er forget;
And now, though bound as if by magic spell,
Teachers and schoolmates, we must say, farewell!

ANONYMOUS.

4.—A CLOSING VALEDICTORY.

Dear Friends and Parents! 'neath whose cheering smile
We've tried to please and keep you here a while,
Our task is o'er; and now to me the post
Has been assigned to speak, with grateful heart,
To all who now have watched and wish us well,
The few brief words of friendship and farewell!

Oh! gently judge us for all deeds amiss;
Forget our faults, and just remember this—
That all our parts, however ill performed,
Were well intended, and we hope not scorned.

Your praise indeed it was our wish to gain,
 And fondly hope we have not strove in vain.
 For your attendance here our thanks accept,
 And in our hearts shall your kind smiles be kept
 To cheer and gladden us some future day
 When o'er the past our memory's thoughts shall stray;
 And we recalling from those treasures dear,
 Will bless the friends who with us gather here.

Oh! friends and parents! may your future be
 Henceforth unclouded, and from sorrow free,
 And may each year as onward still it flies,
 Spread learning's ample page before our eyes.

And may we strive to act our parts as well
 As those to whom we now would say,—farewell!
 May our own paths to peace and pleasure tend,
 And at the goal of life immortal end!
 May gentle flowers be strewed where'er *you* tread!
 And joy's pure halo circle o'er each head!
 Life's thorns be hidden in the desert sand,
 As on we journey to the promised land!
 May no foot falter till life's march be past,
 And we together meet in heaven at last!
 And when we meet upon that blissful shore,
 Where every storm that darkens life is o'er,
 Amid the songs that there our hearts shall swell,
 Those words we ne'er again shall utter: *Friends, farewell!*

Altered from ANONYMOUS.

5.—CLOSING ADDRESS—THANKS TO THE TEACHERS.

The time has now come just briefly to say
 That all our school exercises are closed for the day—
 My speech comes the last, as our programme will show,
 "The last and the least" you will very soon know.

Our lessons are over, our songs have been sung,
 Giving pleasure, we trust, to the old and the young:
 You've heard our recitals, and dialogues too,
 And remember the moral each piece had in view.
 How well we have spoken and acted our part,
 Our friends can best judge—with a kind and large heart.

Much praise should be given, much credit is due,
To the heads of the school, our teachers so true;
With them for our leaders throughout the past year,
The boys and the girls have had nothing to fear.
Our teachers, God bless them! we cannot forget,
They've toiled for us nobly, since the time we first met;
Unwearied in duty, like sentinels stand,
Those brave volunteers in the common school band.
Oh, give them your prayers, that long may they live
To sow the good seed which a harvest shall give;
And give them your blessing, ye lovers of truth!
That their lips in this service shall never be mute!

Altered from J. J. REID.

PART IX.*

SINGLE RECITATIONS, WITH CHORUS ACCOMPANIMENTS.

JESSIE'S DREAM AT LUCKNOW.

(To be recited by a pupil who understands and can speak broad Scotch. The class to join in the Chorus as indicated.)

Pupil—Far awa' to bonnie Scotland
Has my spirit ta'en its flight,
And I saw my mither, spinnin'
In our Highland hame at night;
I saw the kye a browsing,
My father at the plough,
And the grand auld hills aboon them a',
Wad I could see them now!
Oh! leddy, while upon your knees
Ye held my sleepin' head,
I saw the little kirk at hame,
Where Tam an' I were wed:
I heard the tune the pipers played,
I kenn'd its rise and fa',
'Twas the wild Macgregor's slogan—
'Tis the grandest of them a'!

Chorus by the girls, like the distant music of the soldiers.)

Very softly at first—Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld langsyne ?

Pupil.—Hark! surely I'm no wildly dreamin'
For I hear it plainly now—
Ye cannot, ye never heard it,
On the far off mountain's brow;

* Selections of other suitable pieces, with choruses, can be made by the teacher at pleasure. See note on page 288.

For in your southron childhood,
 Ye were nourished saft and warm,
 Nor watch'd upon the cauld hill side
 The risin' o' the storm—
 Aye! now the soldiers hear it,
 An' answer with a cheer,
 As "the Campbells are a comin'," "
 Falls on each anxious ear—
 The cannons roar their thunder,
 An' the sappers work in vain,
 For high aboon the din o' war
 Resounds the welcome strain.

Chorus by the boys, as before—very softly at first.)

The Campbells are comin', oh! oh!
 The Campbells are comin', oh! oh!
 The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven;
 The Campbells are comin', oh! oh!

Pupil.—An' nearer still, an' nearer still,
 An' now again 'tis "Auld langsyne,"
 Its kindly notes like life bluid rin,
 Rin through this puir, sad heart o' mine;
 Oh! leddy, dinna swoon awa'!
 Look up, the evil's past,
 They're comin' now to dee wi' us,
 Or save us at the last—
 Then let us humbly, thankfully,
 Down on our knees and pray,
 For those who come through bluid and fire,
 To rescue us this day.
 That He may o'er them spread His shield,
 Stretch forth His arm an' save
 Bold Havelock and his Highlanders,
 The bravest o' the brave!

Chorus by the whole school, rising up as they begin.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen!
 God save the Queen!
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us—
 God save the Queen!

GRACE CAMPBELL.

2.—FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME.

Pupil.—Father, dear father, come home with me now !
 The clock in the steeple strikes *one* ;
 You said you were coming right home from the shop,
 As soon as your day's work was done.
 Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
 And no one to help her but me.
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus by the Class.

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
 Which the night winds repeat as they roam !
 Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers ?
 " Please, father, dear father, come home ! "

Pupil.—Father, dear father, come home with me now !
 The clock in the steeple strikes *two* ;
 The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—
 But he has been calling for you.
 Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
 Perhaps before morning shall dawn ;
 And this is the message she sent me to bring—
 " Come quickly, or he will be gone."
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus as before. Hear the sweet voice, &c.

Pupil.—Father, dear father, come home with me now !
 The clock in the steeples strikes *three* ;
 The house is so lonely—the hours are so long
 For poor weeping mother and me :
 Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
 And gone with the angels of light ;
 And these were the very last words that he said—
 " I want to kiss Papa ; good night."
 Come home ! come home ! come home !
Please father, dear father, come home.

Chorus as before. Hear the sweet voice, &c.

NOTE TO TEACHER.—The following, or any other Pieces like them, may be selected by the Teacher for recitation, with chorus accompaniments, as in the preceding cases,* viz. :

1. Home, Sweet Home ; with Chorus, by J. H. Pyne.
2. Tramp, the Boys are Marching, with British Chorus. By G. F. Root.
3. Cheer, Boys, Cheer ; with Chorus. By Charles Mackay.
4. There's a good time coming, Boys ; with Chorus. By the Hutchinson Family.
5. Canadian Boat Song : with Chorus. By Thomas Moore, Esq.
6. Bonnie Dundee, a Scotch Ballad, with Chorus.
7. Lily Dale, with Chorus. By H. S. Thompson.

Duetts, such as "What are the Wild Waves saying," &c., &c., will also be found to add interest and variety to the exercises.

* Many beautiful Hymns, with Choruses, can also be very appropriately used in the Schools..

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for recita-
preceding

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British Cho-

By Charles

with Chorus.

By Thomas

Chorus.

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